MAR 3 0 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST
April 4, 1959 — 15¢

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Neighborhood Crisis:

WHEN A NEGRO MOVES NEXT DOOR

MY AMBITION IS TO QUIT

BY JACKIE JENSEN OF THE RED SOX

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Built-In Oven, Model RLG-702, Built-In Surface Section, Model RM-702

NEW HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGES... with Calrod® "Recipe Heat" units... give you recipe-perfect results time after time

Whether you choose Hotpoint built-in or free-standing models, you can cook with the push-button ease of Calrod® "Recipe Heat" units —as exact as the ingredients of your recipes.

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The cabinet range is a complete cooking center in one compact appliance.

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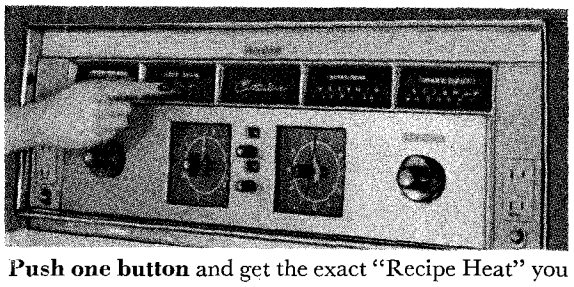

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Hotpoint

(A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44

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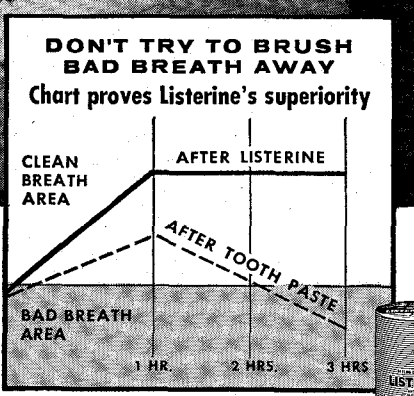
Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!



Tooth paste is for teeth—Listerine is for your breath.
You see, germs in the mouth cause most bad breath.
No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine

. . . .Your No.1 protection against bad breath

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

The breathless tension at a rocket-launching base just before a blast-off can't be much worse than the mass trance prevailing at this seat of learning. Even Miss Teacher, who will blast off soon, seems not unhopeful that that roll of masking tape will function successfully as the last stage of the lad's what-is-it. At least the goldfish seem relaxed; evidently they are convinced that the boy doesn't plan to place the fishbowl on top of the masking tape. Johnny Genius, whom artist John Falter has the temerity to call a well-balanced boy, doubtless faces a bright future in physics or architecture or tightrope walking. As for his uncertain present, will he, whatever happens, have the presence of mind to give both apples to his dear teacher with haste and affection?

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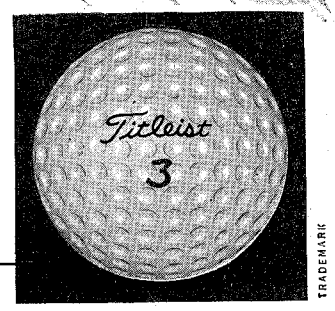

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See Esterbrook pens, and the handy point selection chart on your pen dealer's counter, soon! If we missed *you* this time, Part Four of the series will appear here May 2nd. See you then!

A custom-made pen for $2.95! The famous Classic Fountain Pen, with your point choice. Precision-made, it starts writing *instantly*—ink flows smoothly, *evenly*.

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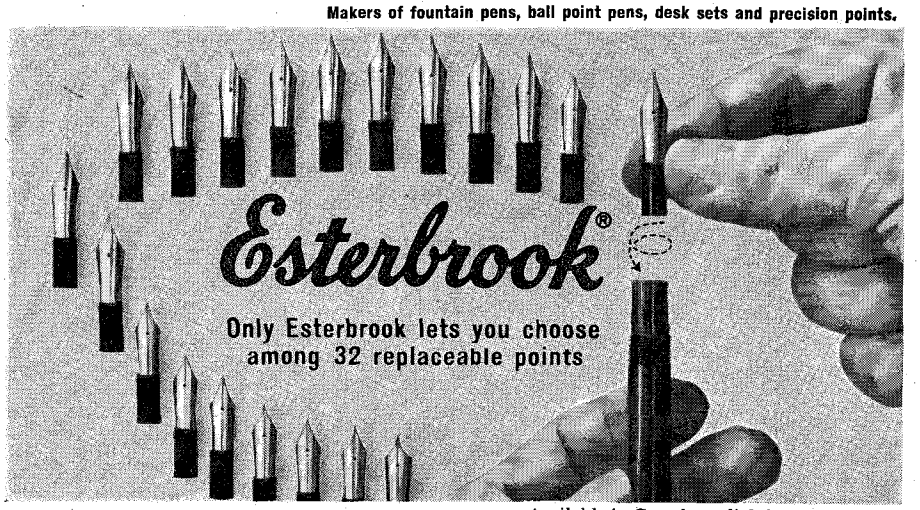


Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

Letters

That Man on Page 3

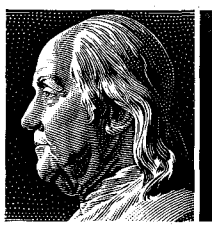
Dear Sirs:

A recent issue of the Post was being used in a program at our Rotary Club.... The program chairman stated that page 3 . . . is headed by a picture of your president for many years, Cyrus H. K. Curtis. I immediately stood up and quite in confidence corrected him by stating that the picture is that of your founder, Benjamin Franklin. With the exception of a few members who agreed with me, the rest of the club jeered me that I was all wrong, including the program chairman, who was supposed to be an authority.

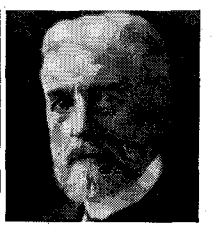
I still think . . . I am right, but only you can satisfactorily settle the argument. Is this picture that of Ben Franklin, as I contend, or is it Mr. Curtis?

JAMES D. BRACKETT
Pocahontas, Ark.

● *You win. See below.* —*ED.*



Franklin
1706–1790



Curtis
1850–1933

The Professor and the "Playgrounds"

Dear Sirs:

ARE WE MAKING A PLAYGROUND OUT OF COLLEGE? by Jerome Ellison [Mar. 7] should cause every American to wake up and think, provided we have the ability to think. . . . Having spent years behind the "ivied towers," I must agree with every word in the tragic story.

H. J. JACOB, *Head*
Department of Education
Delta State College
Cleveland, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

An illogical and deranged argument. . . .

It seems to me that the student of today is far less frivolous than the students of Mr. Ellison's goldfish-swallowing era.

PAUL L. TUTEUR
Lawrence College
Appleton, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

The Indiana Daily Student has an editorial policy which directs its "news" gathering toward the coverage of that sparsely attended egg-and-spoon-race nonsense which Professor Ellison criticized. I didn't find it surprising to note that Ellison (a member of the Journalism Department) sees the campus through the same narrow eyes as our student newspaper.

JAMES MANAHAN
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

The "side shows" or "second curriculum," as he calls them, are doing damage not only to the universities but also to our high schools which ape the universities.

A. R. MEAD, *Emeritus Director*
of Educational Research
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Did Jerome Ellison have to distort the facts?. . . . If not, then why did he list courses in the [Indiana] recreation curriculum which are not offered by the university? Why did he say that no science is required of a recreation major when thirteen semester hours are listed in the curriculum? . . . . He implied that the recreation curriculum consists only of physical-activity courses. Our curriculum requires eight semester hours of physical education out of a total of 124 hours required for a B.S. degree. . . . I suggest that writer Ellison take another *glance* at our curriculum.

GARRETT G. EPPLEY, *Chairman*
Department of Recreation
Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Jerome Ellison has done us all a good turn. . . . Here's hoping the chap won't get fired.

C. S. ROBINSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

As . . . loyal alumni of I. U., [we] say, "Fire him."

WILSON H. DECAMP
LUCILLE L. DECAMP
Chatham, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Believing that only "a few unusual individuals" get an education today, the author is highly critical of the Big Ten, of which his own school is a member. Did he know, but fail to state, that these ten universities, plus Chicago, award twenty-seven per cent of all Ph.D. degrees granted in this country, although they enroll only seven per cent of the students? . . . .

With reference to Ohio State, Mr. Ellison could have discovered . . . that academic standards have been raised, and conversely, that poor students are barred from extra-curricular participation.

But the most serious failure to check facts occurred in his report of the "riot" by 3000 Ohio State students, broken up (he said) by the Columbus police, who used tear gas and "jailed" twenty-eight students (Mr. Ellison said) for disorderly conduct, assault and battery, and various other offenses. Despite Mr. Ellison's report, *none* of this occurred at Ohio State, as the most cursory investigation would have disclosed. For this I suggest that the Post and Mr. Ellison owe an apology to the Ohio State student body.

It is difficult to resist making a further suggestion that Mr. Ellison teach his journalism students how to avoid making such factual errors, once he gets the hang of it himself.

NOVICE G. FAWCETT, *President*
The Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

● *Professor Ellison really goofed. That incident took place in Athens, Ohio, and the students were from Ohio University, not O.S.U.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I thought that I should let you know that there are a few students—even here at Ohio State—who support Mr. Ellison.

JAMES L. CAPLINGER
Columbus, Ohio

(Continued on Page 6)

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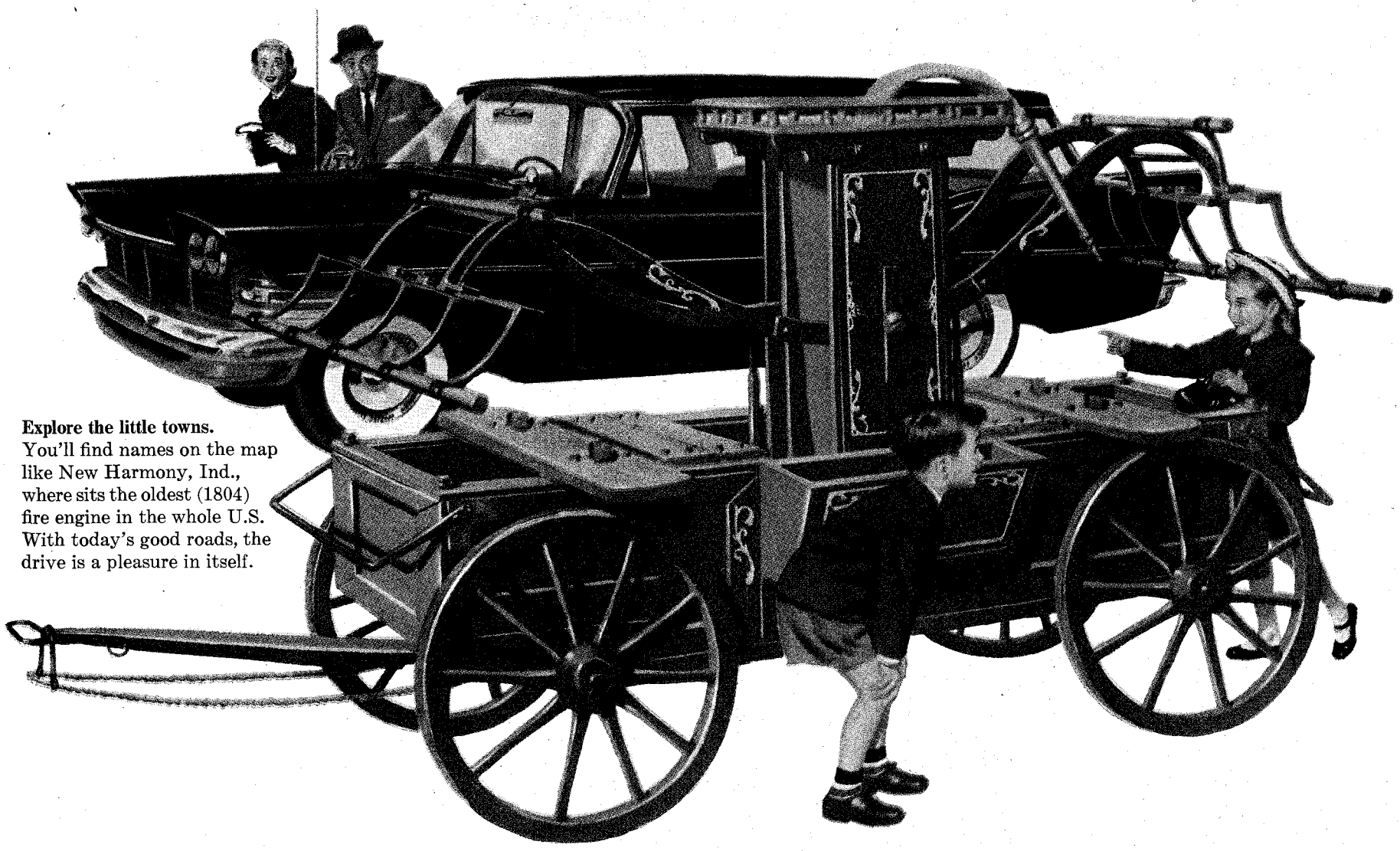
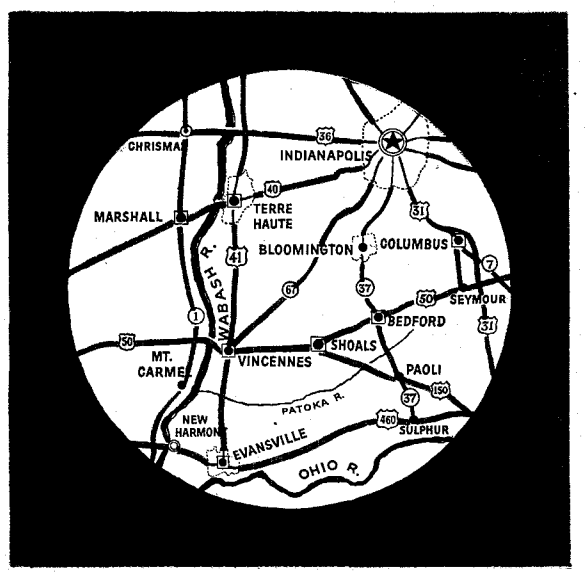


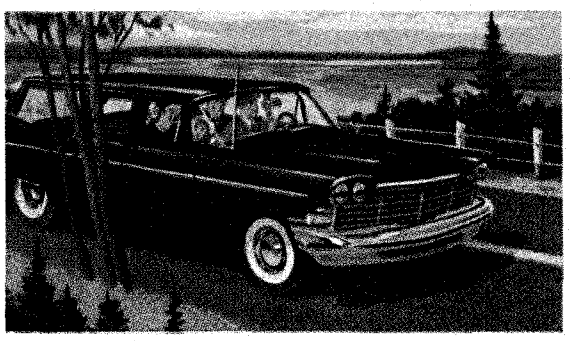
Explore the little towns. You'll find names on the map like New Harmony, Ind., where sits the oldest (1804) fire engine in the whole U.S. With today's good roads, the drive is a pleasure in itself.

Your car makes any map a Magic Circle



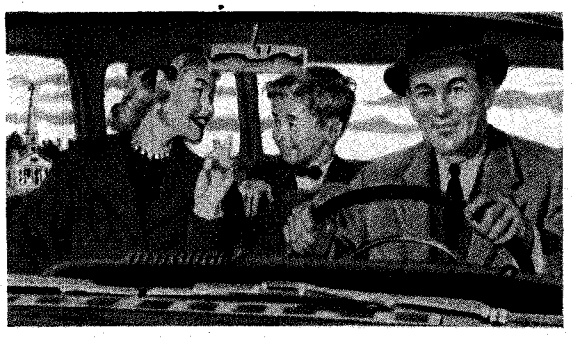
This Hoosierland Magic Circle is simply an example—of the fun and pleasure that surround you anywhere you drive. Pick up a map—start exploring—you'll find your car is the best investment in fun you ever made.

Published by Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y. to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.

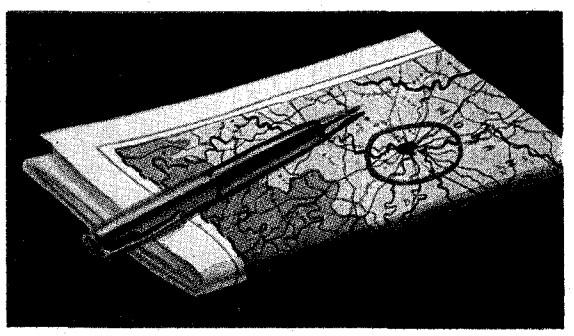


1. See what spring brings to your countryside. Hoosiers like to drive along their many famous rivers—the Ohio, the Wabash, the Patoka. In *your* area, simply head for the crooked little lines on your map.

2. Visit the shrines of the famous. The favorite of Hoosiers is the Indianapolis home of poet James Whitcomb Riley. Where *you* are, think of your area's most fabled person . . . then seek out a part of his legend.



3. Turn off on the byways. In Indiana, as everywhere, they often lead to the biggest pleasures—and surprises. Off the beaten path, you'll find quiet country scenes worthy of picture postcards.



4. Take a pencil and map out your Magic Circle fun right now. You've got the car, and if you're missing out on *this* kind of driving, you aren't enjoying half of what your car offers you.

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"Scoops and scoops of flavor!"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow

©T.B.C.

One good scoop demands another, when it's Borden's Ice Cream! Better keep generous half-gallons on hand . . . so you always have a happy treat for your family and friends.

Get thrifty Borden's Half-Gallons at your neighborhood store . . . look for Borden's Ice Cream sign. You can buy Borden's Ice Cream in Ontario and Quebec, too.

If it's Borden's *it's got to be good!*

See Borden's TV shows "Ruff and Reddy" and "Fury" over NBC.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

I hope more men like Professor Ellison speak up on our youth and college. It is time for serious reappraisal. . . .

A starter should be through fraternity alumni acting in unison to abolish all freshman rushing. . . . Many a high-school big wheel has broken an axle that first college year.

MRS. LILAS SCHALL
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Dr. John H. Frizzell, former chaplain of students at Penn State University, will not mind my quoting his words—"The influences of God and fraternity I consider the most important impacts which can take the sometimes very raw material of a college freshman, and turn him out at graduation a well-rounded, sound-minded American gentleman of culture and good character. For a good many years my fraternity was about all the religion I had, and it kept me pretty straight."

JOHN ROBSON, *Managing Editor*
Banta's Greek Exchange
Menasha, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

The alumnus is the ultimate and continuing strength of the college fraternity chapter. It is unfortunate that the fraternity world appears to have lost one talented voice.

LEE J. ARNEY
KENNETH J. COFFEY
The Stewart Howe Alumni Service
Ann Arbor, Mich.

P.S. In 1929–30, as managing editor of the Gargoyle, a campus humor magazine at the University of Michigan, Mr. Ellison found time to do some cartooning. [See below.]

Saved from Sin!

Dear Sirs:

An entire issue of the S.E.P. could be filled with a list of the wise men who did not go to college and the fools who graduated therefrom.

H. A. HARRIS
Roseville, Calif.

Who Owes Whom What?

Dear Sirs:

Robert L. Johnson, Jr., in his editorial on veteran benefits in the Post of February 28 [LET'S BE REASONABLE ON BENEFITS FOR OUR VETERANS] certainly struck a responsive note with this "unorganized" veteran and I suspect with a lot of others. And I predict he may be very pleasantly surprised at the support which will be forthcoming.

RUFUS H. UTTERBACK
Waterville, Ohio

Johnson:

Your article has all the earmarks of being written by some snitching dog robber [officer's orderly].

R. P. REYNOLDS
V.F.W. Post 2258
Osawatomie, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

I was amused at the weak attempt to apologize for this writer by the fine print at the end of his editorial, stating that he was in the Navy four years [during World War II]. At what *desk?*

BURT BALLARD, *Commander*
American Legion Post 268
Riviera Beach, Fla.

● *Associate Editor Johnson never held a desk job, served in destroyer escorts in combat zones for more than a year.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Johnson's final sentence should be incorporated in the preambles of all veterans' organizations ["Whatever the nation owes us cannot and should not be paid in money."]

W. E. ANGEVINE, *Capt., U.S.A.*
Fort Hayes, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The most sane and patriotic suggestion that I have heard in ages.

W. M. STEMPEL
Columbia, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I am a member of Merion, Pennsylvania, Post 545, American Legion. I completely agree with Mr. Johnson.

When the Bradley Report was made, something over two years ago, it was branded by the National Headquarters of the American Legion as a slap in the face to the veteran. Our post, however . . . was over ten to one in favor of the recommendations made in the report.

You may recall that General Bradley and his associates recommended, in effect, that more aid [based on need] be given to the widows and children of men killed on duty as well as to those men who suffered disability during wartime service. They recommended that benefits for other veterans be modified. This, of course, is the suggestion made by Mr. Johnson.

BENJAMIN M. GASTON
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

How do you reconcile a payment by the Government of $45,000,000 to the Formosa Government for old-age pensions to elderly Chinese Nationalist troops?

FRANK L. DIETZ
Seattle, Wash.

● *In 1955, the U.S. allocated $48,000,000 to convert 80,000 combat-ineffective Chinese servicemen into productive civilians, and to help equip their replacements. A small percentage of them have been placed in hospitals or old soldiers' homes, but no individuals have received pension checks.—ED.*

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A gal needs three men (to make her husband look right)

Yes, three experts help keep that man of yours looking his well-groomed best wherever he goes.

One carefully selects fine British Woollens. Another skillfully tailors the fabric into handsome Kuppenheimer Suits, like the one above.

But how about keeping it new-looking longer? That's why you need the third expert. He's your local Sanitone Dry Cleaner, the quality-conscious craftsman who will *maintain* the built-in quality of your husband's wardrobe.

Using superior Sanitone cleaning methods and exclusive Soft-Set® Finish, your Sanitone dry cleaner keeps clothes alive. Even after twenty-five dry cleanings and more, your husband's suit will retain all the quality woven and tailored into it . . . will look and feel like new.

Clothes care is as important to your Sanitone specialist as it is to you. And you can depend upon him to care for all your clothes, including wash 'n wear and summer cottons.

Just one look at a Sanitone-cleaned garment will convince you Sanitone is the finest dry cleaning service available. Look for your Sanitone Dry Cleaner in the Yellow Pages under "Cleaners and Dyers." Call him today.

SANITONE DRY CLEANING SERVICE, A DIVISION OF EMERY INDUSTRIES, INC., CAREW TOWER, CINCINNATI, OHIO

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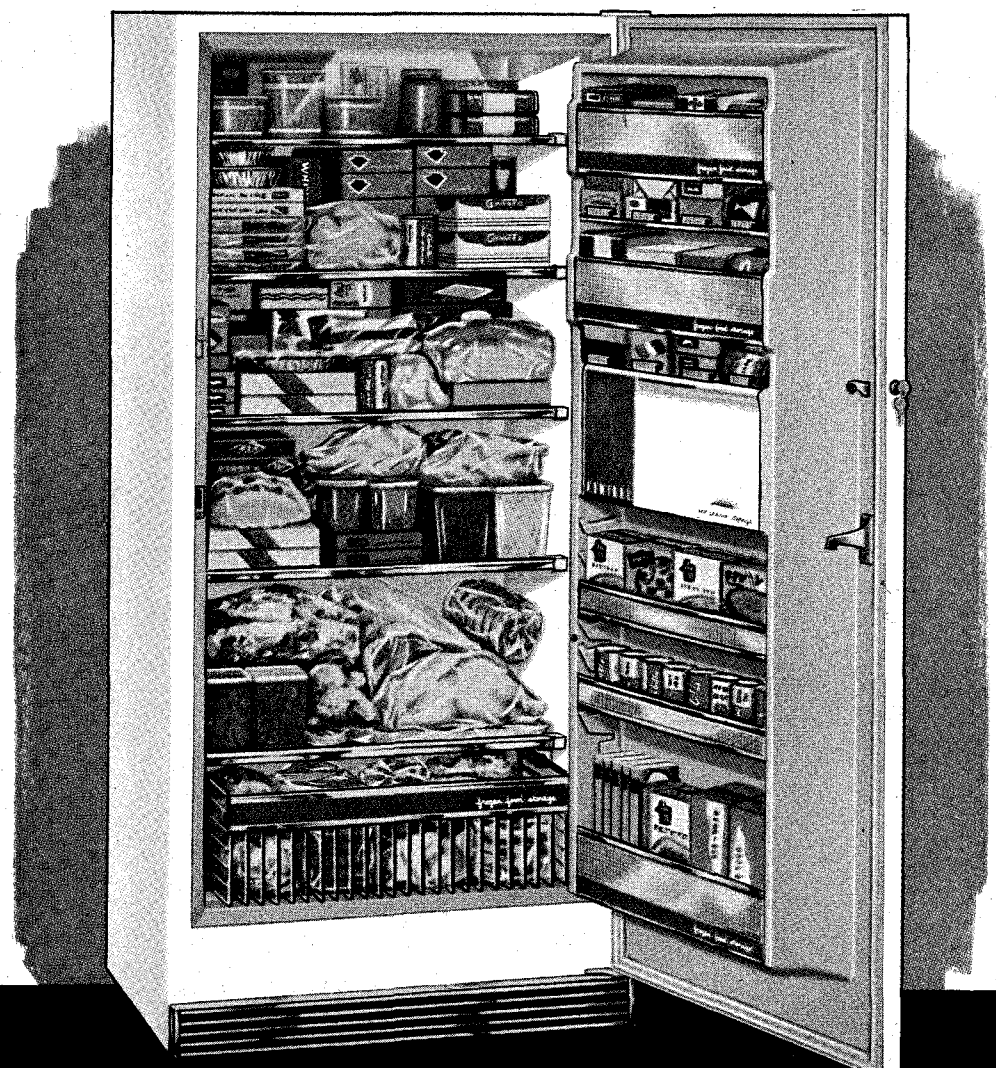


Admiral. MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

SILVER 25 ANNIVERSARY 1934-1959

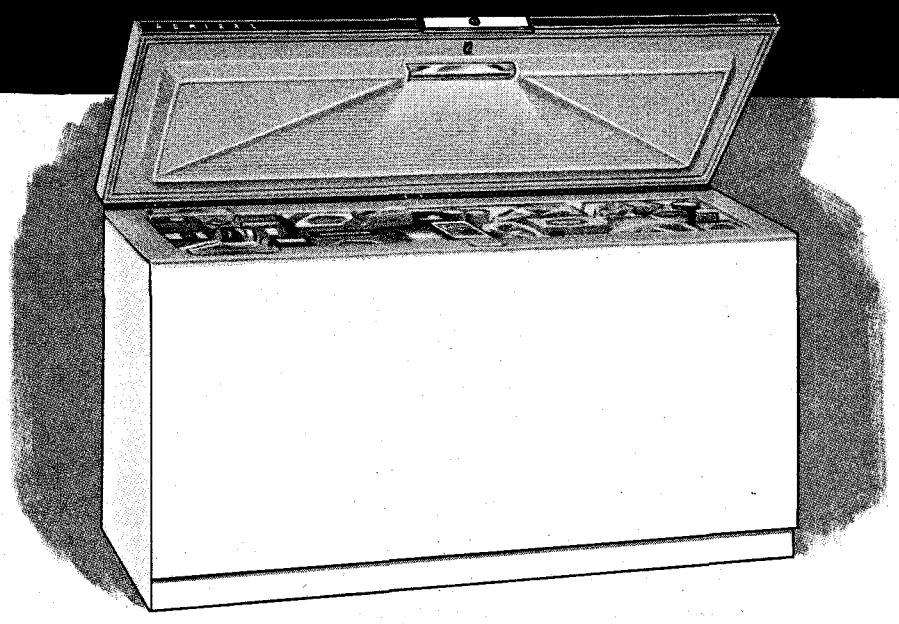
SILVER ANNIVERSARY LINE

Only Admiral's beautiful new '59 freezers bring you a "home super market" sized exactly to your family's needs. Choose from 11 sparkling models in 9 sizes. There are new compact *uprights* and *chests* for the smallest families to giant capacity freezers for the largest families.

Now you can save *both space* and *money* by choosing the exact freezer that fits your family to a "T." See the new "Family Rated" freezers—now especially priced for Admiral's Silver Anniversary.

Now! There's a low cost, space saving Admiral

New! Admiral "Family



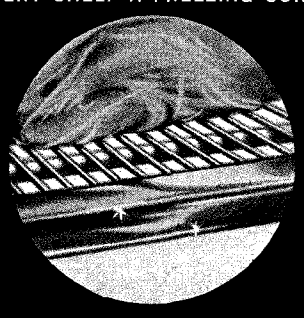
FOR A FAMILY OF **6-8**

Model 17V70 (Above). Stores 560 lbs. of food! 16.8 cu. ft.* Built-in design. Only 32" wide x 25⅜" deep. Automatic interior light. 5 super-speed freezing shelves. Glide-out storage basket holds 47.6 lbs. "Pantry Door" with removable and adjustable aluminum shelves, 2 "pop-out" dispenser racks, and 2 gallon ice cream compartment. Built-in lock.

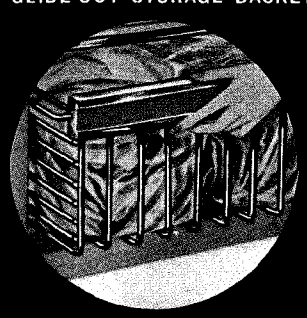
FOR A FAMILY OF **9** AND UP

Model 21H80 (Right). Keeps 707 lbs. of food "farm-fresh." 20.2 cu. ft.* chest freezer. Standard counter height. Counter-balanced, self-sealing safety lid; when closed it's another work surface. Automatic interior and warning lights. Safety door release. 3 removable storage baskets hold 87 lbs. Adjustable partition. Separate quick freezing compartment. Built-in lock prevents pilferage.

EVERY SHELF A FREEZING SURFACE

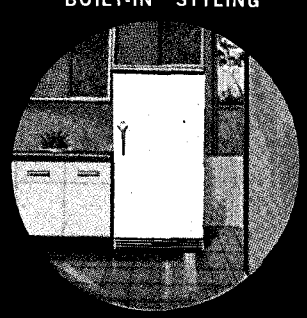


GLIDE-OUT STORAGE BASKET



ICE CREAM COMPARTMENT

"BUILT-IN" STYLING



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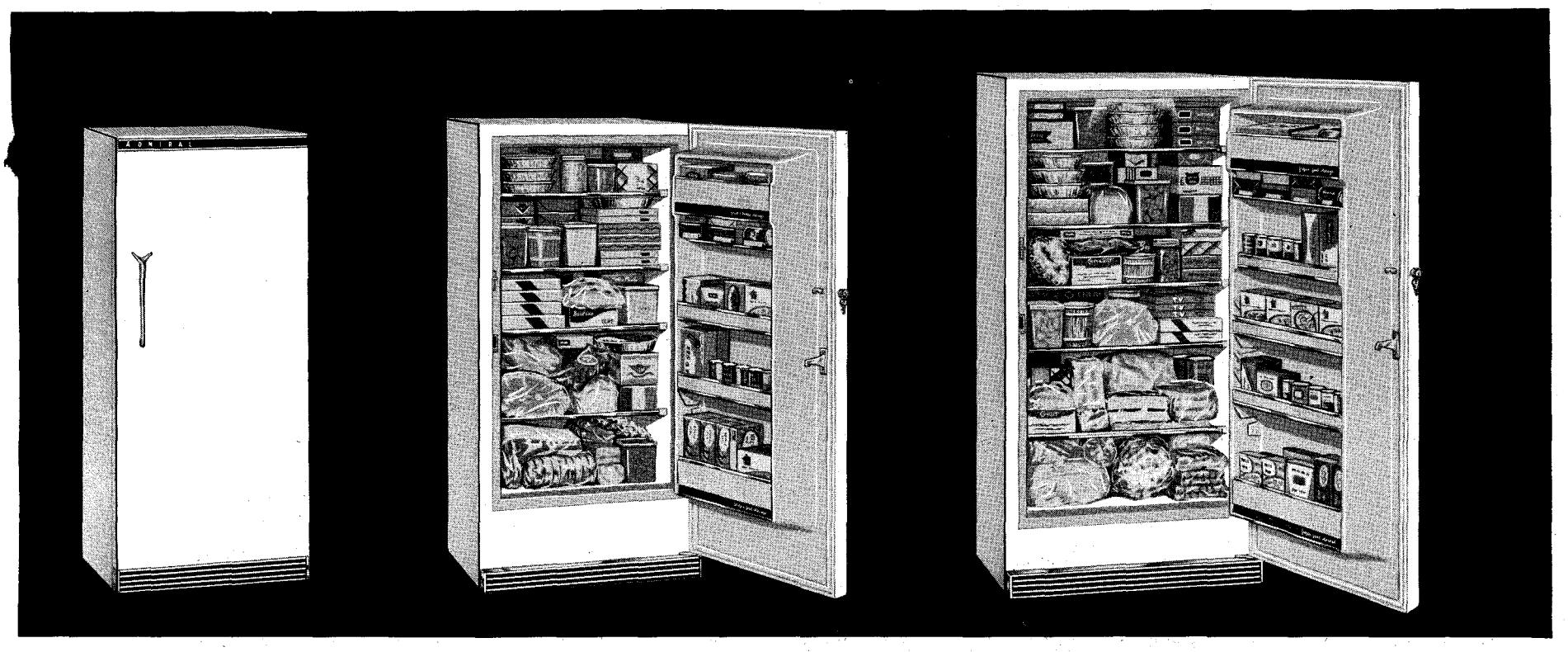


FOR A FAMILY OF **2-4**

Model 9V20. Perfect *upright* for small families. Stores 289 lbs. 8.35 cu.ft.* Matching refrigerator available. 4 super-speed freezing shelves. "Pantry Door" with 4 deep shelves. Only 24" wide x 28½" deep x 56½" high.

FOR A FAMILY OF **3-5**

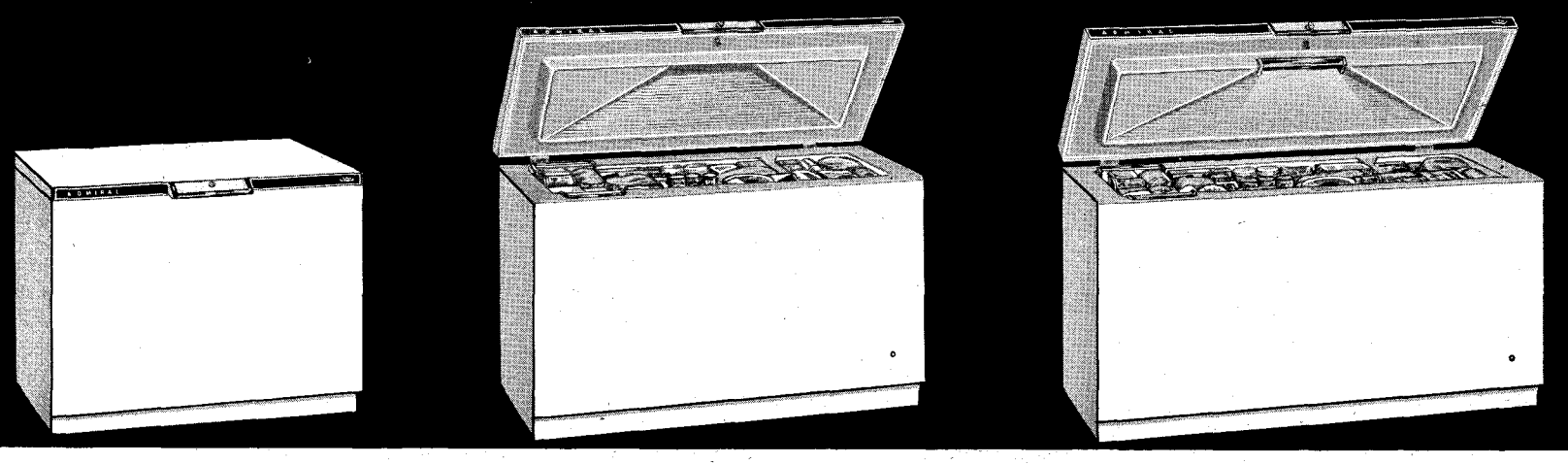
Model 11V40. Keeps 357 lbs. 10.6 cu. ft.* Matches Admiral refrigerator, 4 super-speed freezing shelves. Glide-out storage basket. "Pantry Door" has "pop-out" dispenser rack, removable and adjustable aluminum shelves.

FOR A FAMILY OF **4-6**

Model 15V60. 497 lbs., 14.8 cu. ft.* Built-in design. 32" wide x 25⅜" deep. Automatic light. 5 quick freezing shelves. Glide-out basket. "Pantry Door": "pop-out" dispenser rack, removable, adjustable shelves, ice cream keeper.

Freezer that's perfect for your family's needs!

Rated" Freezers for '59



FOR A FAMILY OF **3-5**

Model 11H40. Perfect *chest* for small families. 42 11/16" wide—holds 354 lbs. 10.1 cu. ft.* Separate quick freeze compartment. Counter-balanced, self-sealing safety lid. "Built-in" look. Also in 13 cu. ft. model for family of 4 to 6.

FOR A FAMILY OF **5-7**

Model 16H60. 531 lbs., 15.1 cu. ft.* Counter-balanced, self-sealing safety lid. Built-in door lock. 2 removable baskets. Adjustable partition. Separate quick freezing compartment. Warning light. "Built-in look" styling.

FOR A FAMILY OF **6-8**

Model 18H70. 598 lbs., 17.1 cu. ft.* Separate quick-freeze compartment. Adjustable partition. 2 removable baskets. Automatic interior and warning lights. Counter-balanced, self-sealing lid. Door lock. "Built-in look" styling.

*Gross capacity.

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Admiral®

Admiral MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD — SILVER 25 ANNIVERSARY 1934-1959

d in 90 countries . . . manufactured in the U.S.A., Australia, Argentina, Brazil, Canada, Italy, Mexico, Philippines, and Uruguay • Admiral Corp., Chicago 47, Ill., and Port Credit, Canada

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Editorials

Our Schools Don't Seem to Need More Federal Money

It looks as if the Federal camel is pushing its nose in the door of the little red schoolhouse for sure this time. As if the burden on our financial structure and the taxpayers were not onerous enough, the spenders in Congress, armed with bushels of statistics, are making an all-out push for a Federal aid-to-education program that could shatter our constitutional precedents to smithereens. One bill, sponsored by Sen. James E. Murray of Montana, calls for $1,100,000,000 next year, with a steady speed-up in spending that would reach a permanent level of $4,700,000,000 annually inside of four years. The money would be used for school construction and for increasing teachers' pay.

School construction and teachers' pay are fine things, just as home and mother are. But there is the little matter of the Constitution, our Federal system, and our traditions of 170-plus years to think about. If any person imagines that our schools could take this enormous national subsidy and still stay locally controlled and independent, he is deceiving himself. The man who pays the piper still calls the tune.

The chief argument for this drastic measure is a supposed "desperate" shortage of classrooms. Senator Murray puts the shortage at 140,000. It is interesting to note that back in 1955, when the first big push for Federal aid to education was in full cry, there was a "desperate" shortage of 340,000 classrooms, according to the National Education Association. It was also predicted that there would be a shortage of 720,000 rooms by 1960, which is just around the corner. These interesting figures pose the interesting question: Are things getting worse or better?

A shortage of 140,000 classrooms is a serious prospect, but it is not as alarming as 720,000, or even 340,000. As to which is the correct figure, we have not the faintest idea, and we doubt that anyone else knows for sure. We do know that one proponent of Federal aid, Francis Griffith, recently wrote in The Commonweal that "the extent of the classroom shortage has undoubtedly been magnified. . . . An unprecedented building program has cut the classroom shortage more than half in the past four years." This might suggest to some that the classroom shortage, whatever it is, might be pretty well cleaned up in another four or five years—and without Federal grants.

But Griffith goes on to urge Federal aid on the ground that some states "are too impoverished to provide adequate financial support for their schools." This is a favorite argument, but it does not hold water. There is not the slightest proof that any state, including Arkansas and Mississippi, cannot provide better schooling than it does now. On the contrary, it is almost certain that the people of even the poorest states could increase their expenditures for education by 50 per cent—if they wanted to. And the record shows that most of them do want to.

Certainly we need better schools. But they should be better from the standpoint of the school district and the state they are in as well as from the standpoint of the Government in Washington. This is a broad land. What is suitable for the Bronx may not be just the thing for the piny woods of South Carolina or the plains of North Dakota. Despite our mobility as a people, it is still true that a good share of ordinary folk live and die pretty close to where they were brought up. The schools they go to have to prepare them for local situations and local leadership as well as for national goals.

Those who are eagerly pushing the Government into the school field should pause for a moment and think what they are getting into. There are countless headaches involved, including regional differences, private schools, church schools and trade schools. There is the huge and unsolved riddle of segregation, which could upset the whole applecart. There is the complicated business of allocating funds fairly.

The Eisenhower Administration has presented a careful program designed to help the poorer school districts float bonds. This is certainly as far as the Government should go in this direction.

Reds Now Travel on Their Subversive Errands—by Supreme Court Decree!

During the convention of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in February, Dictator Khrushchev flung insults and threats at the United States. Marshal Malinovsky, the war minister, also threatened the United States, bragging that the Kremlin's missiles can strike "precisely any point" in this country.

At that same convention in Moscow, was an American citizen who himself made a lying, anti-American speech. He was James E. Jackson, representing the Communist Party of the United States.

How did Jackson get there? He got there openly and legally. And so did other U. S. Communist leaders who went to Moscow at the same time. These characters were present because the Supreme Court ruled last June that the Secretary of State had no right to withhold passports from members of the Communist Party.

Jackson had been convicted by a jury in a Federal court as a conspirator against the United States. But last August the Court of Appeals reversed the conviction, on the ground that the Supreme Court in a similar case had freed several convicted California Red leaders. Thus Jackson was saved from prison.

Meanwhile, the Supreme Court had issued its decision that Communists must not be denied passports. President Eisenhower quickly sent a special message to Congress, urging legislation authorizing the Secretary of State to withhold passports from supporters of Communism. The bill was passed in the House, but when it came to the Senate it got tied up in the jam of legislation just before adjournment. So the Communist Party was free to send Jackson to represent it at the convention of the Soviet Communist Party.

Also present in Moscow was the best-known member of the C.P.-U.S.A., Paul Robeson. He, too, had received a passport after the Supreme Court's decision. And who should show up in Moscow, almost immediately after Jackson, but Harry Bridges, president of the Communist-controlled International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union? Years ago a split decision of the Supreme Court saved this Australian-born citizen from deportation.

A few days earlier, Khrushchev received Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, ninety-one-year-old scholar, former professor and intellectual leader of the pro-Kremlin forces among Negroes in the United States. Both Du Bois and his wife were identified long ago as members of the Communist Party. Although not a member now, he makes no secret of his devotion to the Soviet regime. For years his efforts to get a passport failed. Then came the Supreme Court decision—and Du Bois was free to go to Moscow. From Moscow, Du Bois and his wife flew to Peking, defying the State Department regulation that United States passports are not valid for travel to Red China.

Another United States citizen in Moscow was George Morris, labor editor of the Communist Party's misnamed paper, The Worker, and member of the C.P.'s Labor Commission. After months of delay, the State Department had unwillingly given him a passport.

Meanwhile, Dr. Alpheus Hunton, another identified Communist Party member, had gone to Africa. Hunton used to be director of the Council on African Affairs, which Attorney General Brownell called a Communist front.

The State Department has been forced to grant passports to scores of important Communists and fellow-travelers. The department even felt obliged to give passports to a precious pair one of whom on a previous trip abroad made speeches charging the United States with germ warfare! Who can check on what harm such people do to the United States abroad? Congress should adopt the bill which President Eisenhower urged last summer, unmistakably authorizing the State Department to deny passports to Communists and their "willing instruments," and to cancel every passport now in such hands.

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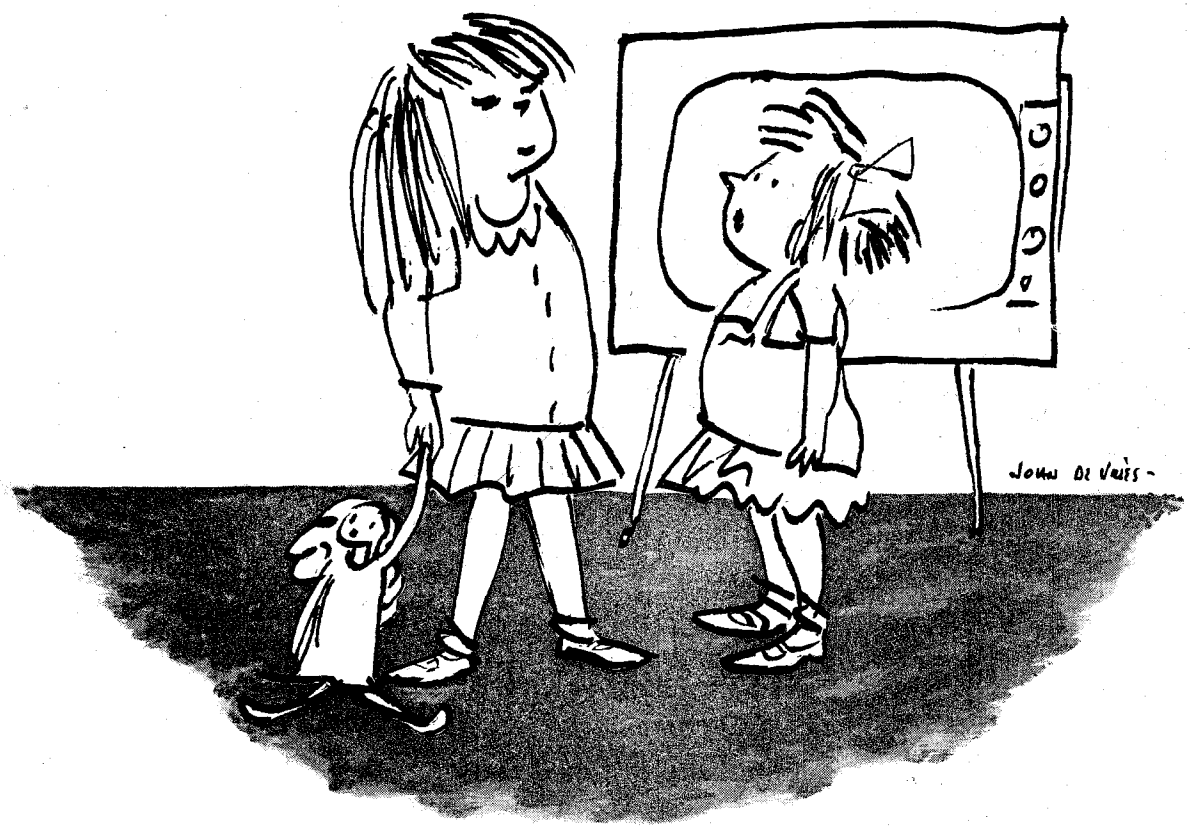
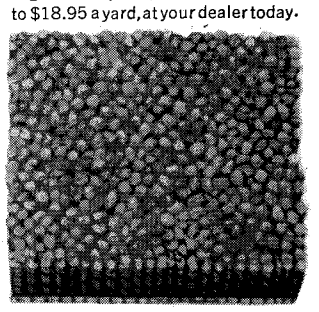


"My mother asked me to ask you how much your father makes 'cause she wants to know how come you have a Bigelow in every room"

Susie shouldn't worry! Bigelow Carpets come in all price ranges. Even on a modest income, it's no problem to have lovely, comfy, cozy Bigelows all through the house. Parents are happier—and children are, too—with nice soft Bigelows to play and bounce around on. Everybody lives better on Bigelows.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW...BUY **Bigelow**
RUGS · CARPETS · SINCE 1825

For a luxurious pile of pleasure, see Bigelow Carpets priced from $6.95 to $18.95 a yard, at your dealer today.



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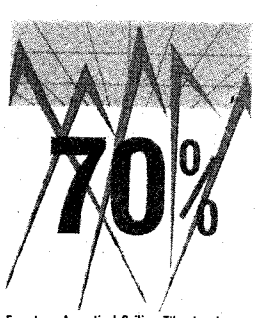
Room design by Paul László

Family Living Is Far More Fun With A Simpson Forestone Ceiling



Forestone Acoustical Ceiling Tile absorbs up to 70% of all sounds striking it.

Bring a wonderful new world of peace and quiet to any room in your home with deep-fissured Forestone* acoustical tile. The rich textured appearance of Forestone lends a tone of handsome dignity to interiors...and can be repainted without appreciable loss of efficiency or deep-fissured beauty.

You can build a better way of life with this modern woodfiber acoustical product quickly, easily, for about the same cost as an ordinary ceiling. See your Lumber Dealer for free estimate and handy how-to-do-it information right away, or look up the Simpson Certified Acoustical Contractor in the yellow pages.

SEND FOR FREE FORESTONE FOLDER!

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The finest in Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock and Redwood Lumber; Acoustical, Insulating and Hardboard Products; Plywood and Doors; Wood Tanks and Pipes; Paper and Paper Products.

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A McKESSON HEALTH STORY

How I Picked a Peck of Potters

By MAXINE DAVIS
Noted Medical Writer
Best Selling Author

When I met the Potters I felt at once, "Here are beloved friends of mine I've never met before."

Penny was paying a bill at the garage where my car was towed when "something" went wrong in the fuel line—on a main intersection of Somerfield, N. J.

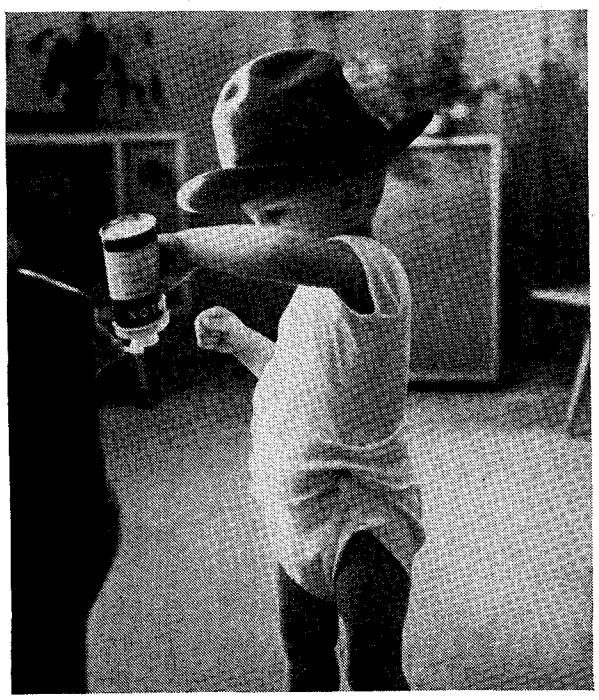
"What's the nicest thing to do while I wait?" I asked myself, in my idiotic way, aloud. Penny smiled, "You can see historical points like the house Washington used as headquarters. Or have coffee with us. Mother's been baby-sitting so I could go to your talk to the Barnard College alumnae."

The Potter home that drizzly day had the built-in sunshine of a place where a happy healthy family lives buoyantly in small rooms and wide horizons.

It smelled wonderful! Gingerbread baking was the magnet that kept 18-month-old Jeff by the stove, only occasionally hurling a pot-lid or double boiler into his father's model railroad yard; and kept baby Ann drooling like a fountain in her crib.

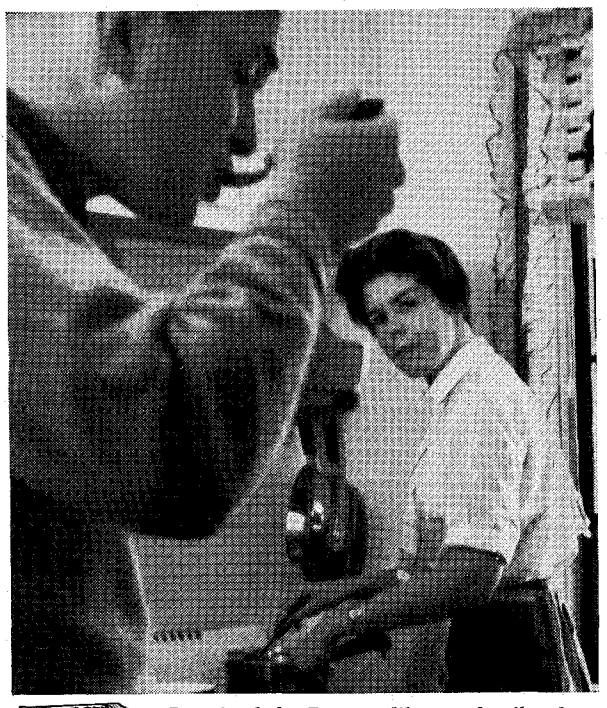
The Potters aren't unusual; not today when marriage is sharing everything from assembling the do-it-yourself hi-fi to deciding on basic health maintenance. Penny says a Ph.D. chemical engineer like Allen can be trusted to mix Ann's formula. He says a wife who enjoys fishing with him at 4 a.m., even through her 8th month of each pregnancy, knows how to keep her family in the pink. (Proof of her good sense is the shelf of McKesson's items in the bathroom, with the framed photo of Allen and his contest-winning calico bass hung proudly above it!)

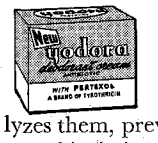
Penny's mother confessed her mild arthritis had become a serious psychological hazard as well as a condition that often made even care of her house-plants a painful chore. Finally Penny wrote her suggesting that she try Surin, the ointment that gently soothes minor pain from arthritis or rheumatism. It's not a cure, Penny explained; there is none. But Surin's medication is absorbed by the skin, thus providing marked temporary relief. Now she lifts her grandchildren without fear of consequences and has happily joined a class in ballroom dancing!



Jeff's sure to brush his teeth often, when he has some! He sees his folks brush with Calox after each meal, for decay germs go to work at once when food bits collect. Nothing cleans, polishes, or preserves like powder. No powder is better than Calox.

Allen's had athlete's foot. Octofen Liquid checked it. Now, as preventive, while Penny unpacks the creel, he showers and dusts Octofen Powder on and between each well-dried toe. It's the *only* fungicide approved by the National Foot Health Council.





I noticed the Potters, like my family, depend on Yodora. People worry about perspiration. Its odor is due to bacteria growing in that secretion. Yodora paralyzes them, prevents odor. Its mild antibiotic also soothes any skin irritation caused by sweating.

BETTER FOR YOUR FAMILY . . . THE FAMILY OF FINE PRODUCTS MADE BETTER . . . by McKESSON

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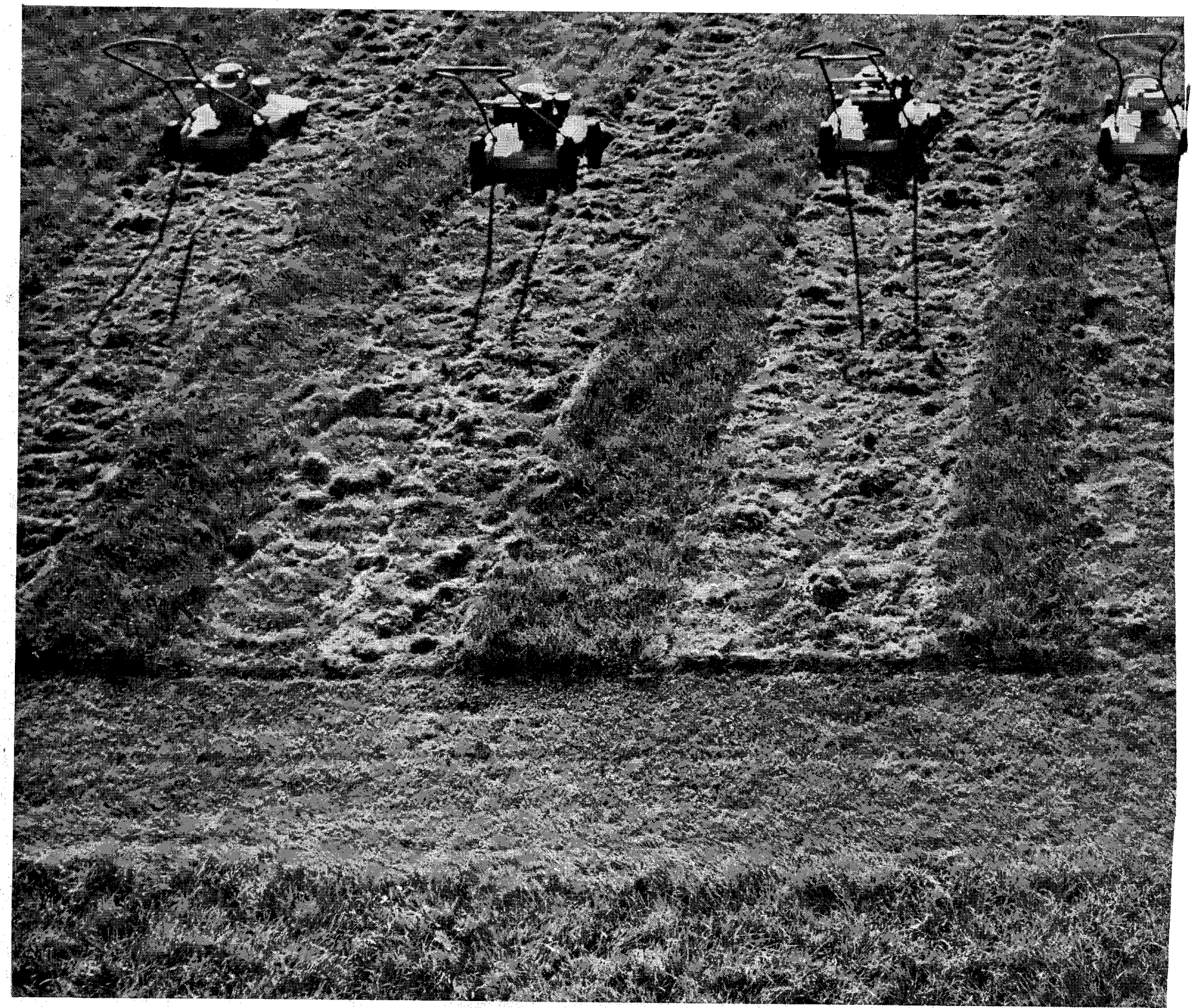

Unusually thick, tall grass emphasizes clumping problems with ordinary rotary mowers—yet new Toro leaves a crisp, clean swath. Unretouched photo by Carpenter Studio, Minneapoli

NEW TORO OUTMOWS 'EM ALL

Proof! Revolutionary "wind tunnel" design gives cleanest cut

You're looking at the most remarkable lawn-mowing picture ever made. One mower—the dramatic new "wind tunnel" Whirlwind* by Toro—outmowing seven other rotaries of all sizes, shapes and designs. This revolutionary machine will outcut—even in wet grass—any other rotary on the market. Ends clumping completely. Bags its own clippings and leaves. Gives you the cleanest-looking fresh-cut lawn in the neighborhood.

Outcuts all others . . . even in wet grass. A full-circle expanding wind tunnel under the housing creates a super-powerful vacuum that freezes every blade of grass upright for a sharper, crisper cut.

Ends clumping completely. Compressed-air stream *blows* clippings, leaves and other vacuumed-up material out of the housing. There are no indentations, corners or obstructions to catch clippings, build up clumps.

Bags clippings and leaves. Force of wind-tunnel air stream carries clippings and leaves into bagging attachment included with machine. Vacuum created by exclusive Toro design makes this new feature possible.

Saves you work in 3 seasons. Use it for spring clean-up, summer mowing, and for getting rid of fall leaves, too. Mows lawn cleaner than any other mower. Cuts cleaner as it vacuum-cleans your lawn.

Take your choice of the 19-inch hand-propelled, 2 hp at $89.95†; 21-inch hand-propelled, 2½ hp at $99.95†; 21-inch self-propelled, 3 hp at $139.95† (only 10% down, 20 months to pay, if you'd like!). Compare it on your own lawn with any other mower. See for yourself how the new Whirlwind by Toro outmows 'em all! Your Toro dealer is listed in the classified section of your phone book under "Lawn Mowers."

**A registered trademark of the Toro Mfg. Corp.* †*Suggested retail prices, subject to change*

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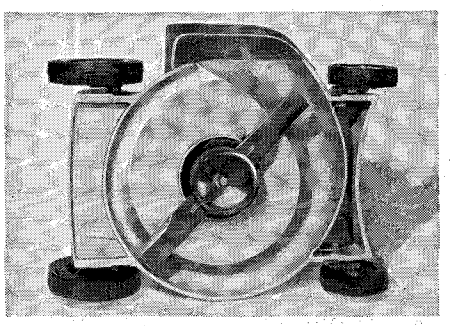
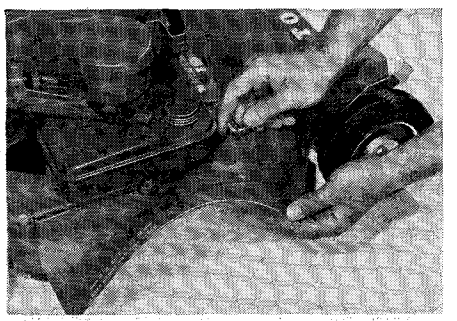
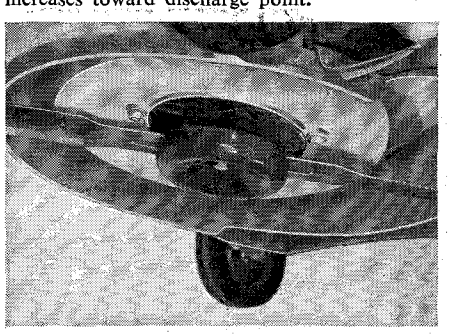
nch hand-propelled model, like the 21-inch hand-propelled and self-propelled models, is priced ıplete with bagging attachment and leaf mulcher. Other features include: instant height of cut ıstment, stand-up handle for easy storage, short crankshaft (only 1 inch) for less engine wear.



Under-housing view shows how built-in wind tunnel gradually expands in size as volume of air increases toward discharge point.



Adjustable deflector on discharge chute angles clippings and other material toward ground for extra safety. Bagging attachment connects here.



New scalp guard on end of crankshaft eliminates need for "staggered" wheel, permits close trimming. Center-point lift takes strain off housing.

TORO

Builders of the world's most complete line of mowing machinery for home and institutional use

Nation-wide service—finest in the industry—is through authorized service shops. *Toro Mfg. Corp., 3081 Snelling Ave., Minneapolis 6, Minn.*

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A great moment in Kentucky bourbon history is here!

INTRODUCING

Lighter, milder 86 proof

OLD GRAND

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Now, from the fabled Old Grand-Dad distillery, comes an 86 proof straight Kentucky bourbon—a perfect balance between rich flavor and subtle mildness. Old Grand-Dad 86 is exactly the same whiskey—from the same barrels—as our famous 100 proof bonded bourbon. The *only* difference is the more gentle proof. That is why—smooth, mild, and gentle—it is so rich in flavor, so appetizing in aroma, so rewarding in satisfaction.

Try Old Grand-Dad 86. It will be a revelation to you!

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Ky.

DAD

"Head of the Bourbon Family"

Old Grand-Dad bottled in bond will always be available for the millions who prefer it over all other bourbons.

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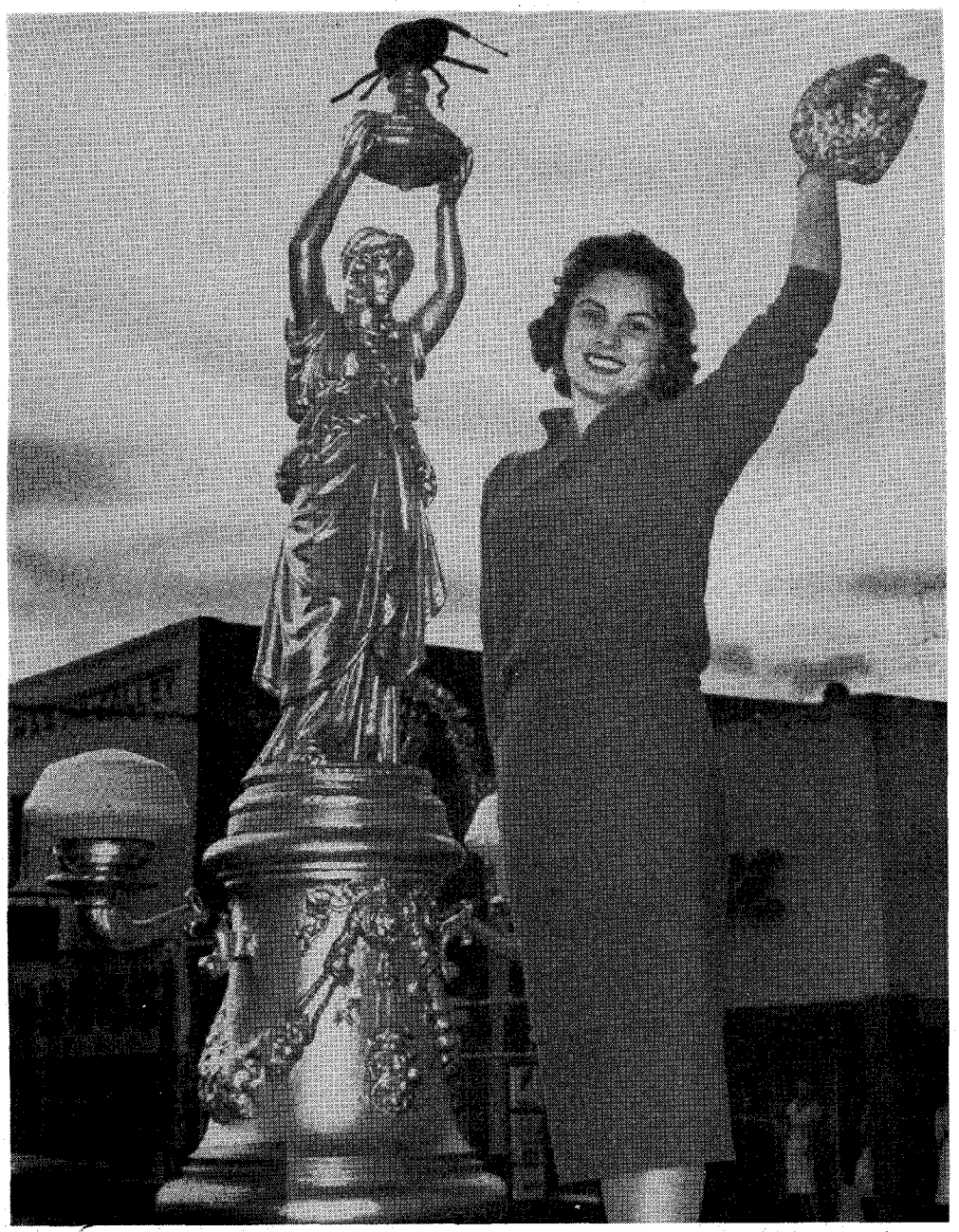


◀ **MONUMENT TO THE BOLL WEEVIL** cotton pest stands in Enterprise, Alabama, a symbol of diversification from cotton to peanuts and other crops in that area. It is located in the "Peanut Capital of the World"— part of the areas in Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Mississippi which produce half of America's peanuts. Pretty Shirley Davis, current queen of Alabama's Annual Peanut Festival, holds aloft peanuts, one of the products which has helped to build the agricultural and industrial prosperity of the South.

All across Dixie you see increasing landmarks of progress!

Industrial smokestacks . . . city skyscrapers . . . fine dwellings — in the Southland, new signs of progress appear daily in this phenomenal regional development!

Before the day of modern farming techniques, cotton crops were devastated regularly by the boll weevil. So, farmers turned to growing other crops instead . . . marking the beginning of today's important agricultural diversification. And, in one city, Enterprise, Alabama, a monument was raised about forty years ago to the indirect cause of prosperity in that area — the lowly boll weevil!

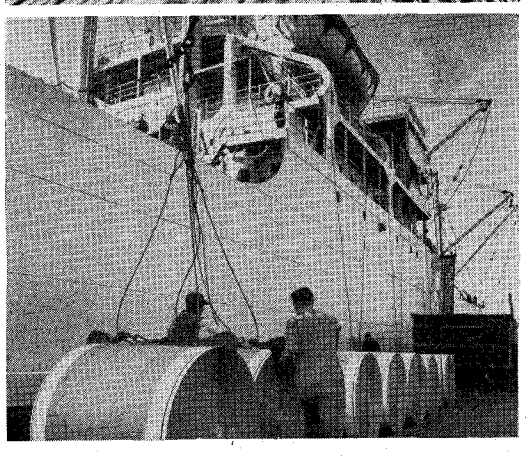
Agricultural diversification is but one phase of the South's present march forward. Ten thousand manufacturing plants have come into Dixie since the end of World War II . . . bank deposits also have increased by $6 billion . . . and retail sales by $5 billion — reflecting a rate of growth greatly outpacing that of the nation as a whole!

Electric power use in the area served by the operating companies of The Southern Company has tripled during post-war years. These affiliates of The Southern Company — in Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Mississippi — will further increase generating capacity by 1,397,250 kilowatts, spending over one-half billion dollars for these and other new facilities in the next three years.

The last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!

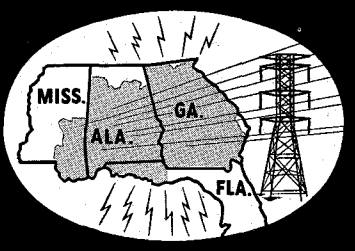
FROM THE OCEAN come hundreds of subjects for study and experimentation at the U. S. Fisheries Research Laboratory, Pascagoula, Mississippi. Harvey R. Bullis, shown here, heads a staff of 48 scientists, fishermen and technologists, who constantly seek new ways of catching, processing, marketing and preparing seafood. First successful system of net trawling for red snapper has been an important recent contribution to the Gulf Coast fishing industry.

CHROME STRIPS FOR AUTOMOBILES are inspected at one of the Valdosta, Georgia, plants of Metal Products Division of Thompson Industries, Inc. The company has six metal fabricating installations within 50 miles of Valdosta.



THE SOUTH TRADES with the world! Fast growing, deep-water port of Pensacola now handles double the number of vessels it did in 1950. Varied Southern-produced goods and locally manufactured paper, lumber, creosoted poles, fertilizer, nylon yarn, naval stores and soya bean meal and many other products are exported from here and more than a dozen other Southern deep-sea ports.

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY



ATLANTA · 1330 W. PEACHTREE STREET
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Alabama Power Company ..... Birmingham, Alabama
Georgia Power Company ..... Atlanta, Georgia
Gulf Power Company ..... Pensacola, Florida
Mississippi Power Company ..... Gulfport, Mississippi
Southern Electric Generating Co. . Birmingham, Alabama

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It won't protect if it doesn't fit!

TRYING TO PROTECT today's needs with yesterday's insurance can be costly. It simply won't fit! Not only have your responsibilities multiplied but your home and possessions have grown in value. So why not call in a nearby America Fore Loyalty agent to tailor your insurance to today's needs? He will analyze your requirements and recommend the right coverage in the proper amounts. Then, if something should happen, you'll have protection that fits.

*

Your America Fore Loyalty agent can arrange for you to pay all your fire and casualty insurance premiums on a monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual basis if you desire. For his name call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY • FIDELITY-PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • FIREMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, N. J.
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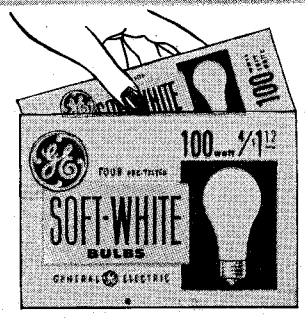
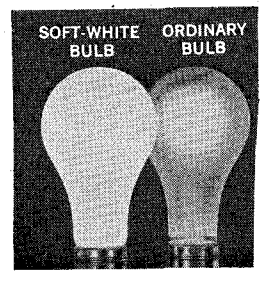
5 Special G-E bulbs greet

1. NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC SOFT-WHITE MAKES EVEN A BRIDE LOOK LOVELIER!

Here comes the bride—and the bulb—all dressed in white. This new G-E Soft-White bulb pampers eyes, melts away shadows, bathes complexions in soft, flattering light. Compare it with the ordinary bulb at right. See how it's evenly white-bright all over, with no hot spot. Unlike some white bulbs, it lets all the light come through. Hint: use G-E Soft-White where you can see the bulb or where the shade is thin—vanity lamps, bathroom fixtures, reading lamps. Only pennies more than regular General Electric bulbs. All sizes. Three-Way, too.





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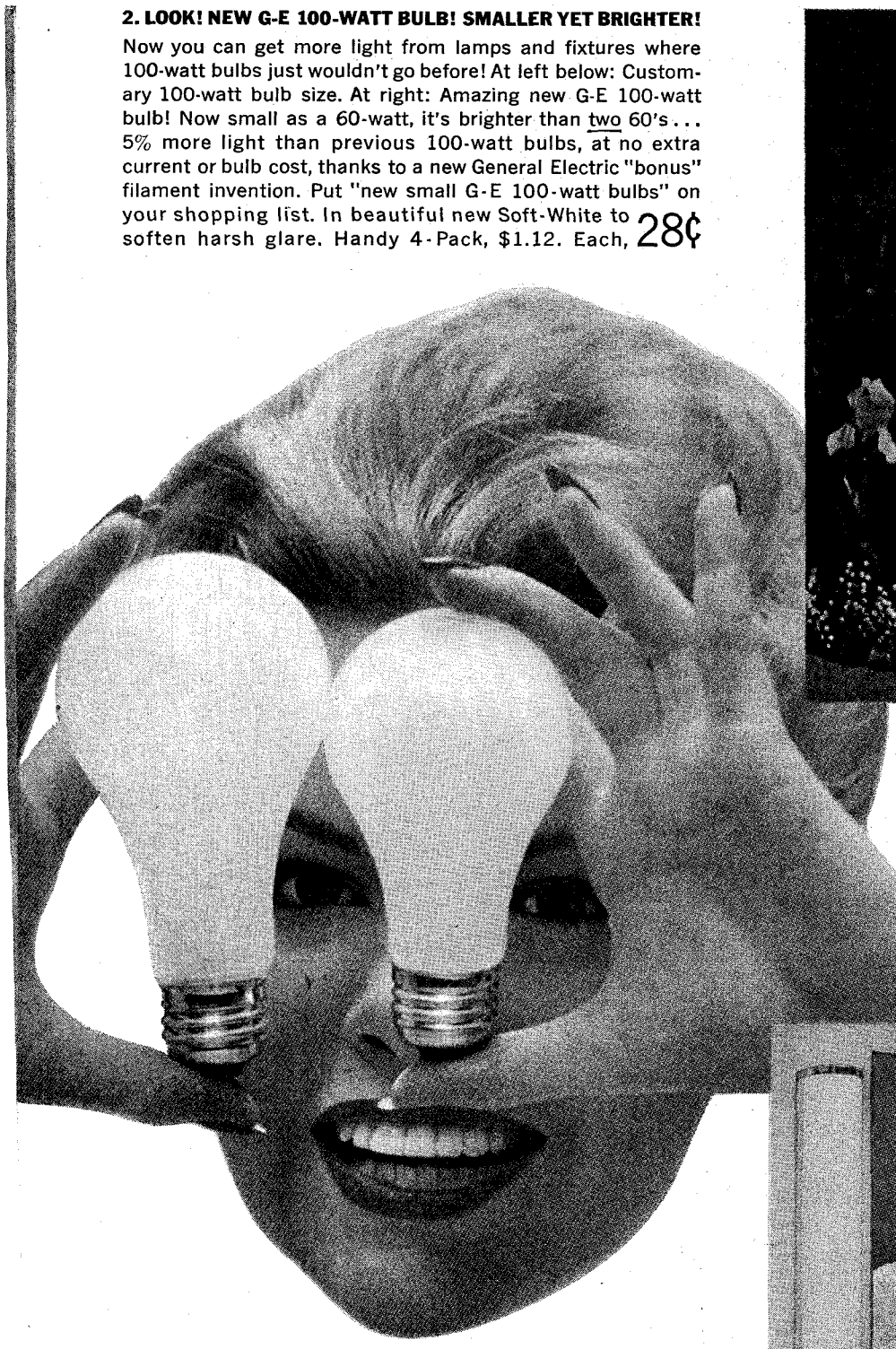
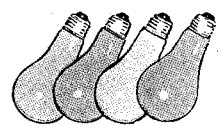
April 4, 1959

Spring in style...indoors and out

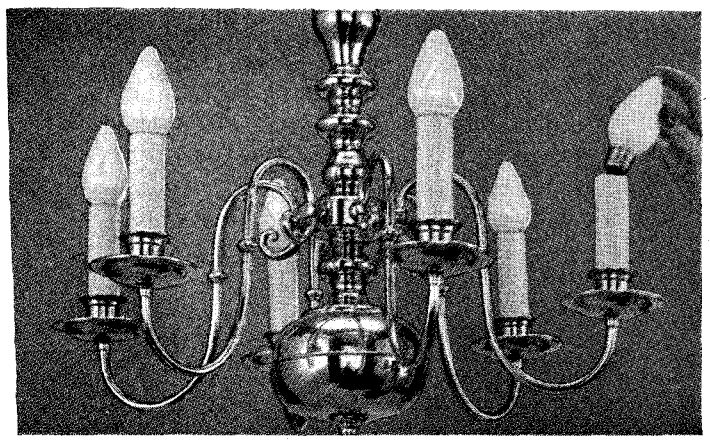
2. LOOK! NEW G-E 100-WATT BULB! SMALLER YET BRIGHTER!
Now you can get more light from lamps and fixtures where 100-watt bulbs just wouldn't go before! At left below: Customary 100-watt bulb size. At right: Amazing new G-E 100-watt bulb! Now small as a 60-watt, it's brighter than two 60's... 5% more light than previous 100-watt bulbs, at no extra current or bulb cost, thanks to a new General Electric "bonus" filament invention. Put "new small G-E 100-watt bulbs" on your shopping list. In beautiful new Soft-White to soften harsh glare. Handy 4-Pack, $1.12. Each, 28¢



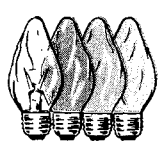
3. G-E SPRING GREEN SHOWS OFF YOUR GARDEN AT NIGHT
Turn your garden into a midsummer night's dream with General Electric Spring Green Coloramic bulbs in fixtures like this! Use Spring Green indoors, too. And try the 3 other decorator-approved G-E Coloramic tints. Sun Gold looks like summer sunshine. Dawn Pink peps up furniture and draperies. Sky Blue makes small rooms seem larger. 75 or 100-watt, 29¢



5. LOOK YOUR NATURAL BEST WITH NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME-LINE FLUORESCENT
What a change! Ordinary fluorescent (left) drains color from complexions, clothes, furnishings. But new General Electric Home-line fluorescents (right) bring out warm, natural tones. A special inner coating is the secret. Put G-E Home-lines in your kitchen to make food look more appetizing. Let them create a dramatic lighted cornice in your living room. All standard sizes... 20-watt, $1.05



G-E FLAME-SHAPE BULBS LIVEN UP FIXTURES
esh decorative touch for ceiling or wall fixtures: 5 or 40-watt G-E flame-shaped bulbs. hite, clear, flame tint, pink, ivory. 25 watt, 30¢



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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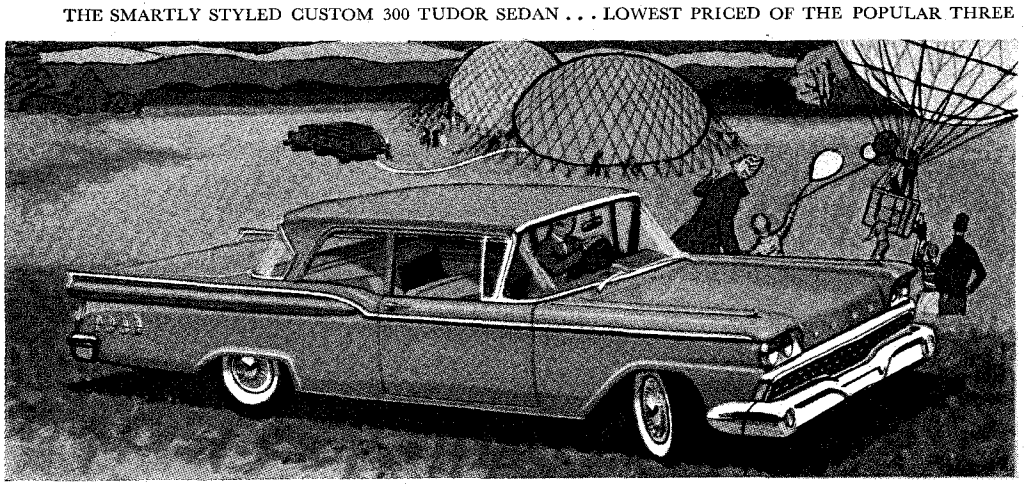
Gas goes a whole lot farther...

Savings reach new heights in this new Ford Ranch Wagon . . . designed for families living it up on a budget. All six Ford Wagons—Standard Six or Thunderbird V-8—use *regular* gas, save you up to $40 a year on fuel alone! America's wagon specialists have designed them *new*, like a hardtop. Living room comfortable . . . with sofa-soft seats for up to nine. A stratospheric 92 cu. ft. of cargo space is push-button easy to load with single-operation tailgate. Biggest, most elegant Ford wagons ever. Want a lift?

THE SMARTLY STYLED CUSTOM 300 TUDOR SEDAN . . . LOWEST PRICED OF THE POPULAR THREE



New award-winning proportions · New hardtop styling for picture-window view · All seats face comfortably forward · Safety Glass all around · New Diamond Lustre finish never needs waxing · Aluminized mufflers for twice the life · Full-flow oil filtration takes you 4000 miles without an oil change.

59 FORDS

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED CARS

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Red Chinese boss Mao Tse-tung (with cane) at a reservoir project near Peking. "He has embarked on the most daring economic and political gamble of all time," says Bowles.

A Long Look at China

An expert on the Orient warns of the massive human and industrial forces now being unleashed in Communist China, and how they may change our world—and our children's world.

By CHESTER BOWLES

Last November Mr. Bowles was elected to the House of Representatives from the Second District of Connecticut. A Democrat, he has also served as governor of his state and as United States Ambassador to India. His special interest in international affairs has led him to write several books, among them Ambassador's Report.

China—there lies a sleeping giant.
Let him sleep, for when he wakes
he shall shake the world.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

On April 20, 1958, in the province of Hunan, the Communist Chinese Government launched the world's first effort to establish pure Communism on a nationwide scale.

The commune that was established there was to be the first of many similar organizations which would harness the energies of every man, woman and child in rural China to the total service of the state.

It was named *Weihsing*, the Chinese word for Sputnik, and Mao Tse-tung, Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic, confidently stated that it carried potentialities for tomorrow's world as explosive as the Soviet thrust into outer space.

Four months later, on August sixth, Radio Peking announced that the first stage of this extraordinary program had been completed. More than 500,000,000 individuals belonging to 120,000,000 households and representing 99 per cent of the population of rural China had been organized into 26,000 communes.

"The attainment of Communism in China," the announcement triumphantly concluded, "is no longer a remote future event."

But in China, as elsewhere, old ways die slowly. On December eighteenth, Radio Peking admitted that orders had been given to slow down the pace of rural regimentation. A breathing spell was needed, it was said, so that "alien class elements" could be purged, "skeptics and doubters" convinced, and local party leaders rid of their tendency to see "only things, not men."

The announcement added that Mao Tse-tung had asked to be freed from his post of national chairman so that he could "concentrate his energies on dealing with the direction of policy" and devote more time to his writings on Communist theory. His request had been granted. Mao would, of course, continue in his key post as head of the Chinese Communist Party.

(Continued on Page 107)

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GRAND OLD MAN'S NEW CAREER

After fifty years as one of the funniest men in show business, Ed Wynn suddenly found he was a failure. This is the story of his amazing comeback as a dramatic actor, at the age of seventy.

By JOHN REESE

Wynn's most famous characterization, The Perfect Fool. Ed's gift, say his fellow comedians, was his ability to draw out a simple little joke to excruciating lengths.

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1956: Wynn (left) and his son, Keenan (right), with Jack Palance in the TV drama Requiem for a Heavyweight. This marked his first appearance as a serious actor. During rehearsals he was so inept that he was asked to resign. But he refused, and subsequently stole the show.

1958: On location for Marjorie Morningstar with Natalie Wood, who portrays Herman Wouk's unhappy heroine in the film of the best-selling novel.

1959: Ed views the rushes of his latest film, The Diary of Anne Frank. With him are Millie Perkins, who plays the leading role, and director George Stevens, who calls Wynn "the best natural actor of our times."

Ed Wynn is probably the best-liked man in Hollywood. In a community where jealousy and intrigue run rampant and where cynics say, "With friends like mine, who needs enemies?" you can't find one adverse witness.

Ed is Hollywood's grand old man—and not just because of his age, which is seventy-two. It's all right to call him Ed, by the way. Young squirts a third his age do it as casually as a broker speaks of A. T. and T. The broker means no irreverence, and in his way, Ed enjoys the same institutional eminence as American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

What captivated Hollywood was Ed's gallant comeback two years ago. After more than fifty years as a big-time comedian, his career had come to an abrupt end and he could not find a job. With a cold courage that would have done credit to a youth of twenty, he began an entirely new career as a dramatic actor.

His first such role was in the movie The Great Man. Before it was released, his son, Keenan, got him a part in the Playhouse 90 production of Requiem for a Heavyweight, on C.B.S. television. If the role was dramatic, the rumors that flew around Hollywood during rehearsal were even more so. Today it's impossible to be sure just what did happen, at any time.

It was said that Ed was so bad he was asked to step out of the cast. It was said that the star, Jack Palance, suddenly found he had business down the street—he could not bear to tell the old man he was lousing up an expensive show. It was said that Keenan broke the news, that Ed refused to quit and that Keenan came out of the interview with tears streaming down his face.

Ed admits they asked him to resign. "I refused because I thought I was getting the hang of playing a real person, after being a clown all my life," he said. "I felt that once we were on the air I would come up with a good performance. And I had to try!"

No one had the heart to fire him, and the continuing rumors indicated that a disaster was in the offing. Nearly every actor in Hollywood made sure he saw Requiem for a Heavyweight.

You could probably write the end of the script yourself. When the red light came on to warn the cast that Playhouse 90 was on the air, Ed lost the fumbling unsureness that had made him look so bad during rehearsal and proceeded to steal the show.

The moment they were off the air, Jack Palance made an elaborate bow to Ed and then silently wrung his hand. Keenan stood there, beaming, blowing his nose, wiping his eyes. "You'd have thought him the proud father and Ed a son who had just made good," a bystander said.

Overnight a legend was born, and since then Ed Wynn has never lacked for work. "You see, I'm young and fresh, and people like new faces!" he says, (Continued on Page 112)

1932: Wynn (with the late Graham McNamee) at the height of his success as the Texaco Fire Chief. For eight years this show was one of radio's top ten programs and the first to be done in costume before a live audience.

1921: At right is Wynn during his heyday on Broadway. The show girls with him were billed as the "Rainy Daisies."

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The Tale of The Fourth Stranger

By ANTHONY COBURN

In all the world, only one man saw the monster and lived. This is his story.

I always believe legends. However fantastic they may sound to others and even sometimes to me, I believe them; and they have made my life richer and more varied than any I know. Mad people everywhere, of course, think I am mad, and this amuses me; for where I take all mythical bulls by the horns and wrestle with them in a great adventure, they purse their lips and smile knowingly and pass on unchanged, except for the worse, for ever having listened at all. A sad world this, where a man may travel from his own country and find all men everywhere as quaint, impracticable, unworldly, and all their stories and folklore as subtle traps for his credulity. So to the devil with a cynical generation and may it burn on a fire of fairy tales; for my part, I can travel the globe in ease and plenty because in my youth I was strong as an ox, I was fleet as a deer, I had the courage of a lion, I could swim like the great tiger shark himself, and I believed everything I was told.

It happened long ago, when my hair was fair and plentiful and my muscles readily tingled to the warm sun, that I lay on a soft sandy beach and dreamed out at the sea. Before me stretched the watery mass of Port Phillip Bay, and it gurgled and hissed for my delight on a hot December afternoon. This bay cradles the great city of Melbourne, but I was far from there in mind as well as body, for whenever the sun returned to the south my grip loosened at its spinning center and I was thrown from it, through the air like a sea bird to its home. People had long ceased saying that I would never amount to anything, for in that year it was no more a mark of wisdom than saying a rainy day was wet. I was a slave to sun and the water's edge when my youth was at the full in Oomallunga Inlet.

This small fishing village had caught me in flight and drawn me to earth on reverent feet, for it was either dead or about to die, and would therefore be free of holiday makers in their yearly madness. It balanced its wooden houses and wooden shops and wooden church on grassy slopes which fell to a pearly beach, and stood its single solid brick pub on level ground above all; and here on most days in the week—for it was usually either too hot or too rough for fishing, which was an exact science in Oomallunga—the men of the place could be found drinking and talking and practicing their personalities. I drew pictures of the town and of those of them who would pay for the pleasure, and spent what I earned on drink and food in that order. At night I slept beneath the crooked tea trees which fringed the beach, and my days would have been as carefree as the bird's except that my brain was on fire with a great secret which the men of Oomallunga had told me.

They spoke of a monster, a sea beast so repulsive to look upon that none who had seen it were alive to tell the tale. In their grandfathers' time it would often

(Continued on Page 52)

My rough-made spear was still in my hands; then I stood straight up with my back pressed against the wall.

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

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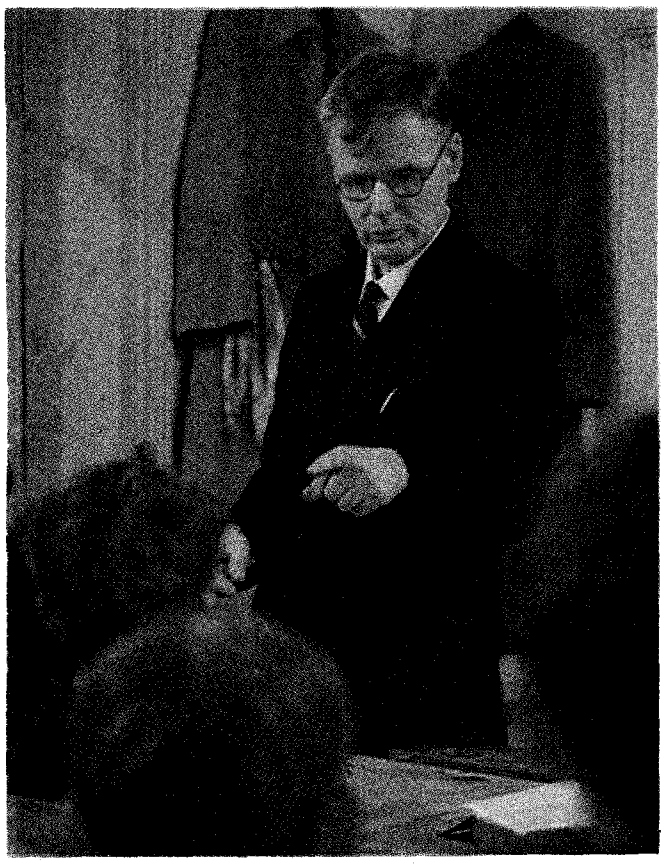
Be a Sensible Boy

An American tells what she learned during a year of teaching at a traditionally austere English school, where hard work and discipline achieve better results than many of our "showplace" schools.

By
SERENA
BLODGETT

The author took this photograph of Cunningham, the school's best cricketer, who once was caned for not "setting to work."

L. C. Clifton-Everest, headmaster and owner. His basic assumption: "One does not let the side down."



"You will have Form Four," said the headmaster reflectively as he ran his pencil down the large chart tacked with drawing pins to a heavy board. "First lesson will be arithmetic with Form Four; second lesson, English with Form Three, and then the boys have recess while we have tea."

Arithmetic with Form Four! I couldn't have been more appalled if I'd been asked to catalogue the contents of the British Museum. And I thought I had hurdled my last obstacle!

Since the summer of 1954, when I had attended school in England, I had suspected that British children read, wrote and understood English better than their slightly older counterparts in my classes at the Morgan School, Clinton, Connecticut. Furthermore, it has always seemed to me that the early Americans handled our language more ably than we do today, and they were under the influence of English teaching methods. Traditionally, America has gleaned much that was excellent from every country on earth, so I decided to go to England and see for myself just how they do things.

I applied for a Fulbright grant, a Ford Foundation grant, an exchange teachership—but none of them worked out. My school board would not give me a leave of absence. Still, I wanted to go so (Continued on Page 166)

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

In the marrow-chilling cold, the boys ignore their bare, blue knees.

Kindergarteners (left) learn to write and figure, and imitate older boys.

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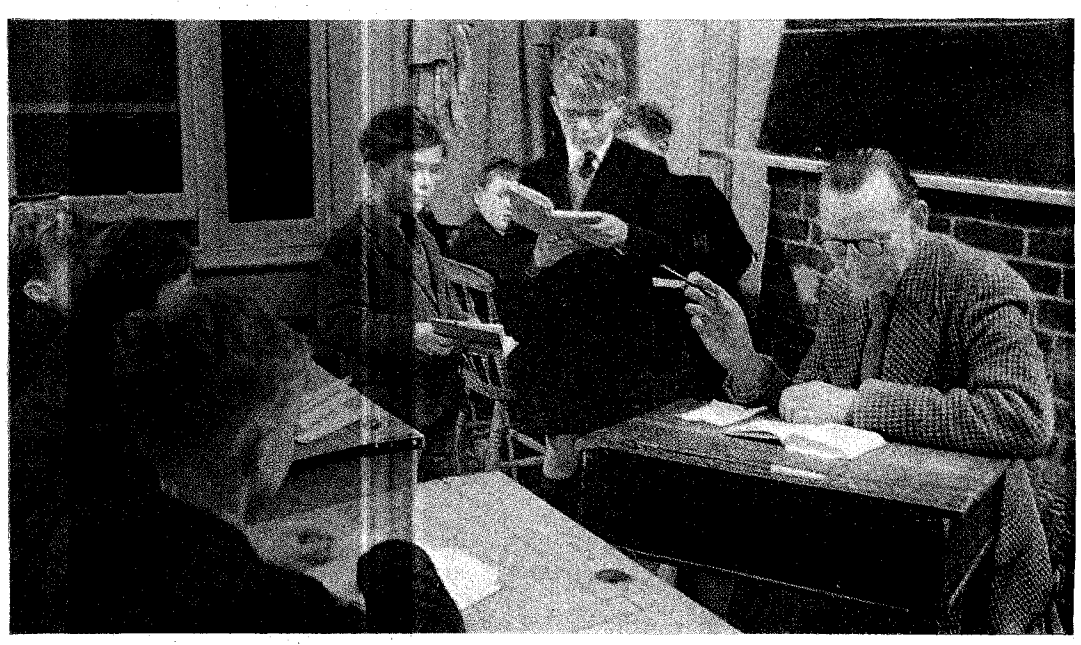
Younger boys play Association Football (soccer), older boys, Rugby. In addition to weekly games, Winton House requires regular calisthenics classes.

First-Formers (about the age of U.S. first-graders) do regular homework assignments.



Form Four: These 9-year-olds read a novel by Sir Walter Scott and start French conversation and vocabulary. Next year they study Shakespeare and Latin.

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One of them held a pistol to Belinda's neck.

Dangerous Intruders

By MERLE CONSTINER

They came to take the cruelest kind of revenge.

Larkin was huddled against the drizzle, and his little mare was dozing as she walked, when the two horsemen rode out upon him from a clump of sweet gum. Each carried a huge brassbound pistol aslant his saddle horn. One was a giant, in a snuff-brown cape; he had a meaty little bubble of a head, and a twist of gold wire in his left ear lobe. His companion, in green baize pantaloons and coat, was sharp-faced, with long, coarse, straw-colored hair. They looked utterly merciless. Back in Ohio, from infancy, Larkin had heard of Natchez Trace, and the beast men who infested its glades. Buried in the forests of Tennessee and Mississippi, it was a hidden link in the major overland route between the North and New Orleans. In his father's day, in the 1790's, it had been fearful; by now it was said to have become dreadful.

The men returned his stare. They saw, he knew, a young man of twenty-eight, bull-chested, in frayed farm clothes.

"First," said the man in the brown cape, "are you armed?"

Larkin said coldly, "I have no money to throw away on weapons."

About him, on three sides, moisture hung like smoke in the half-light of the tree aisles; to his left, through a veil of dripping grapevine, lay a swamp bristling with saw grass, misty home of stump-tailed moccasin and gar. The drizzle hardened to thin rain, whispering in the foliage.

"Who are you and what puts you on the Trace?" asked the smaller man.

"I am Americus Larkin, a master blacksmith from Ohio," said Larkin. "It came into my mind to go to New Orleans, and learn truly about beautiful ironwork."

"That's near a thousand-mile trip," said the man in the brown cape. "Why didn't you take the steamboat?"

"I have no money to throw away on steamboats," said Larkin.

"We're looking for a certain man," said the giant. "Sometimes he's fancy dressed, sometimes poor dressed. Sometimes he wears blue-glass spectacles, sometimes not. He goes by different names. You'd know him by his face. It's like a big fat ugly potato. Like a potato that's started to wither, with wrinkles all over it. Have you seen him?"

"No," said Larkin. "But he shouldn't be hard to find."

(Continued on Page 146)

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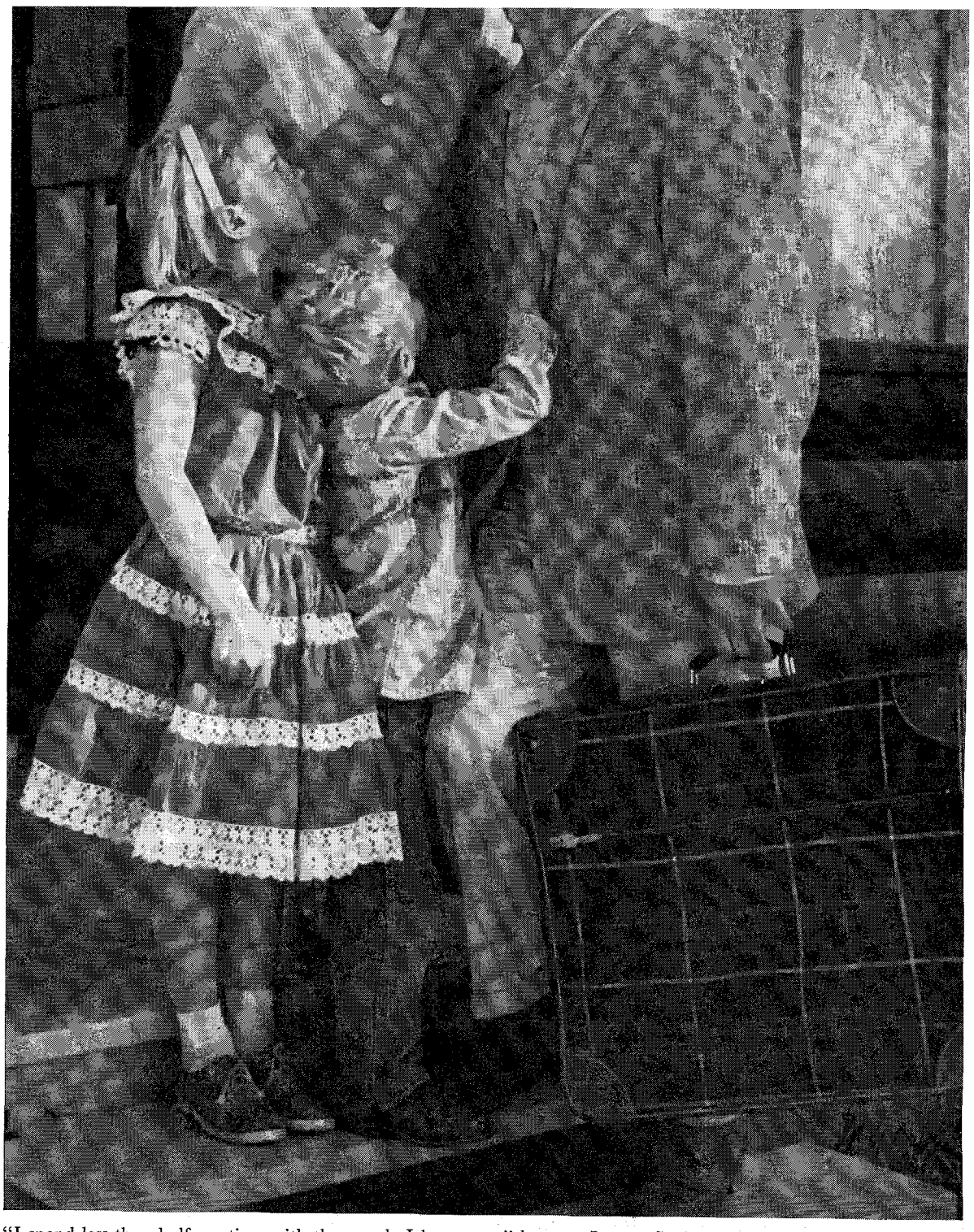
Jensen crossing the plate after belting a two-run homer against the Yankees last April. (The Sox won, 3–1). In the past six years he has driven in 639 runs, more than any other American Leaguer.

My Ambition Is To Quit

"It's the money— and nothing but the money— that keeps me in baseball today." The "Golden Boy" of the Red Sox explains why he wants to get out of the game for keeps.

By JACKIE JENSEN
as told to
Al Hirshberg



"I spend less than half my time with the people I love most," laments Jensen. Saying good-by to him above are his wife, former Olympic diving star Zoe Ann Olsen, and their children, Jan and Jon.

Now that I've finally reached baseball's big-money brackets at the age of thirty-two, I guess you'd expect me to be hoping for the longest possible career in the major leagues. Well, no matter how lucrative my career may get from here on, I can tell you that it won't last one day longer than necessary. Nobody's going to have to rip the uniform off my back. I can hardly wait for the time when I'll be in a position to do that myself.

It isn't that I dislike baseball. On the contrary, I've always loved it and always will. And I get just as big a kick out of success as the next guy. It meant a lot to me to lead the American League in runs batted in last year, to say nothing of winning the Most Valuable Player award, which is the greatest honor a ballplayer can receive. But even more important was the fact that a season such as I had with the Boston Red Sox last year means a big raise in salary. The more money I get, the sooner I can quit.

It takes a certain breed of guy to be happy with a ballplayer's day-to-day existence. I'm not the type. I hate the constant moving around, the everlasting shifting from night ball to day ball and back again, the increasingly tighter schedules that often make it necessary to fly. Most of all, I hate the months I have to be away from my family—the endless good-bys and see-you-laters and long-distance telephone calls. When something goes wrong at home, I'm seldom around.

If I were consumed by a passion for the game, as many men are, I suppose I couldn't be happy away from it. But baseball doesn't move me that much. Maybe I wasn't meant to be a big-league ballplayer. I have the soul of a floorwalker. He (Continued on Page 142)

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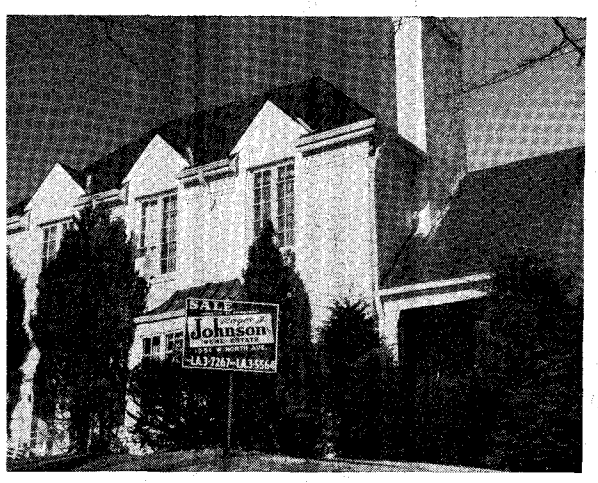
Ashburton brick bungalow: Two bedrooms, two baths and finished attic. Asking price: $28,500. The agent is not a block-buster.

This three-bedroom brick colonial is typical of many Ashburton houses. Offered for sale at $25,000 by an ethical real-estate firm.



White stucco and brick, ten rooms: $29,000. One of the area's more luxurious homes, it is handled by a reputable Negro agency.

Estelle Sachs. As real-estate agent in nearby Windsor Hills she urges whites to buy in her area to keep the area biracial.

When a Negro Moves Next Door

By ELLSWORTH E. ROSEN with Arnold Nicholson

A Baltimore resident tells how his neighborhood welcomes Negro homeowners—and keeps white families from moving away.

I live in what is known as a "changing neighborhood" in Baltimore. In short, a Negro family has bought a house down the street.

The color of my neighbor's skin does not bother me at all. His income and behavior are just about the same as mine. But the economic threat his presence has created for me, and for the entire community, is disturbing. A lot of people who live somewhere else have assumed that our pleasant, middle-class neighborhood is headed for all-Negro occupancy and rapid deterioration as properties pass from financially strong hands to less responsible ownership. The pattern is a familiar one in many big cities of the North.

We were enmeshed in the initial, frightening stages of this process just a year ago. "The dark cloud," we were told, "had descended." Our neighborhood, however, has refused to accept this verdict for the future. We believe that a mixture of white and Negro families is both inevitable and compatible with good living, and have succeeded, after quite a struggle, in proving our point to date. The all-Negro "cloud," we hope, may never descend simply because we and increasing numbers of Baltimoreans understand the forces at work, the threat to the future of the city and are agreed that some solution must be found.

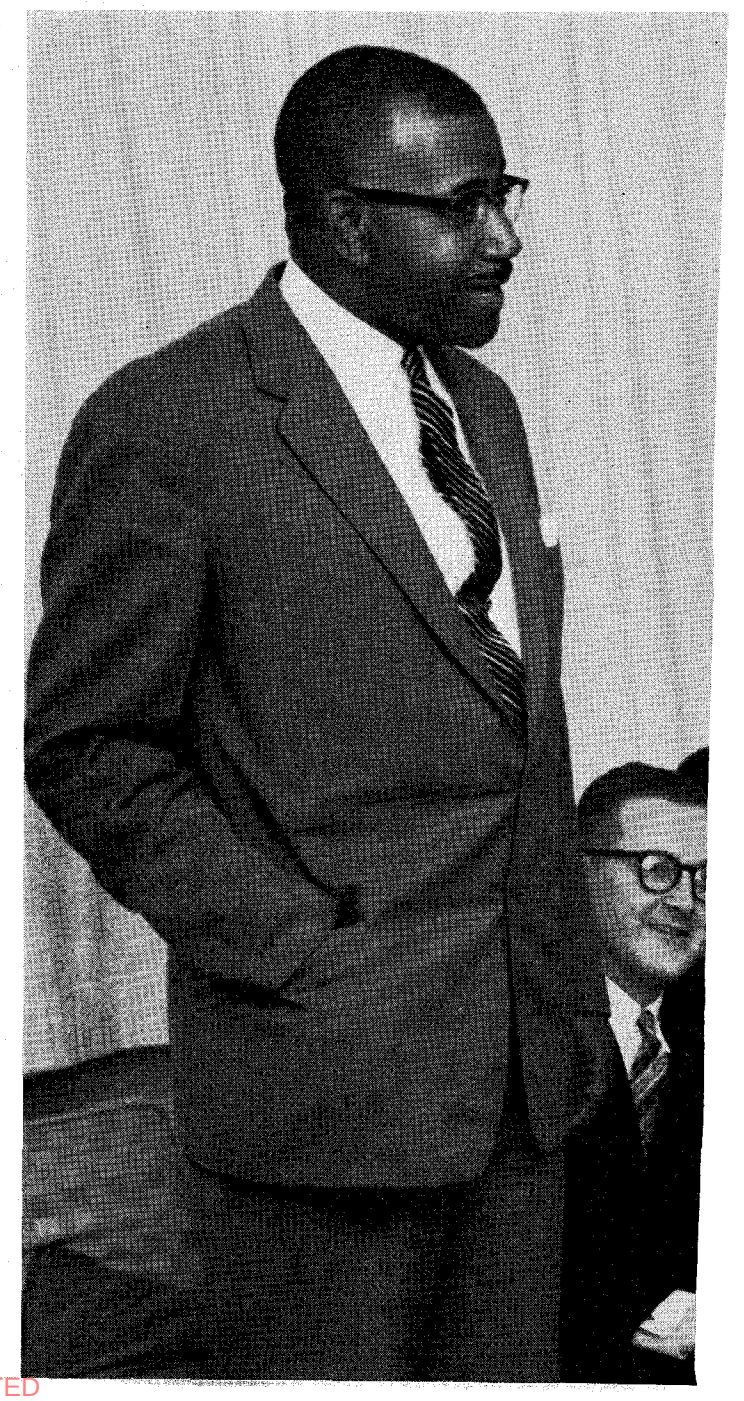
The most heartening support for our acceptance of racial integration has come from the Greater Baltimore Committee, a group of nearly 100 of the city's business leaders. These men, until they were confronted with the problem of "changing neighborhoods," had concentrated their energies on the rebuilding of downtown. Now, thanks largely to G.B.C., a city-wide private agency is being created to work with neighborhoods like ours.

We do not think for a moment that all the members of G.B.C., or even a majority of Baltimore citizens, presently share our personal biracial views. But they are at least willing to listen and to consider our proposals for a solution. Neither can they deny that we have shown a

(Continued on Page 139)

Photographs by Larry Fried

The author (right) and his neighbor Sam Daniels, who is a director of Maryland's Commission on Interracial Problems.



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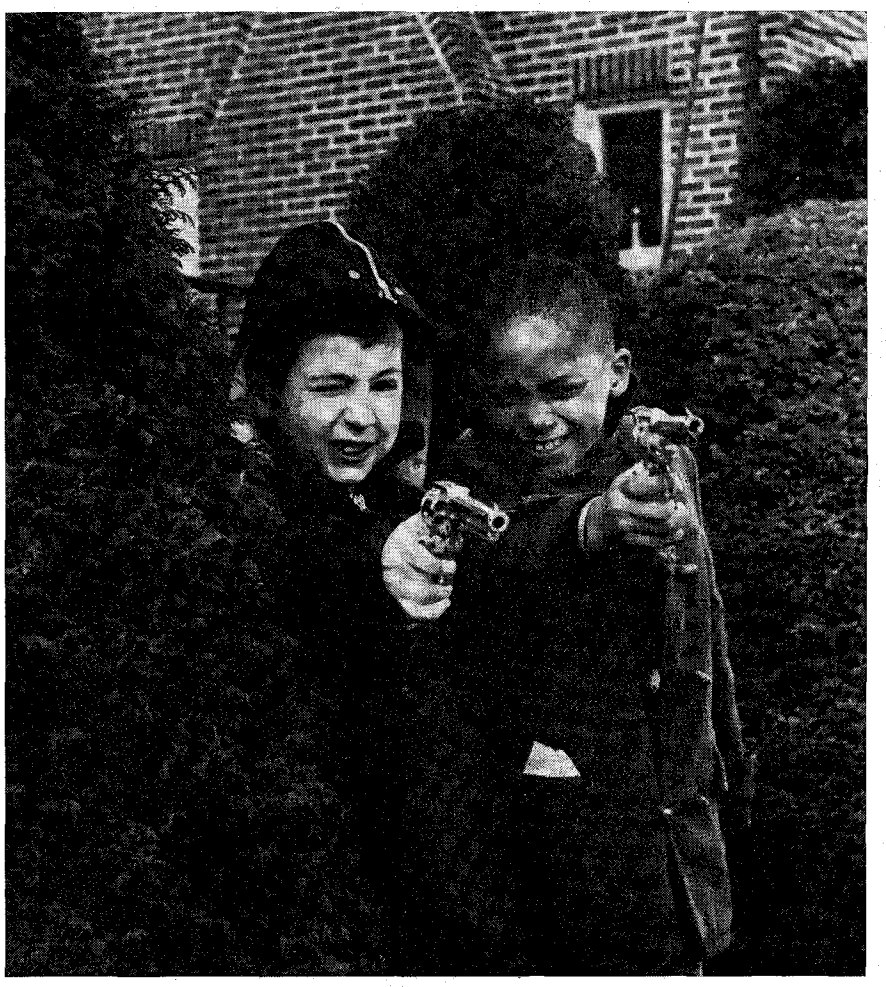
Ashburton boys, after school. At present, only five per cent of the families are Negro.

The author's four-year-old daughter Joy (above, right) and neighborhood playmates.



"A mixture of white and Negro families is compatible with good living," says Rosen, whose son Danny (above, left) is shown here with Tyrone Carroll, a neighbor's child.

Below: Otho Pinkett (left) of the Ashburton Area Association reassures fellow residents. "To protect your way of life," he says, "continue living in your own home."

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SHE NEEDED AN ANGEL

How a very self-willed young woman set out to raise a lot of money fast.

By GEORGE BRADSHAW and GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

FROM JOAN PEABODY TO FRANK PEABODY:

Mr. Frank Peabody
"Gulls' Nest," Northeast Harbor, Maine

Dear Uncle Frank: You remember that a year ago when I stopped to see you and Aunt Mildred at Gulls' Nest, I had a friend, Eleanor Weaver, with me? We were on our way to Green Haven to manage the summer theater there?

Well, dear uncle, last winter Eleanor and I found a play we fell in love with and we formed a production company here in New York to put it on. It is almost all ready, money and everything, to go into rehearsal next month.

But an unfortunate thing has happened. Eleanor suddenly fell in love and got married, and her family feels that the ten thousand dollars which they had promised to invest in the play must be put to other uses.

While this is an irritation, it has not stopped me for a moment. I intend to go right on, and present the play as scheduled. That is, actually, the reason I am writing you.

Do you know about the financing of plays? Let me explain: the production is budgeted at one hundred thousand dollars. Now, it is customary for the producer to retain fifty per cent of a show, which means that the investors control the other fifty. Therefore (by a little quick arithmetic) you will see that if you were to invest ten thousand dollars, you would be entitled to *five* per cent of all the net profits.

Uncle Frank, of course I need the money, but I would not write you if I did not think it was a *good investment*. The play is powerful and timely, an exposé of political corruption, based on the book, Something Secret, which appeared last year. Maybe you read it?

It would be so gratifying to me to know that when *Eleanor's* family went out, *my* family came in.

I suppose you will not be back in town before the fall. We must *not* let another winter go by without seeing each other. Tell Aunt Mildred I still prize the embroidered telephone-book cover she made me!

Do let me hear—and all love to you both.

JOAN.

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO JOAN:

Miss Joan Peabody
Seager Building, West 45th St., NYC, NY

My dear Joan: I am in receipt of your communication of June 25th. Personally I do not approve of any type of speculation and the theater has always seemed to me a precarious investment at best. I am the first to admit that it possesses a certain element of entertainment (your Aunt Mildred and I never missed the Ben Greet Shakespearean players if we could avoid it), but that is not enough.

However, I still recall how, during the financial upset of 1929, your dear father came to my rescue and tided me over those dark days. I, therefore, feel that if I help you now, I shall be doing something substantial toward repaying my obligation to him.

I have consequently decided to risk two hundred and fifty dollars ($250.00), provided, of course, that the contract you draw up will be executed in a satisfactory manner. To insure this, I have asked Thomas Stanton of the firm of Edgeworth and Bland, investment counselors, to call upon you. Stanton has handled all my investments in the same conservative and satisfactory manner as did his uncle, Jasper Edgeworth, before and practically up to his death. In fact I have given Stanton, after a period of trial, control over my holdings and he now has what is called in the parlance of the financial world, my discretionary account.

Now I realize that, because you are a woman and a young and inexperienced woman to boot, your knowledge of finance is, at best, sketchy. I need only point out that no sound businessman, worth his salt, would ever consent to the producer's, even though she be a blood relative, retaining fifty (50) per cent of the profits without having put up, as I assume you have not put up, fifty (50) per cent of the money.

Stanton will, I feel confident, set you straight on this and such other matters as may arise from our future dealings, which, I trust, will be both felicitous and profitable. He will, pursuant to my instructions, deliver to you two hundred and fifty dollars ($250.00) just as soon as you have satisfied him with the proper statements, contracts, receipts, accounts, et cetera.

Your Aunt Mildred joins me in wishing you joy and profit in your enterprise, although it cannot but seem to us rather foreign to one brought up as were you. Your aunt is also gratified that you prize the telephone-book cover she embroidered and asked me to inform you that she is now making you some match-box covers from the draperies which you may remember were in the music room of our old house on Seventieth (70th) Street.

We look forward to seeing you on or about September fourth (4th), the day we always return from summering at Gulls' *Rest* (not "Gulls' Nest" as you mistakenly wrote it).

Your devoted uncle,

FRANK PEABODY.

FROM THOMAS STANTON TO JOAN PEABODY:

My dear Miss Peabody: I came to you this afternoon bearing gifts and was treated like a Greek by your receptionist who, correct me if I am wrong, is related on her mother's side to Medusa. She glared at me balefully and when I didn't turn to stone, angrily informed me that I was too old. Too old for what, pray? I am 26 years, 5 months and 6 days old. I admit, however, that I *am* older than the mob of T-shirts, dungarees and pony tails that elbowed me away from Medusa. What *is* this play you're doing—The Children's Hour?

(Continued on Page 160)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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MY ROAD TO CRIME

BY A YOUNG HOODLUM

as told to

HELEN PARKHURST

In 1947, Helen Parkhurst, eminent educator, began recording on tape the experiences of a twelve-year-old delinquent, Tony. The story was told in his own words over a dozen years, often as it happened or soon after. In preceding installments, Tony told how he committed almost every crime in the book, went to prison for three and one half years, came out at the age of twenty, married and had a son. Here, in articles prepared by Roul Tunley and based on direct quotes, Tony tells what happened when he tried to break with his early, hoodlum associates. Tony's story, which was heard last week on the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company's radio stations, will also be the basis of a book by Helen Parkhurst and Christine Hotchkiss, shortly to be published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc., New York. *THE EDITORS*

CONCLUSION

(Tony now had a wife, Maggie, a newborn son, Jimmy, and a legitimate job. He was determined to lose the past, but the racketeers, to whom he still owed money from his dope-pushing days, refused to let him. They continued to press him for payment, hoping to force him back into the racket. At times they even offered him money, which he refused. He paid them what he could, but with hospital and furniture bills, there was not enough left over from his pay check as a part-time bricklayer to satisfy them. One night, when he refused to answer his door, they broke it in. After having smashed it, they just walked away. But though they didn't come around for a while, Tony knew they were still there, waiting. It was like living in a jungle, waiting for the animals to spring. Tony spent a lot of time avoiding them, and was hardly a free man. He couldn't go out of doors, unless he had to for work. When he did, he watched every car to see who was in it.)

"Sometimes I wanted to put Jimmy in his carriage and take him to the park on Saturday, but I couldn't do it because I might run into one of those guys. And if my wife needed me to go for a bottle of milk, or wanted me to go with her and the baby to the supermarket, I couldn't do it.

"I tried to forget about all this, but it got harder and harder. Sometimes I'd be playing with Jimmy in his crib, laughing and teasing, and then suddenly I'd start thinking of those guys and what they were doing to me, and it would ruin everything. I wondered what it would be like when my kid was a little older and would ask me to go downstairs with him. Would I tell him I didn't dare show my face?

"After a few months of this I figured I was making my wife and baby miserable, and that it would be better if I went away. I couldn't steal again to pay off those Shylocks, and so one day—not long after I'd finished my parole—I just up and left.

"For a few weeks, I went all over. I hitchhiked and I worked at whatever I could get. And sometimes I was hungry. Once I went to the Salvation Army. It was night, and I told them I was hungry and wanted something to eat. I thought they'd give me a meal, but instead they gave me a card and told me I had to attend church first. When I came back with the card signed, they said they'd give me a meal and a place to sleep. That made me mad and I went away. Not that I didn't believe in God or anything. I'm not one to go to church, but I believe in God in my own way. As a matter of fact, I often found myself looking up at the sky and talking—praying, I guess. I was asking God for a way out of all this."

(Tony wandered for six weeks. At the end of that time he found himself in an upstate New York town where he managed to get a few weeks' work as a bricklayer. He sent for Maggie and Jimmy.)

"I *had* to send for her. I couldn't stick it out without her. The longer I was away, the more I thought of Maggie and the baby. And besides I realized I was a coward, going away and leaving (Continued on Page 170)

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Matt's flashlight struck glints from her diamond solitaire and wedding ring.

DESERT DEATH

From what nameless terror had she been trying to escape?

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Long, lean and so new in the Troopers that the band of his hat still felt hard across his temples and made his head ache once in a while, Matt Wheelock braked the two-tone patrol car in front of the local sheriff's office. At eight in the evening, since by repute Sheriff Hoffner of Mesa Roja worked short hours, he expected to find only a deputy or turnkey in the place. But the fat sheriff himself lounged at the scarred, untidy, dusty desk. He was full of tamales and appeared to be more than half asleep.

"Evening, Mr. Hoffner," said Matt, with deference. *You'll meet local peace officers*, his captain had instructed him, *who wouldn't pinch Khrushchev for fear he was a voter, but we have to work with them, boy, so be tactful.*

Hoffner did not feel that the presence of a humble highway patrolman necessitated his removing his embroidered boots from the desk. "Hi," he replied shortly. "This business? Or you payin' a social visit?"

"It could be business," replied Matt. "Did you get the flash about Otto's?"

Sheriff Hoffner glanced at the short-wave in the corner as if it had just been invented. "Guess Pablo turned off my set," he answered. "Stick-up?"

"No, Otto's just worried," said Matt. "You know the turn-off there. About five o'clock a big convertible took it. People do it sometimes by mistake, Otto says. But this car hasn't come out."

"Fellow with a gal? Romance under the stars, bub; romance under the stars. With a jug an' a lap robe!"

"Sure; but it might be a busted axle. The dips in that road could flip a car like a griddle-cake. I thought I'd better go out and have a look," said Matt.

"Now, wait up," objected the sheriff, the boots coming down with a crash of heels. "That's my jurisdiction."

"You bet. That's why I'm here—to see if you want to ride along."

Grunting, Sheriff Hoffner rose, adjusting the cucurbitaceous belly he was too young a man to have. "All right, all right," he grumbled. Straight-arming the door leading to the cells out back, on which a joker had chalked Abandon Hope Ye Bums, he shouted: "Watch the store, Pablo."

The desert night was so clear, so blue as to seem to possess solidity. It reminded Matt of a heavy glass paperweight his Aunt Lucy had let him play with as a small boy. He was careful, however, not to mention the paperweight to Hoffner, who would undoubtedly regard even a low-altitude flight of imagination as a token of

(Continued on Page 118)

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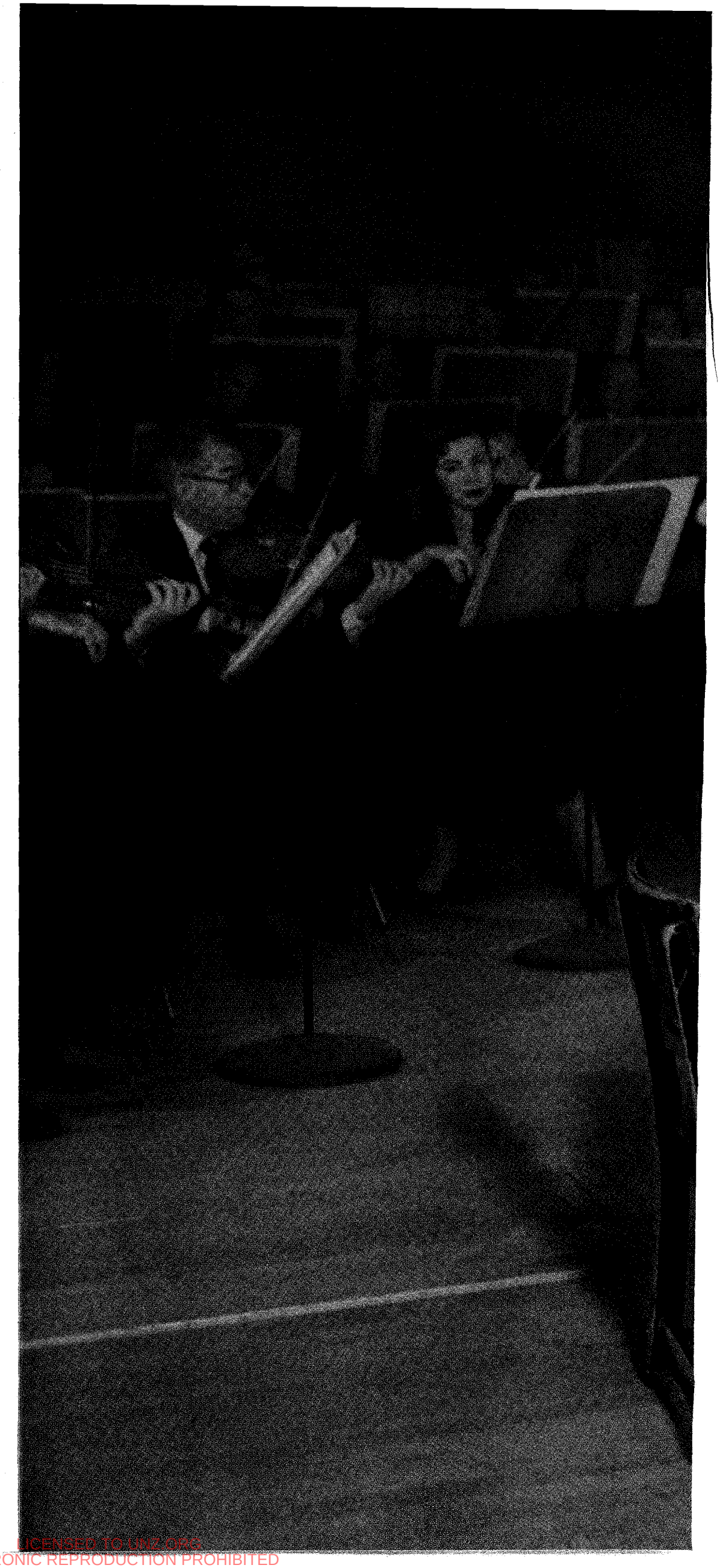
The Face of AMERICA

Chilly Genius

Twenty-six-year-old Glenn Gould is, in his fashion, an eccentric. He is also a genius. Music critics place him in the top rank of concert pianists, and his eccentricities are plain for all to see, as in this close-up of Gould rehearsing a Bach piano concerto with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. To get his nose close to the keyboard, Gould has his piano up on blocks and uses a lowered chair. The chair legs end in screwjacks, which he adjusts and readjusts between solo passages. The Ford Auditorium is so warm that Conductor Paul Paray has shucked his coat, but Canadian-born Gould is padded against a lifelong chill. His muffler, sweater and heavy jacket, the rug under his feet, the glass of warm mineral water on the piano—all are year-round equipment. He soaks his hands in hot water before playing, wears gloves and a cap between takes, needs an overcoat even in summer. Presumably it all helps; that music is glorious. • Photograph by Ormond Gigli



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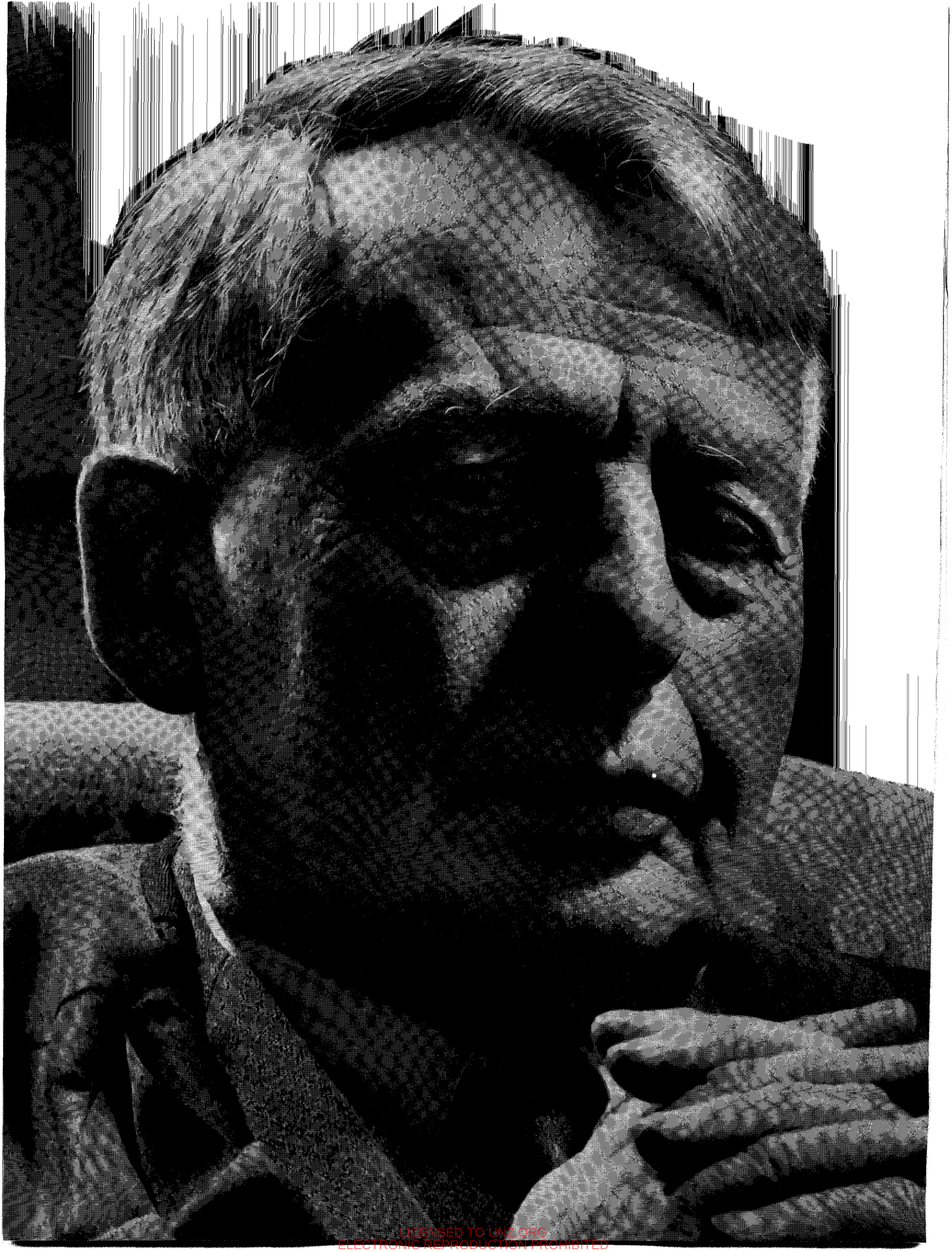

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What You Should Know About Physics

By SIR GEORGE THOMSON

To understand our twentieth-century world and the changes which are shaping our lives, every intelligent man and woman should enjoy a cultural familiarity with the basic principles of modern physics. This obligation should not be confused with the precise and detailed knowledge needed by the technical student or the working scientist. For the layman, it is only necessary that he should appreciate the thoughts that are basic to physics and the kind of concepts that are used to understand it and that he be familiar with the general principles to which these concepts lead.

I should like to justify my opening statement. The most important benefit from such a cultural familiarity is the introduction which the principles of physics constitute to the philosophical revolution which is gradually permeating our culture—to a new pattern of thought which rephrases man's relationship with the universe around him. A second valuable consequence is the opportunity of observing the creative scientific mind at work—an adventure worth the time of anyone interested in the dynamics of our contemporary society. And, lastly, an acquaintance with these principles provides a measure of understanding of the procedures, the gadgetry—from synthetics and television to spaceships—and the limitations of modern scientific research.

This article is an attempt to explain the kinds of factual order which scientists have achieved in the three centuries since Galileo, the world's first experimental physicist. I will not attempt to describe the facts involved, as many of them are too technical for a discussion of this nature. I shall try to illustrate the basic principles by examples, by classifying them and by showing the relationship between the principles and the theories which incorporate them. As working theories in physics are framed in mathematical terms, this effort will involve translation and interpretation, with all their attendant hazards. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 100*

About the Author

Sir George Paget Thomson, one of the world's leading atomic physicists and Master of Corpus Christi College at Cambridge, is the Nobel Prize-winning son of a Nobel Prize-winning father, Sir J. J. Thomson, who contributed largely to the discovery of the electron. Sir George's award was won for his work on Electron Diffraction, which proved that electrons, though particles, behave as waves. During World War II, Sir George headed a British committee which, in 1944, reported favorably on the prospects of an atom bomb. After the war, he participated in theoretical work on the possibilities of obtaining nuclear power from heavy hydrogen. Photograph by Eugene Kammerman

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The German defenders above surrendered to U.S. soldiers at Quineville, seven miles from the landing beach, on D Day plus three. Many of the prisoners were conscripted non-Germans forced to serve in the German Army.

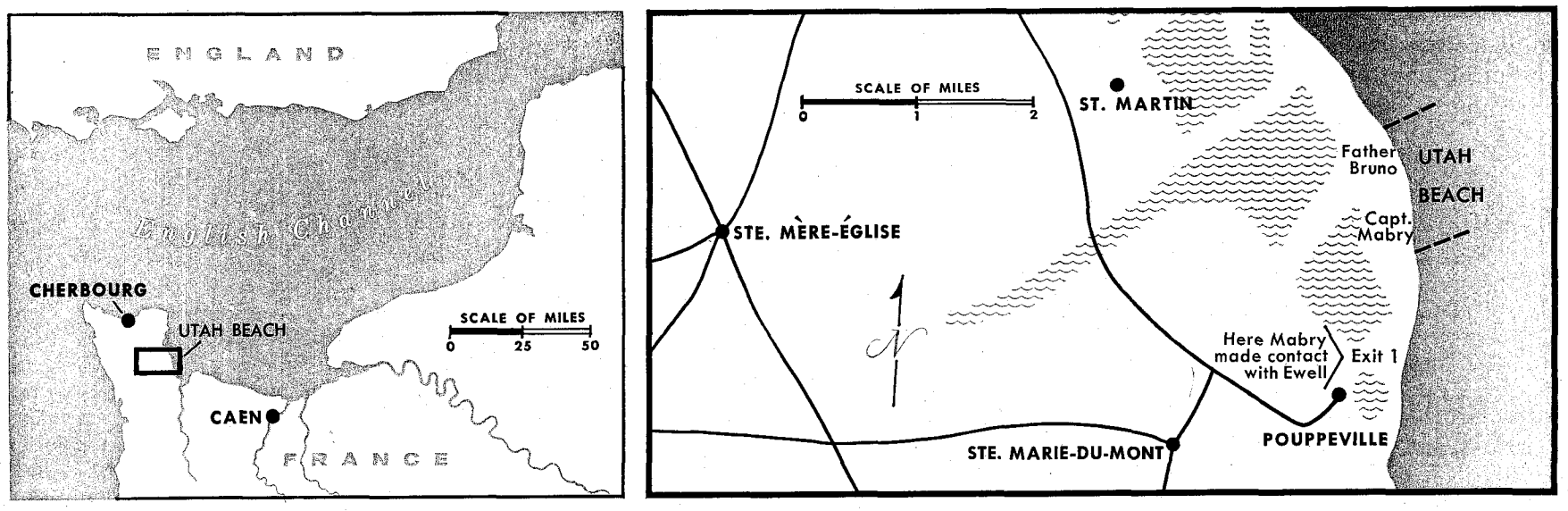
June 6, 1944: American wounded and medics in a pocket on Utah Beach (left). Land mines and shelling from German heavy artillery plagued the invaders.

D DAY PART FOUR

UTAH BEACH

By DAVID HOWARTH

After the most concentrated bombardment in history,
the first wave of American assault troops waded ashore.
Here is what the men who hit this beach went through.



Utah (left, above) was the westernmost invasion beach and the spearhead of the drive across the Cherbourg peninsula. The wavy blue lines on the detail map at right indicate the back-of-the-dunes area flooded by the Germans to thwart invaders. But U.S. troops quickly won control of causeways over the marshes and rolled inland.

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Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., son of the great T.R., won the Medal of Honor for leading the first wave ashore and taking countless risks. He died of a heart attack five weeks later.

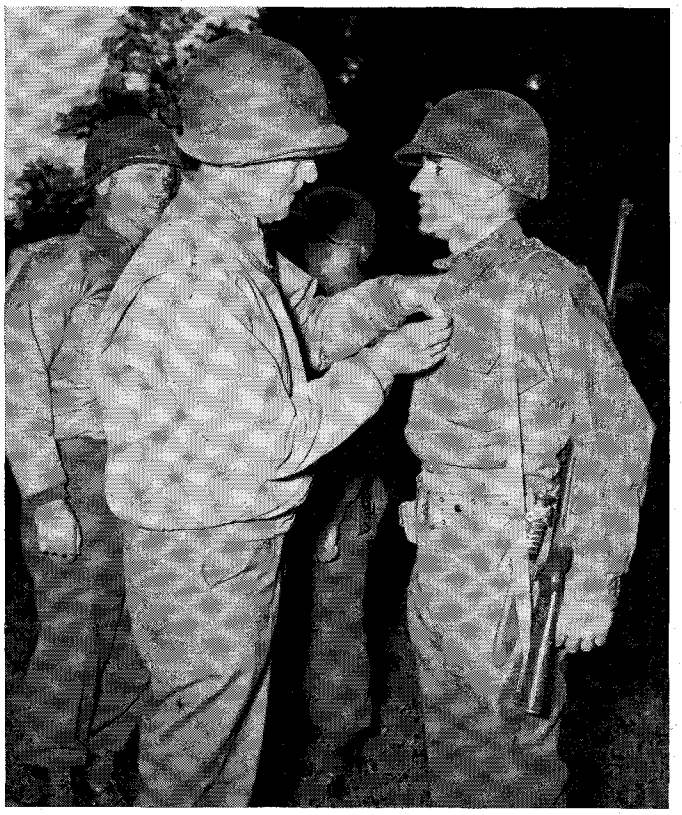
Capt. George Mabry had landed on Utah Beach with the first wave of American infantry. By the time he made contact with paratroopers from the 101st Division he had been ashore four and a half hours and advanced over two miles from the invasion beach.

So far, the sea-borne infantry's losses had been astonishingly small; that was the real measure of the American air-borne troops' success. Although the scattered drop had upset their plans of battle, they had reacted everywhere with spontaneous guerrilla warfare. The result was that the forces defending Utah Beach were cut off from the German Army command, which was not even told till the afternoon that a landing had started there. No German reinforcements ever got near the beach.

The losses of parachutists appeared to be very high at first. At dawn, five out of six of them were missing. But many of the missing men soon turned up, and a couple of months later, when there was time to prepare statistics, it was found that only one out of ten of the air-borne troops had been killed on D Day or was still missing. That was less than the paratroopers themselves expected, and by the standards of war it was a price worth paying.

It was only by chance that George Mabry was the first sea-borne officer to report to Maxwell Taylor, the air-borne general. Nobody had planned it. But his experience of the landing was typical of the experience of most of the 600 men who landed in the first wave of American troops on Utah Beach on D Day morning.

Mabry was twenty-six, and he had grown up in Sumter County, South Carolina, where his father, who had once been a baseball star in various semipro leagues in the South Atlantic states, was a cotton farmer on a fairly big scale. George's pastimes when he was a boy were fishing in the rivers and hunting in the woods around his house. When an Englishman heard George speak of his boyhood, it seemed unexpectedly familiar; then he realized that he was thinking of his own boyhood recollection of Mark Twain's stories.



Capt. George Mabry received the D.S.C. from Lt. Gen. C. H. Hodges for his D Day bravery. Mabry also won the Medal of Honor for another exploit five months later. Today (right) he is a colonel, stationed at the Pentagon.

George's greatest sorrow in his youth was being small. He overcame that disadvantage by outdoing the other boys, walking farther, swimming longer, climbing higher trees. He believed he would always have to do this sort of thing to keep his end up. When he left high school he told his father he did not want to go to college, and his father shrewdly gave him a tough job—running a farm which employed thirty men. George ran the farm for a year. By the end of the year, he had fought in a boxing ring every able-bodied employee to prove that he was the boss; and having done that he agreed to go to college.

He joined the Army on a reserve commission before Pearl Harbor, when people were just beginning to believe that America would fight. As a junior officer his smallness made him adopt the principle of never telling anyone to do anything he could not do himself. Whenever he thought about combat, he pictured himself out in front, doing the most dangerous jobs. Consequently, he believed he was sure to be killed.

(Continued on Page 153)

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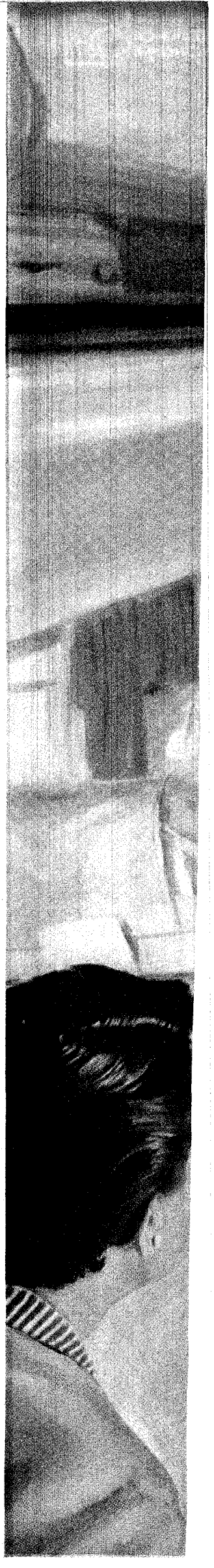
Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

PANIC IN THE SKIES

They were 11,000 feet in the air without a pilot, and a murderer was loose on the plane.

By STEVE McNEIL and N. B. STONE, Jr.



"Good-by, Romeo," Pete McMillan told Jerry Welch. Then McMillan pulled the trigger of his pistol, and Welch, young copilot on a routine flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco, slumped dead in the cockpit. McMillan, maddened because of his wife's romance with Welch, then shot and seriously wounded the pilot, David Brickley. Karen Johnson, the stewardess, witnessed the shooting. McMillan raced to the rear of the plane and locked himself in the washroom. On the plane, now held to its course only by the automatic pilot, were eight other passengers: three married couples; a marine named Blair Hanover; and Karen's own ex-fiancé, Eric Erlandson.

CONCLUSION

The shot which killed Jerry Welch awakened Blair Hanover, the marine, from a sound sleep. He opened his eyes and was instantly alert, holding himself rigid and listening intently. The shot which wounded David Brickley now came, muffled, to Blair's ears, and he snapped his head up. Two lines appeared between his eyes. He looked around at the other passengers, but they were apparently undisturbed. The two couples in the rear of the airplane were busy—the men with gin rummy, their wives talking. The honeymooners were holding hands and murmuring to each other. A man across the aisle was sitting upright, his head cocked to one side. The man who had been in front of Blair was gone, probably to the lavatory in the rear. The stewardess was not in the cabin.

It had to be an engine, Blair told himself, except that engines don't backfire in flight. At least he had never heard one backfire. He couldn't be sure of the sound which had awakened him, but if the second sound wasn't that of an automatic, then he needed his ears examined. *Don't be ridiculous, Hanover. People don't fire automatics on airliners.*

Then Blair saw Pete McMillan come out of the door leading to the cockpit and go swiftly up the aisle. Blair turned and watched the man as he reached the lavatory, opened the door and went inside. *Now what the deuce,* Blair thought, *was that joker doing up in the office? Maybe he got lost. Maybe he thought the lavatory was up front. I guess you need this leave, Hanover. You're getting jumpy. The airplane is flying and that's all you bargained for when you bought your ticket.* He closed his eyes and still he wasn't able to stop the nagging thought that what he had heard was a pistol shot.

Eric Erlandson heard both shots. Although he had around fifty hours in the air in light planes, he had made only half a dozen trips on scheduled flights, and for a moment he was alarmed, thinking that something had gone wrong with one of the engines. But these airplanes, Erlandson told himself, could fly on one engine. They weren't far from Los Angeles. The pilot, if he had one good engine, could easily get them back to the field. Then Eric saw Pete McMillan come out of the pilots' compartment and go to the rear of the airplane. Eric turned and saw the man enter the lavatory and close the door. That was odd, but hardly alarming, and certainly no reason for a passenger to start asking questions up in the cockpit. Eric frowned and scratched his head. He'd ask Karen about it when she came back with coffee.

Karen Johnson took several deep breaths to compose herself, then turned and opened the door leading to the cabin. The contrast hit her with an almost physical blow. Up in the cockpit, Jerry was dead and David

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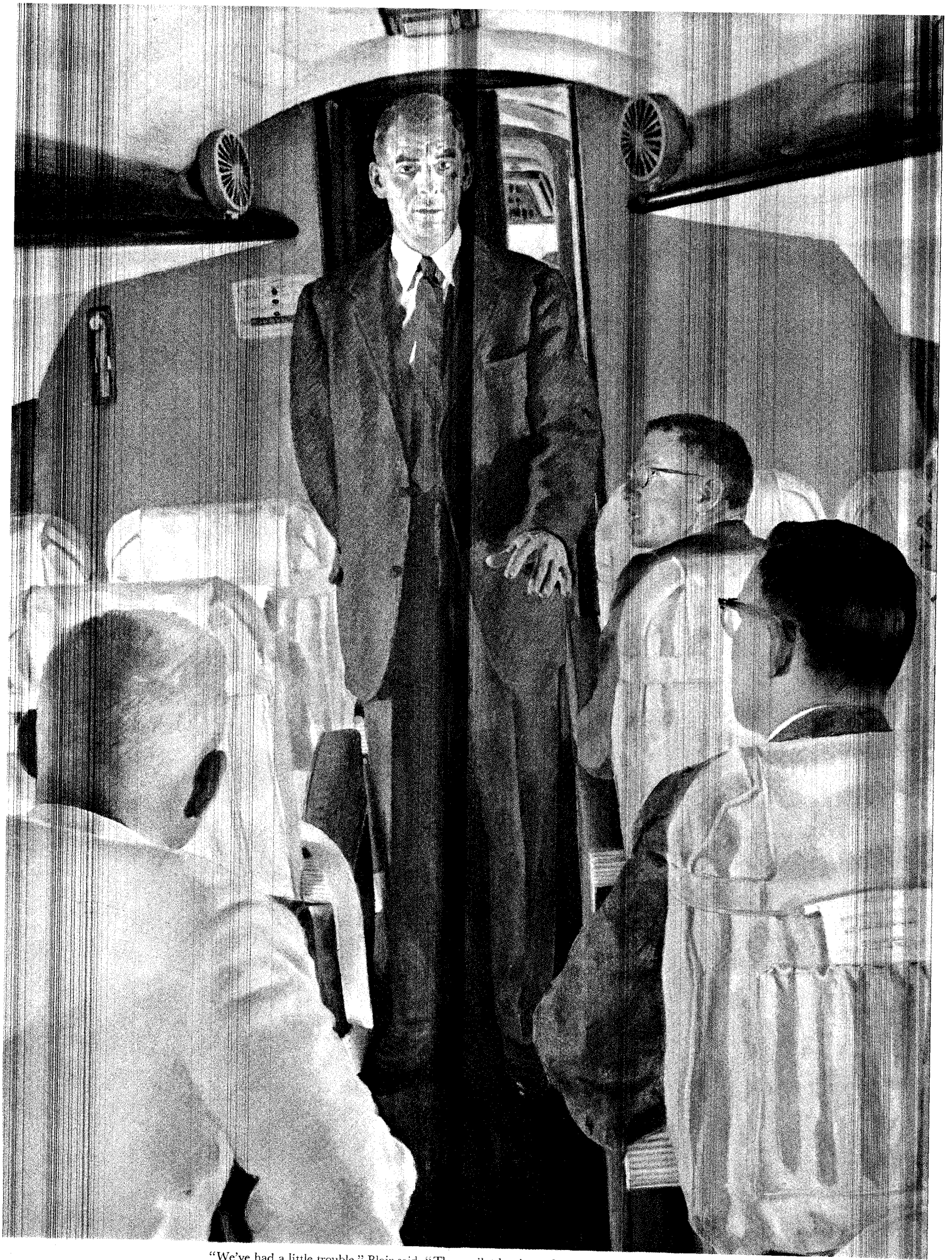

"We've had a little trouble," Blair said. "The copilot has been shot and killed, and the pilot is badly wounded."

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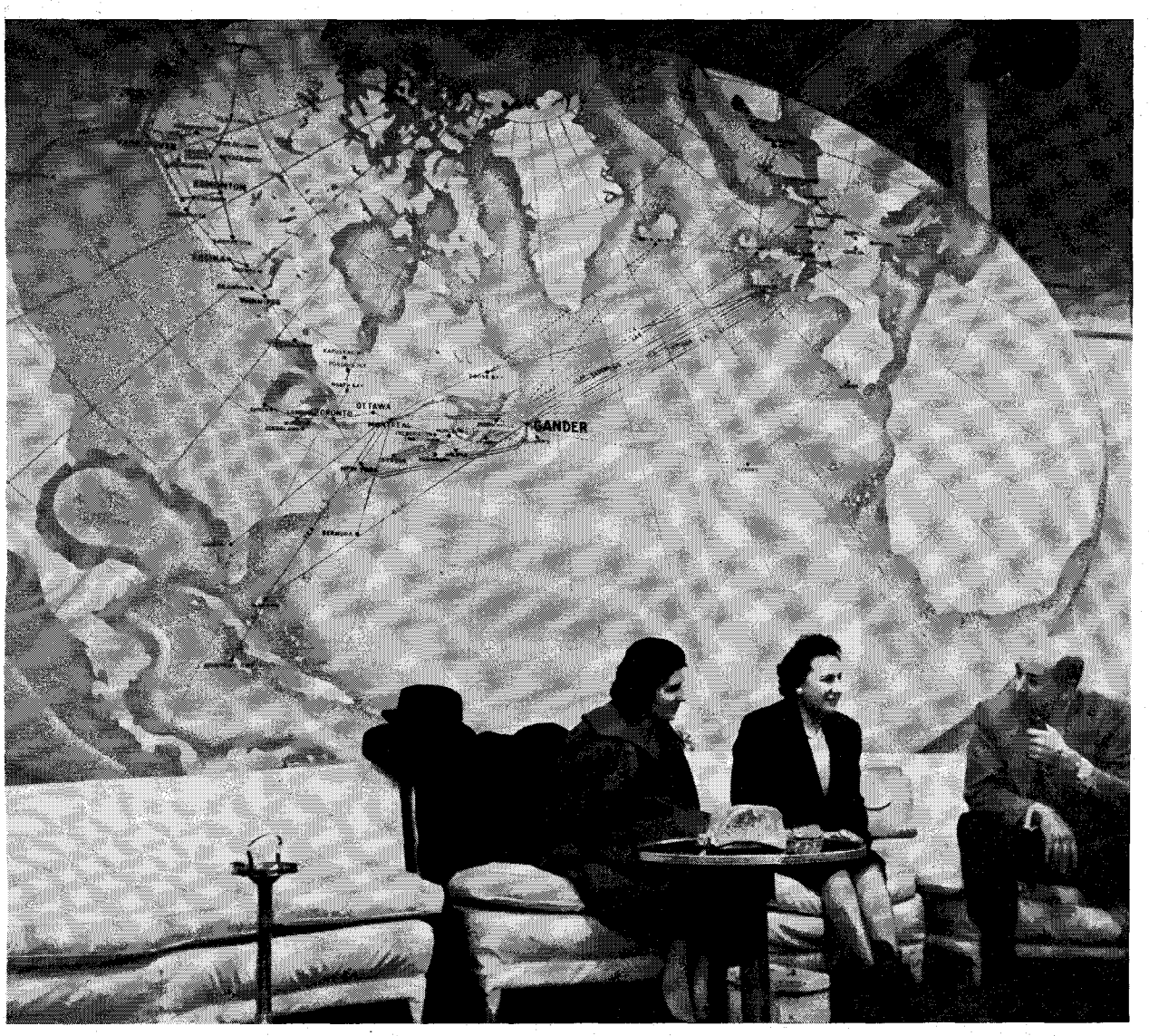
A Neglected Island Comes to Life

By Milton MacKaye

For generations the people of this bleak but strategic land lived in grinding poverty. But today Yankee dollars and a controversial premier are bringing Newfoundland out of the shadows.



Air travelers at Gander. The map shows the airport's importance as a transatlantic refueling stop.

Ocean-spanning ballistic missiles may eventually change the strategic situation, but at the moment the island of Newfoundland—floating like an enormous battleship at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River—is one of America's great bastions of defense. There are three United States military bases in Newfoundland, another on the Labrador mainland, which is part of Newfoundland province. And on many isolated headlands facing the sea, small, lonely clumps of American servicemen ceaselessly scan the skies with radar.

Strategically speaking, the importance of Newfoundland is its geographical location. It juts far out into the North Atlantic; when a plane from New York sets down at Gander international airport, it already has traveled one third of the way to Europe. It is also within nodding distance of the arctic—the shortest air route to and from Russia. Here we are on guard.

Both American and Canadian flags fly over the base at Argentia on Placentia Bay, a deep, protected, ice-free harbor where in August, 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill met and drew up the Atlantic Charter. Though both flags fly at Argentia, it is an American naval air base. Every day, in daylight and darkness, in all sorts of weather, United States Navy planes roar down the concrete runways, taking off on interception flights to the Azores and back. And from Goose Bay in winter-dark Labrador the United States Air Force and the Royal Canadian Air Force maintain grim patrol over northern wastes and northern seas.

Another American installation is Harmon Air Base at Stephenville, on the western side of

Eighty thousand people live in St. John's (below), the capital of the province. Neither "a beautiful city nor a quaint one," it claims to be the oldest in North America.

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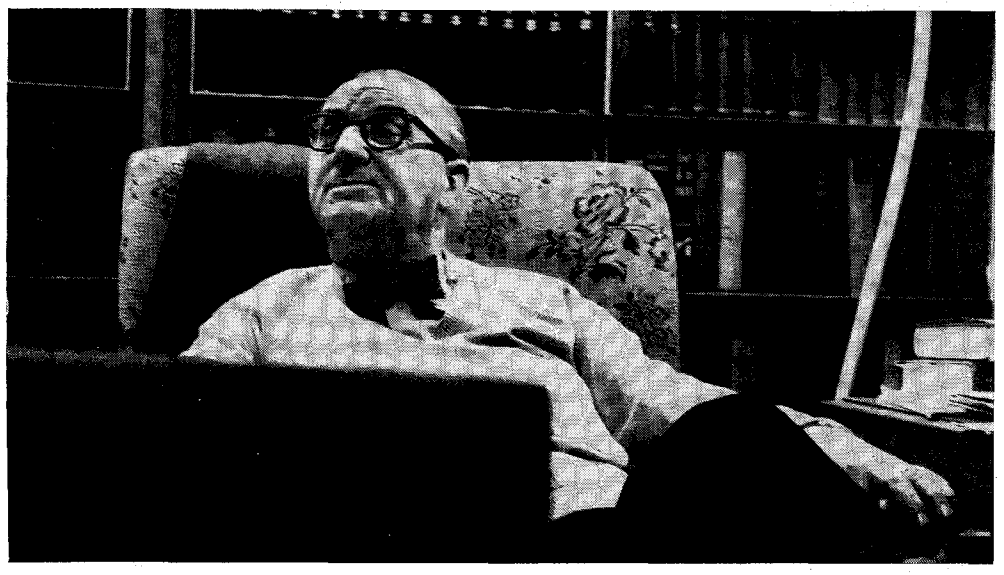


Premier "Joey" Smallwood, the island's flamboyant political boss, almost singlehandedly pushed Newfoundland into confederation with Canada in 1949. But the enmity he aroused isn't dead yet.

Lawyer John Higgins, who accuses the premier of driving the island into debt, says, "Smallwood, with his hypnotic power over the people, has ruined his country."

the Island of Newfoundland; it was from there last fall that a plane flew halfway across the arctic, landed on a cracked-up ice floe and rescued a scientific team adrift near the pole. Also, just outside St. John's, the capital of the province, is Pepperell Air Base, established there in the early days of World War II, but now in the process of being transferred to Harmon.

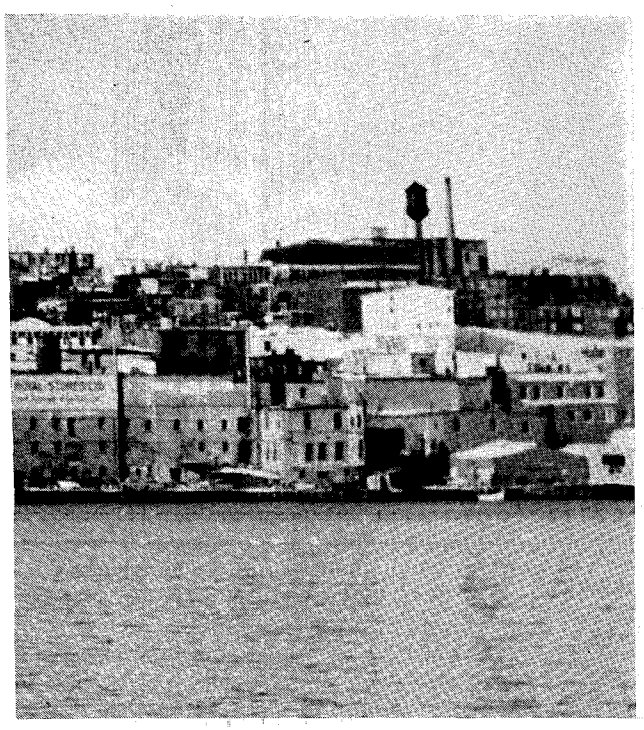
There is more than a military relationship between Newfoundland and the United States. More than 30,000 Newfoundland girls have married American servicemen. Independent of Canada during most of its history, Newfoundland long had a habit of trading with the United States. During hard times—and the island has known its share—many residents migrated to the United States. Today there are more Newfoundlanders in Boston than in St. John's, as many in Brooklyn. When I visited isolated fishing villages on Conception, Trinity and Bonavista bays, I found that most of the local people had brothers, sisters, uncles or cousins in the States.

A well-traveled correspondent once described Newfoundland as the "only place in the world where the American GI is loved." This is an (Continued on Page 131)

Photographs by Jim Burns

Above: At the U.S. Navy's base at Argentia, the pilot of the radar picket plane in the background briefs his crew on their patrol mission along the Atlantic barrier, an extension of the arctic defense network called DEW line.

"Baby-bonus" family: Mrs. Patrick Williams (left) had her sixteenth child (thirteen of them shown) eleven days after this picture was taken. Canada pays her up to $8 a month to help support each child under sixteen.



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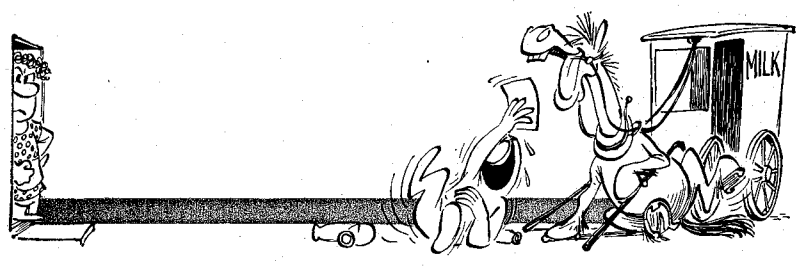
Post Scripts



The Office Hat

A favorite sport in our office section
Is known as Taking Up a Collection.
I give my all for the cause, and then
Somebody passes the hat again.

Yes, hither and yon the hat is carried.
Somebody's steno is getting married.[1]
Somebody's gone and got promoted.
Somebody's thirty years of devoted
Toil for the Firm rates compensation.
Somebody's had him an operation.
And round goes the hat like a guided rocket,
And inside-out goes the poor old pocket.

So I'm the Chairman of this Committee[2]
That feels it's nothing but Christian pity
To take a collection, a large amount,
To pay my creditors on account.[3]

[1] She'll keep her job, and next year we'll have to buy her a bassinet.
[2] Of one.
[3] On account of I'm broke from the above.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

All the Dirt

We haven't met
As yet, but she
Is intimately
Known to me.

A knowledge more
Than likely dual—
We share the same
Domestic jewel!

MAY RICHSTONE

Unsmiling Horse's Mouth

He who laughs last
May be the bloke
From whom in the past
You heard the joke.

PENNY PENNINGTON

"Well, here's my opinion, for what it's worth—my job, probably . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"John, guess what! Your secretary just phoned and said she's sure she can handle everything this morning. As you've always said, there's never anything doing the first of the month anyway. So you just stay right there, all cozy in bed, and I'll bring you some coffee!"

"Honey, I'm glad you insisted on having the boss to dinner last night! Of course, I always think the house isn't fancy enough or something; but you're right, J.W. is a real human being, after all, and it was nice for Junior to have a chance to get acquainted with him."

"You know, dear, boys do have a lot more gumption than girls, don't they! I mean, when I was a little girl, all I ever did on April Fool's Day was leave telephone messages for people to call the zoo's number and ask for Mr. Fox or somebody. But honestly, those tricks you were telling about, last night—well, they really took nerve!"

"Isn't it touching, John, the way little boys copy their dads? It really tickles me how Junior does everything you do. But you know what they say—imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!"

And the fast break:

". . . and I'm sure Junior meant to pin the Please Kick Me Hard sign on your coat, not J.W.'s, but the coat closet was dark, and it would have been all right except J.W. hadn't found it before he went down to the stock room this morning, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Fraternally Yours

Eta Mu Xi House
March 30, 1959

Dear Brother Eta:

As corresponding secretary it is my pleasure to fill you in on the doin's at the chapter house and to invite you "back to campus" for Graduation Weekend the first week in June.

Naturally you remember "Mom" Bryson, our housemother. Well, Mom is still doing her swell job of housemothering, and she says if she had a new vacuum cleaner, the place would look even better. The chapter coffers are a bit low, however, but if any of you alums feel so inclined, well —— You'll be pleased to learn that we won the cup for the All-Campus Sing this year, led by Tom (Gravel Throat) Osterman. There's hardly room on the mantel for it, though, what with all the cups for big victories dating back to 1922. Some of us were thinking that if we could put together a few bucks—maybe five or six thousand—we could build a snug little trophy room on the back of the house and properly display these historic items. Any thoughts, gang?

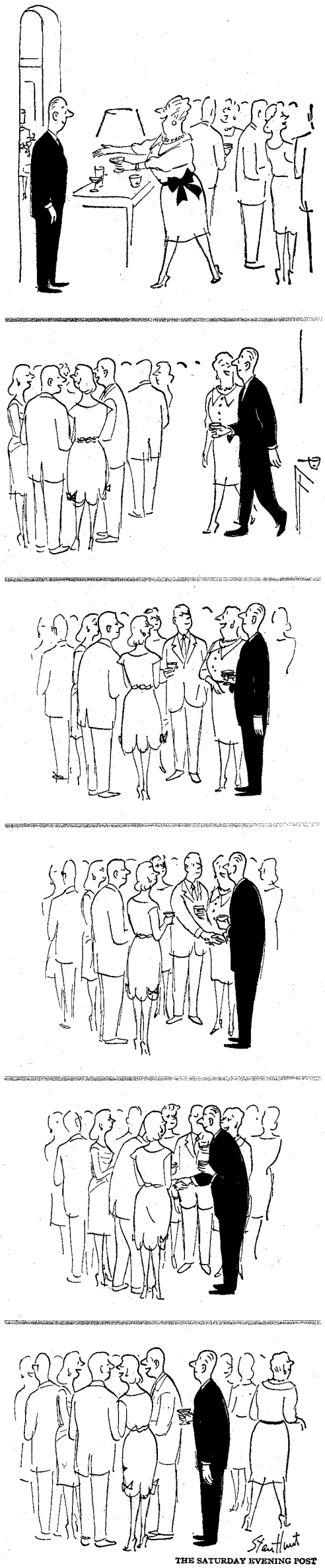
Eta's scholarship rating slipped just a trifle during the first semester, but the guys are "burning the midnight oil" to bring her back up again. Our hit-the-books chairman, Dick Quinsey, seems to feel that some sort of well-equipped study room right here in the house would really boost those grades. It's something to think about, right?

Old Charley, the man who's been caretaking around here for years, sends his best regards to "his boys." Charley says he figures the boiler on the furnace is good for maybe one more year.

We're hoping all you—ha-ha—old grads will make a special effort to get back to The Lean-To, as some of the fellows call the house, at Commencement. In addition to the usual college activities, the exercises, the dinner and dance, etc., we're planning a "surprise" for Sunday afternoon. I don't want to give away any "trade secrets," but I think we're going to be given a fund-raising program to finance construction of a new chapter house! How about that!

I am looking forward to personally exchanging The Grip with each and every one of you!

RICHARD HOLLOWAY



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Meat and vegetables—so nutritious—
Make this hearty soup delicious!

Hoot, mon! *Campbell's* **SCOTCH BROTH!**

THERE'S HIGHLAND GOODNESS IN EVERY SIP of Campbell's Scotch Broth—a thick, flavorful soup brimming with savory vegetables, tender mutton and whole grain barley. Here's a soup for sturdy appetites—a bracing lunch for the children, a warm "welcome home" for Dad, a quick pickup for Mother! Your steaming bowlful's ready in 4 minutes . . . costs less than 7¢. And it's nourishing good! Enjoy Campbell's Scotch Broth soon!

ONCE A DAY . . . EVERY DAY—GOOD HOT SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

Campbell's Scotch Broth gives you Vitamins, Proteins . . . Minerals, too!

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Comanche Captives

The Indian was honor bound to take the white man's life.

By WILL COOK

Don't expect any advice from me," McCabe told Gary. "I'll let you make your own mistakes."

McCabe was an old hand in Indian country, but Lt. Jim Gary had no intention of relying on him. For he knew that Guthrie McCabe was a ruthless man, out only for himself. The Army had hired McCabe to rescue white women and children captured by Comanche raiding parties. Gary's assignment was to keep an eye on McCabe and to shepherd the captives back to Sand Creek and their waiting families—among them, the Wringles and the Donovans.

Later McCabe and Gary entered the camp of the Comanche chief Iron Hand, ostensibly to bargain for the return of horses the Indians had stolen from a settler named Sutro. But Gary spotted a boy who resembled the Wringles' lost son. Now the two men faced the ticklish problem of how to engineer the boy's release.

IV

There was nothing in Jim Gary's nature that made waiting easy, yet it was something he had to do now, and with all the outward signs of enjoying it. By dark, no one had returned to Iron Hand's camp with Sutro's horses, and during the evening meal Gary spoke of this to McCabe.

"I'm getting tired of waiting. Let's press Iron Hand now and make the best of it."

McCabe shook his head. "Been looking around some and we'll have to play this cozy. Iron Hand will fetch the horses when he's ready, and then we can talk. He'll want to keep the horses. After he argues we'll offer an alternative. That boy could be Wringle's."

"You've been thinking the same thing I have," Gary said wryly. "I thought I was one jump ahead of you."

McCabe smiled. "That'll be the day." He motioned with his head. "Tonight wander around and see what you can see."

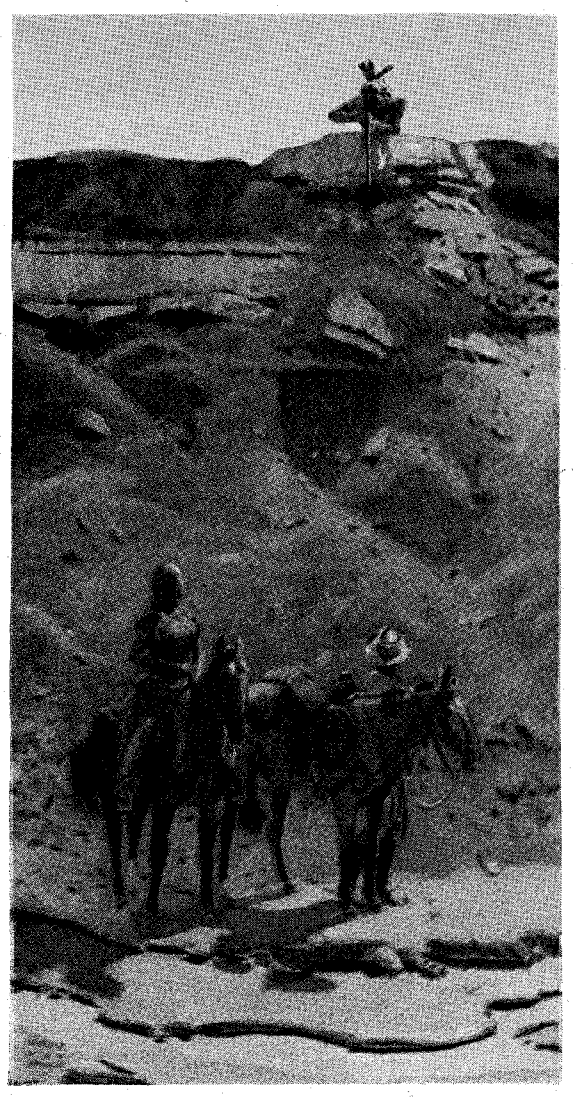
"What do you think I've been doing?"

"Wake up," McCabe said. "You've seen what they want you to see. Get away from the camp. If a Comanche's got a slave he don't want you to see, he'll keep him in the lodge during the daytime."

"All right. Where will you be?"

"With Iron Hand, shooting the breeze."

"That's a soft job," Gary said and drank what was left of his coffee. He left McCabe with the meal cleanup and knew that he would resent it, but it gave Gary pleasure to sting this man. McCabe's left hand was heavily bandaged, Gary noticed, and he did not use it at all. Later, Gary decided, he would make another attempt to dress it properly if McCabe would let him.



Stone Calf had his rifle leveled.

He had been in the Comanche camp long enough not to attract any attention no matter where he went, so he eased past the last group of lodges and made his leisurely way to the creek. A fringe of cottonwood trees lined both banks, and Gary walked to the end of the trail and stopped there, a few feet from the water, his back against a tree.

His wait was long and tedious and without reward; then he gave it up and cut along the creek bank. He heard a twig snap ahead of him and he collided heavily with a woman; he identified her sex by her sharp gasp. She had an armful of kindling and dropped this. In unmistakable English she said, "You clumsy savage! Why don't you watch where you're going?"

"I'm dreadfully sorry," Gary said and raked a match alight to see whom he was apologizing to. He had only a glimpse; she was strikingly attractive, with large eyes and a full, curved mouth. Gary whipped out the match when it singed his fingers.

The woman stared at him, then said, "You're white!"

"I'm Lieutenant Gary. What's your name?"

"Janice Tremain." She held her hand against her side where he had bruised her. She started to cry, then checked it quickly. "To hear someone speak something besides Comanche is more than I can ——"

"How long have you been here?"

"Five years."

He took her arm. "Are you sure you're not hurt? I fetched you quite a whack."

"I'm really all right, but we can't talk here."

"Then where can we talk?"

She thought a moment. "We'll go bathing in the creek."

"What?" He was quite shocked.

"It's the custom for couples to bathe. No one will bother us. Besides, it's dark and if we go upstream a few yards ——"

"Hang the custom," Gary said.

"If we stay here, some squaw is bound to come along. She'll see us and tell Stone Calf. Then he'll try to kill you."

"Stone Calf?"

"My husband," she said simply.

"Good heavens!" Gary said. He wiped a hand across his face. "I think the creek is the lesser of the evils." She pushed past him again, and he followed her to the water's edge. Farther downstream, someone splashed water and giggled. Janice Tremain looked at Jim Gary, then untied the drawstrings to her simple dress and shed it. Then she waded into the creek until the water reached her shoulders. He heard her laugh, then she said, "At least take off your boots, lieutenant."

This embarrassed him, and he shed boots, shirt and trousers. Hang the underwear, he thought and went into the water with her. Within moments a half-dozen couples were bathing, each keeping a respectful distance from each other group. Moving close to him, Janice Tremain said, "If a woman wants a lover, they bathe together. If the angry husband bursts upon them, both can say that they were only washing. It saves his face."

"Forget the customs of aboriginal tribes," Gary said.

(Continued on Page 71)

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in mildness...in fine tobacco taste!

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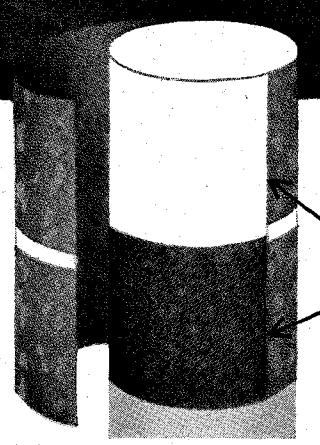
What puts new *Dual* Filter Tareyton in a pleasure class all by itself is this: That remarkable *Dual* Filter delivers more than just high filtration. It actually brings out the best in fine tobacco taste—*as no single filter can.* Try a pack today—you'll see!



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The Tareyton Dual Filter filters as no single filter can:

1. It combines the efficient filtering action of a pure white outer filter...

2. with the additional filtering action of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL in a unique inner filter. The extraordinary purifying ability of Activated Charcoal is widely known to science. It has been definitely proved that it makes the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.

NEW DUAL FILTER Tareyton

Product of The American Tobacco Company "Tobacco is our middle name" (©A. T. Co.)

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BUTCHER'S WAX

Why it's worth going a little out of your way to find

Our name is Butcher. We've been making wax products in Boston for over 75 years. Architects and decorators like them.

We think you will, too. But you may have to make an extra shopping stop to find them. That's because we think the people best qualified to sell them are in hardware, paint, linoleum and department stores.

Butcher's Waxes are everything we say they are. They won't disappoint you. And that's a promise.

BUTCHER'S SELF-POLISHING. True wax in liquid form. Gives floors a deep luster that *lasts* . . . for up to two full months. Scuffs but doesn't scratch. And scuffs buff right out. Waterproof. Washable. Spills wipe up without spotting.

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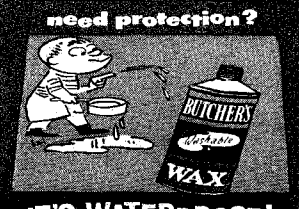
FLO-PASTE pours like a liquid. Polishes like paste. It's a liquid paste wax. You get a paste wax polish without the work. Just pour and spread. It's a *cleaner*, too. No need to scrub before. And Flo-Paste lasts almost as long as paste.

YOU'VE FOUND THE STORE WHEN YOU SEE THIS SIGN ON THE FLOOR

Made by BUTCHER'S the first floor wax in America



IT'S WATERPROOF!

The Tale of the Fourth Stranger

(Continued from Page 26)

rise out of the sea, roaring with terrible fury, and send great waves at the shore which crushed their boats and broke their nets and kept them in their houses or the pub for weeks on end. All their grandfathers were dead and only an old woman had since seen its tail above the surface, and was blind and dumb from that day. So for me he was a secondhand monster and each hand colored him with a new horror. I listened to them all and found a strange pride that this beast of our southern seas could outmonster the most monsterish beasts which ever roared in northern climes. The men of Oomallunga had missed this point, but they doubled up with laughter and agreed it was so when I brought it to their notice. They often laughed, for they were a simple folk and delighted in simple things.

But best of all—and this is what laid me on the beach dreaming when I should have been drawing for a fee—was the reason why the beast was never seen or even heard of outside this one small Australian fishing village, and why he had sent the grandfathers to their graves, and, apart from the unlucky dame, seemed to have lost interest in their offspring for two generations; it was treasure. When the man with sandy whiskers and clear blue eyes told me about it in the pub, all his friends nodded their heads and agreed it was the treasure. Enough wealth to buy half the world, they said. The man with sandy whiskers told me exactly where it was, and they all agreed with him that, word for word, these were the directions their grandfathers had told them. About half a mile out in the inlet and thirty fathoms down there was a long, high, rocky ridge. At a certain point along the base of this ridge was a hole which was the opening of a tunnel, and this tunnel went down another ten fathoms until it curved up under and into the ridge itself. There it opened out into a large cavern which had at its farthest end a wide ledge, and at the back of this ledge was the treasure; and around the treasure, snarling and rumbling and roaring, lay curled the terrible, unheard-of Oomallunga monster.

Needless to say, I made it appear that talk of treasure did not greatly interest me, and said that what had been too much for their grandfathers was more than enough for me. Offhandedly I pointed out the big weakness in their directions, which was how, over all that water, to fix the exact position of the hole. A little man with a harelip said that was easy, that on the first of January every year a sea hawk with one withered leg hovered over the spot until its shadow was thrown on the very place, then it flew away, not to be seen again until the following year; or so his grandfather had said, and he died the most painful death of all. The simple men of Oomallunga laughed themselves silly at the memory of this, and the little man ordered drinks all round, for it was the festive season, with two days to go until the New Year.

So I lay on the beach and looked out over the water, and its steady swell was breathing in the deep, and the glint of sun on its surface was gold and jewels at its heart. Soon I would have to act, and I had very little to go on, for there are no standard works on dealing with sea monsters, and lurid descriptions were no substitute for living habits, weaknesses and the best means of attack. The thing slept on a ledge coiled about the treasure, and both were contained in a large underwater cavern—that, apart from the directions, was all I could rely on; the rest I should have to reason out for myself.

I reasoned that the monster was probably a mammal, because its task of guarding something required an elementary intelligence, in which case the cavern should be ventilated. If this was so, then I could dispense with elaborate breathing gear and improvise something simple for a short journey. Having settled this fundamental, I turned to the directions I had been given and found that I did not place too great a faith in the accuracy of their detail. Probably the thirty fathoms down to the hole was accurate, for the men of Oomallunga knew their working stretch of water, but the length of tunnel to the cavern, given as ten fathoms, was almost certainly wide of the mark. So I set myself twenty fathoms for the tunnel and hoped for less.

All of this gave me a fifty-fathoms swim, assuming that my return journey was not made in the same operation; it was a long way, but after a little thought I devised a simple method of ensuring my safe passage to and from the cavern, whether it was ventilated or not.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Happy Housewife

The bread man brought
bread the other day,
And nodded good-by with a
wink
His wink took years from
my age away,
And I sang off key to the
sink.

Lester Clark Rudd

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

My next and greatest problem was how to deal with the great sea beast when I got there. I would need a weapon of some sort, and the choice was limited by the means of getting it there; also, such things as hand grenades were ruled out, for though they would finish the job quickly with little danger to myself, they would also damage what I came to get. Finally I settled for a rifle, a knife and a home-made spear.

Having, in my dreamy optimism, arrived safely in the cavern and accounted for the monster, I then devised the necessary tackle for hauling my prize back to the surface; and that done, I remembered how the man with sandy whiskers had a stout rowing boat for sale; then I gave up the effort of thinking and settled farther into the warm soft sand.

I lay there and blessed the simple men of Oomallunga—wise men all who could hold a secret well and who knew a man of action when he came. And so I drifted into sleep for my strength's sake, under a hot sun on the last day of the year.

2

On the first morning of the new year I awoke beneath my favorite tree with not a penny left to me in the world, and my heart gone wild with keenest expectation. I stood and stretched in the sharp air and a great pity came over me for all men who slept their nights in beds and dozed their days in worn familiar paths. I opened my last bottle of Burgundy and drank to the year and to all people everywhere, and especially those of Oomallunga; then, as I did on every

(*Continued on Page 56*)

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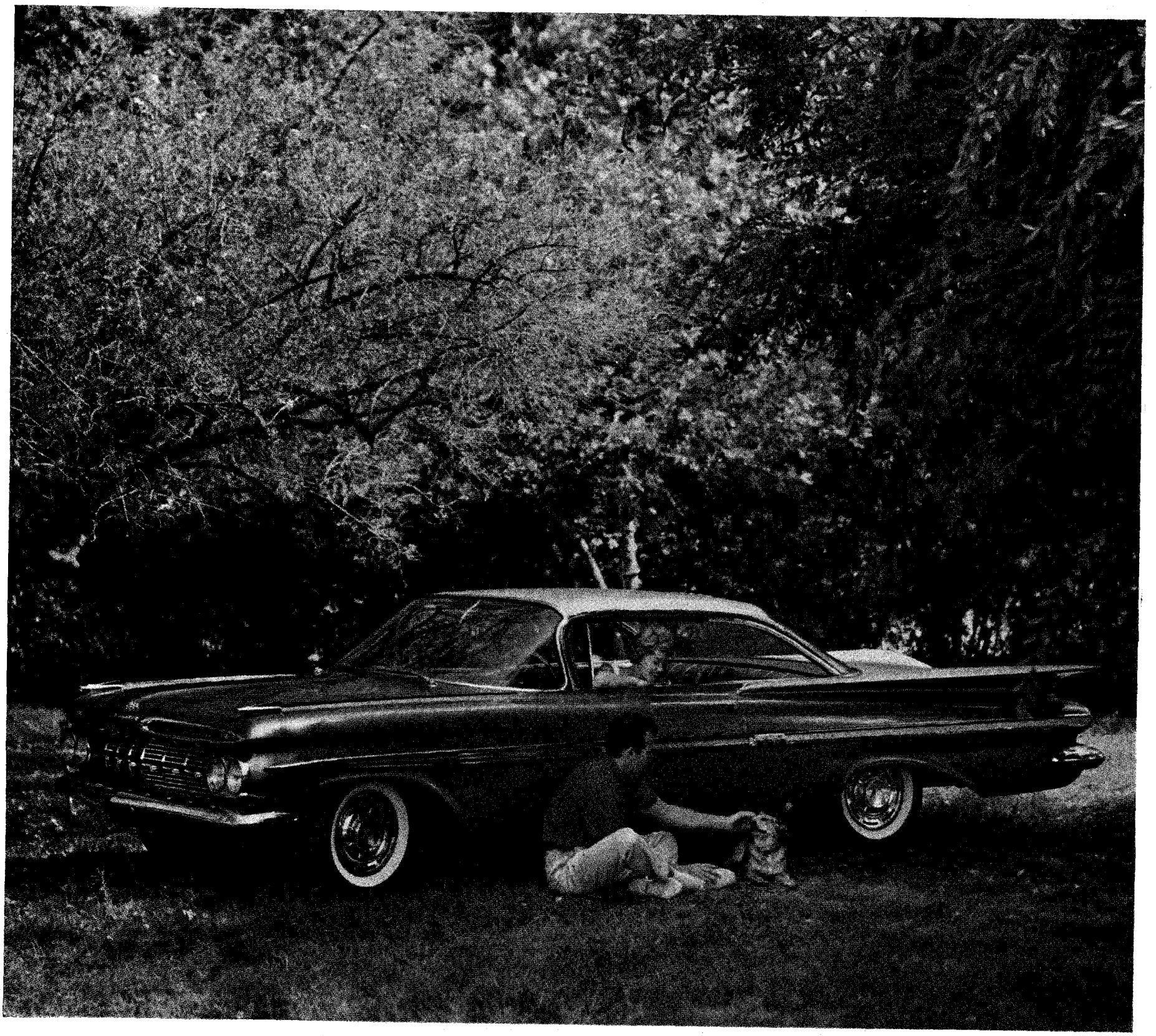

The Impala 2-Door Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher.

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As fine a car as anyone (including wealthy people) could want

Lots of style here. Lots of room. Really remarkable riding comfort. Smooth, quiet, responsive performance. And those special and practical Chevrolet virtues of economy and dependability. Naturally, all this leads more and more owners of other makes—high priced and low priced as well—to trade for new Chevrolets.

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Slimline design—it's fresh, fine and fashionable.
Roomier Body by Fisher—sound, solid, stylish.
Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety *Plate* Glass.
Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon.
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Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.
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New, bigger brakes—deeper drums, better cooled for safer stopping and up to 66% longer life.
Turboglide, Powerglide and Level Air suspension head a full list of extra-cost options.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

The car that's wanted for all its worth!

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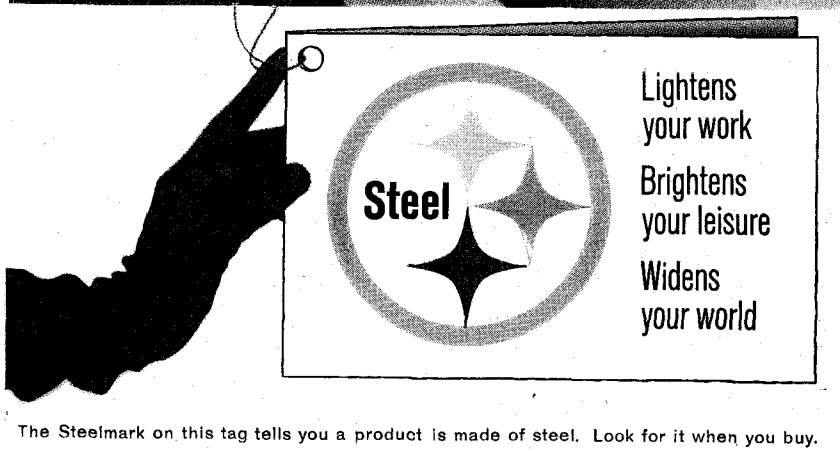
Today's USS steels lighten your work



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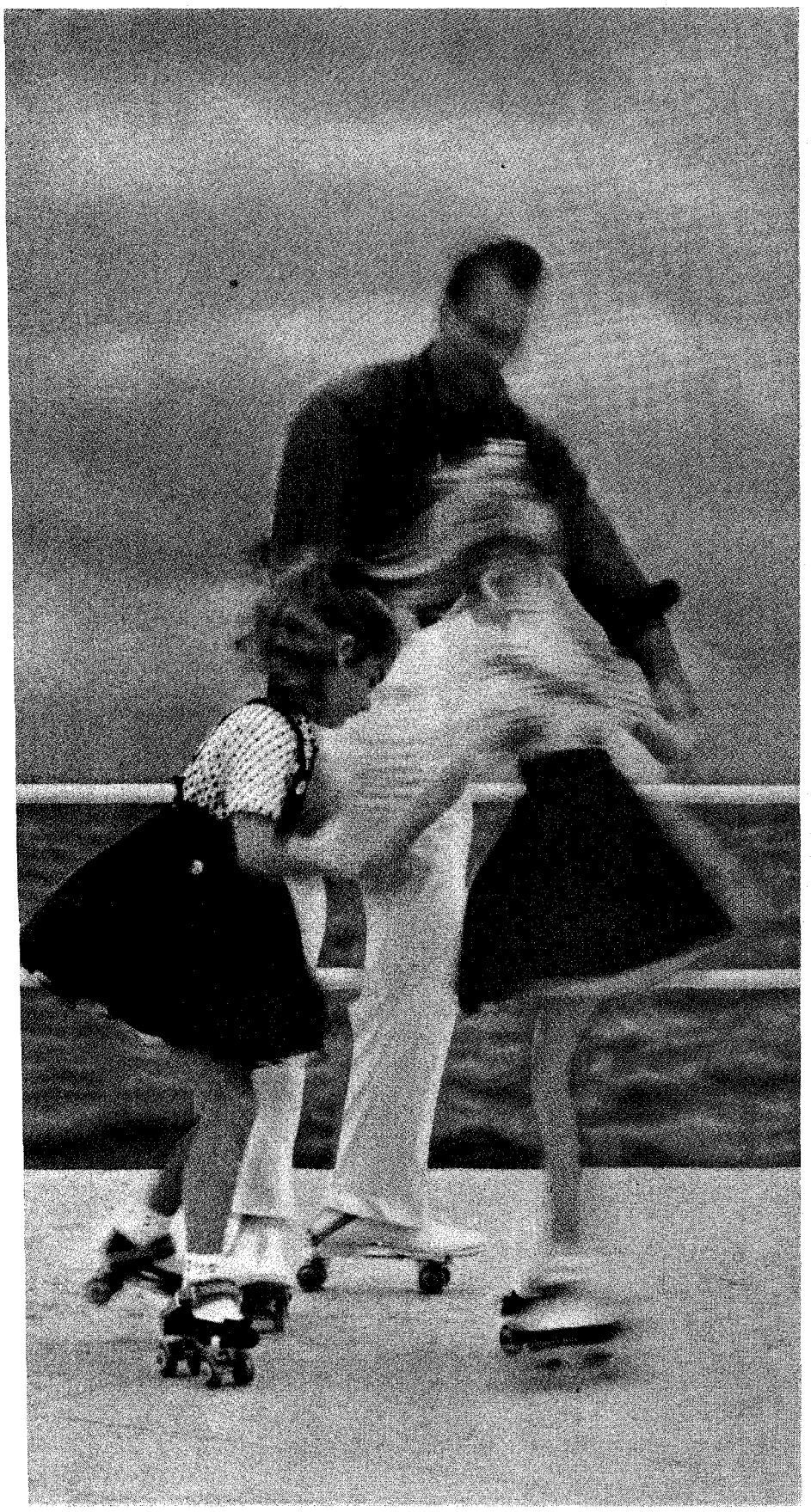
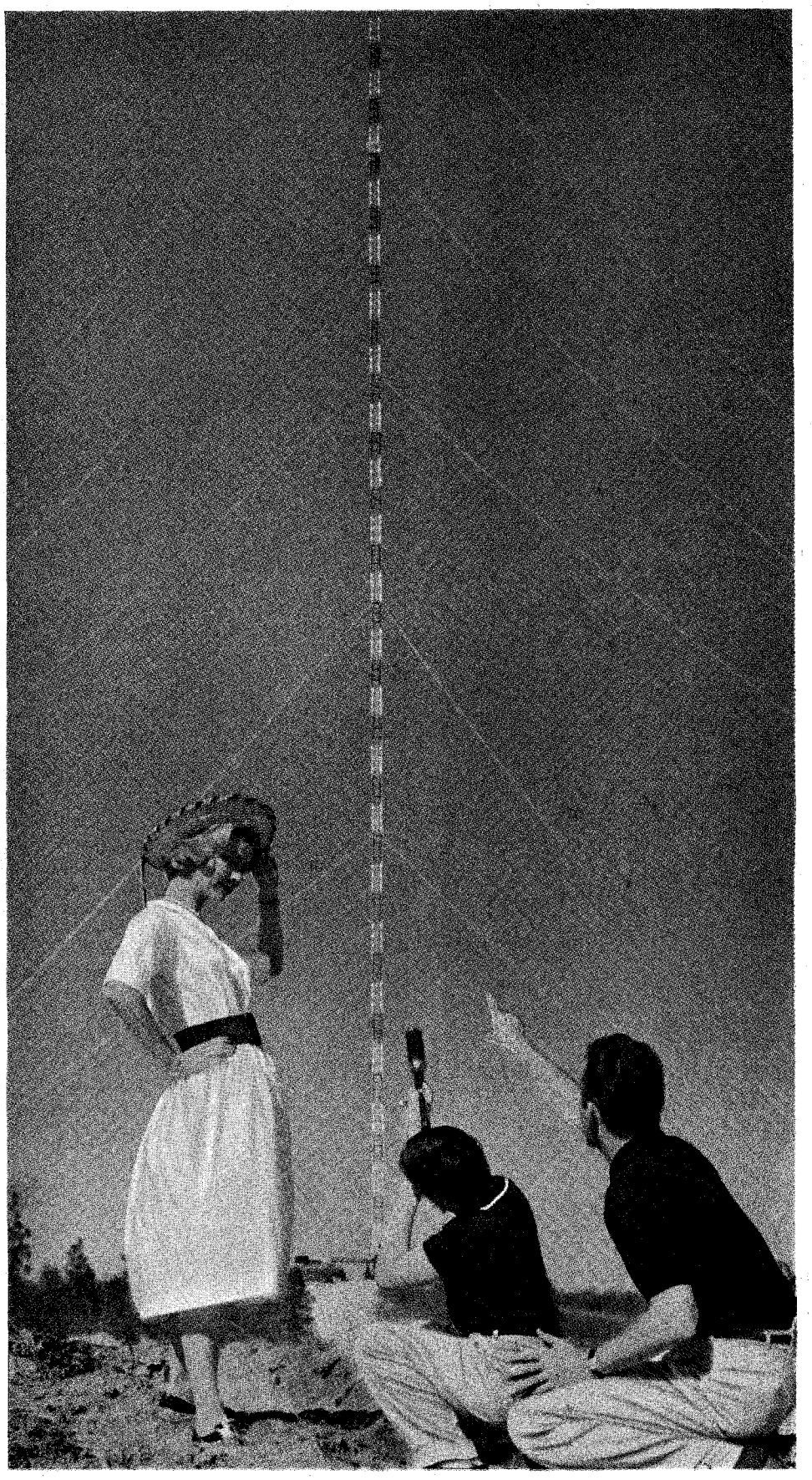
✦brighten your leisure... ✦widen your world...



Wings for flying feet. Steel's lightness-with-strength lends wings to flying feet when young ladies take to roller skates. Steel skates take a terrific pounding—yet they always come back for more! Moral: steel's *the* metal for outdoor fun and sports.



Up, up over a quarter mile high this new TV tower in South Carolina arrows into the sky. It's fifty feet taller than the Empire State Building, spreads news and entertainment over fifty-seven counties. Special USS steels—light and incredibly strong—made this structure possible.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

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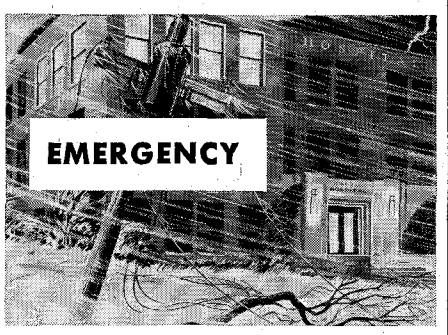
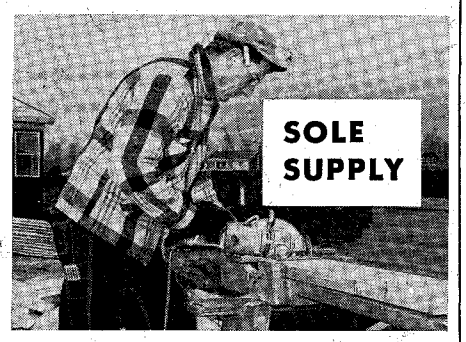
KOHLER
ELECTRIC
PLANTS

Your own electricity



When regular service is cut off.

Safeguard health, property, against failure of electricity for lights, automatic heat, refrigerator, freezer, appliances. Used in homes, hospitals, public and industrial buildings everywhere.

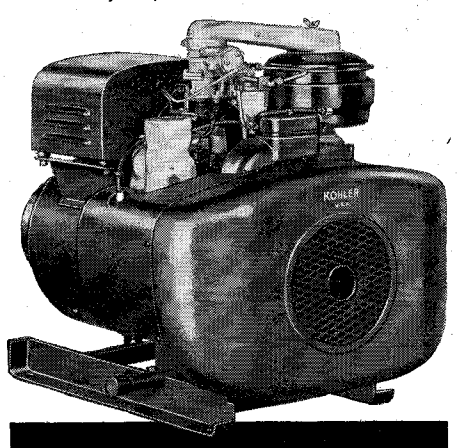


Where regular service doesn't reach.

For camps, trailers, trucks, drilling rigs, excavators, boats . . . On-the-job electricity for lights, power tools wherever needed. Sizes to 100 KW, gasoline and diesel. Write for folder D-45.

KOHLER CO. *Established 1873* KOHLER, WIS.

MODEL 5RM61
5 KW, 115/230 volt AC. Remote start.



KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Iron and Vitreous China Plumbing Fixtures • Brass Fittings • Electric Plants • Air-cooled Engines • Precision Controls

(*Continued from Page 52*) morning of the summer, I raced to the highest place on the cliffs behind me and sang and shouted at the point of dawning. I called the sun a loafer, a lazy good-for-nothing, taunted and cajoled him, dared him to show his face above the world and account for where he'd been. Then, at the first sight of his shamed and blushing cheeks, I laughed with joy at his confusion and raced him to the water's edge, plunging beneath the crisp small waves before his first red hand came grasping at the beach.

I swam and dived and rolled and splashed before walking into the quickly warming day. Then I stood beside my new things: my good boat, smelling of fresh paint and salt and linseed, and inside it, neatly arranged and ready for use the following items: one sixty-yard length of rope tied at one end to a large rock; one thirty-yard length attached to a heavy hook; one sixty-yard length of narrow rubber tubing attached by twine to another rock, and to that end of it I had fitted a rubber sucker and stopped the opening with a cork; a .303 repeater with three spare clips wrapped in oilskin; my large hunting knife and a spear I had made from a broomstick and a carving knife; a powerful waterproofed torch which I could strap on my head like a miner's lamp; two deflated car tires and a hand pump; and a big canvas bag also wrapped in oilskin and containing sandwiches and a water bottle, shirt, shorts, socks and a heavy pair of boots. These necessities had taken all my money and a bit over, yet I was immensely pleased with every one of them, for I fancied that not once, by word or sign, had I given any hint to the merchants of Oomallunga of the real reason for their use.

I had been assured that the sea hawk never appeared before ten A.M., so I had ample time to stride once more through the streets of the village and eat a large breakfast which was owing to me at the pub. I laughed back at the many small boys who hailed me that way from their houses; then, at 9:30 A.M., I slipped quietly back to the beach and slid my boat into the water.

With long strong strokes I pulled her past the headland that shielded my beach from the Oomallunga jetty. I looked back and saw most of the local men gathered there for some private purpose, and they waved to me and shouted words across the water which sank before they reached me. I was not sorry to be gone alone upon my great adventure.

The water was so clear that I soon picked up the beginning of the underwater ridge, and I observed how, as the depth increased, its upper surface became jagged and uneven. I rowed along it until its features were obscured and it became no more than a darkening of the water, but I also kept my eye on an imaginary line I had drawn the previous day, joining two points on opposite sides of the inlet itself, and which I calculated would cross the ridge about half a mile from the shore. When I arrived at this point I began the difficult task of holding my boat stationary against the outgoing tide, making the final preparation of my gear, and continually scanning the sky for sight of the mysterious bird.

Then it came upon me how utterly dependent I was upon this bird, and how, even though its yearly mission argued something of the supernatural, it was not impossible for natural causes to remove it from its course. As I waited and the minutes stretched into hours and the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky, I became convinced that I was the victim of a cruel hoax. I saw providence laughing as the men of Oomallunga had laughed; not like them in simple humor, but with cruel malice at having led a fool to his undoing. I saw the search for gold as an unworthy one, and I reflected on the fate of those who had pursued it before me, but I would rather have met death in the deeps below than have come so far and returned unharmed because of an empty sky.

In that waste of water I had to have a marker, and I had to have it whilst there was still light to guide me down to the ridge below. I knelt in the boat and prayed for a sign. I would give all my wealth to charity; I would live a life of sacrifice and love for all men; I would be nothing, and the doing of good deeds would be all; I pleaded like the weak creature I was before the Almighty; I beat my breast at my own unworthiness and rose with tears in my eyes to observe a hovering speck in the far blue sky.

It circled round and round, fixing its own positions; then it descended, turning its ominous head from one side to the other. I watched it with a fever in my blood and my heart throbbing in my throat, and I shouted with joy when I saw its one red leg stretched beneath it and the other a stump hanging useless in its flight. Suddenly it dropped upon the water and when I thrust the oars in deep and leaped toward it, it rose screaming and was gone from my sight within the second, but I had marked my spot, and when I was over it I threw out the heavy anchor and made ready for the great dive below.

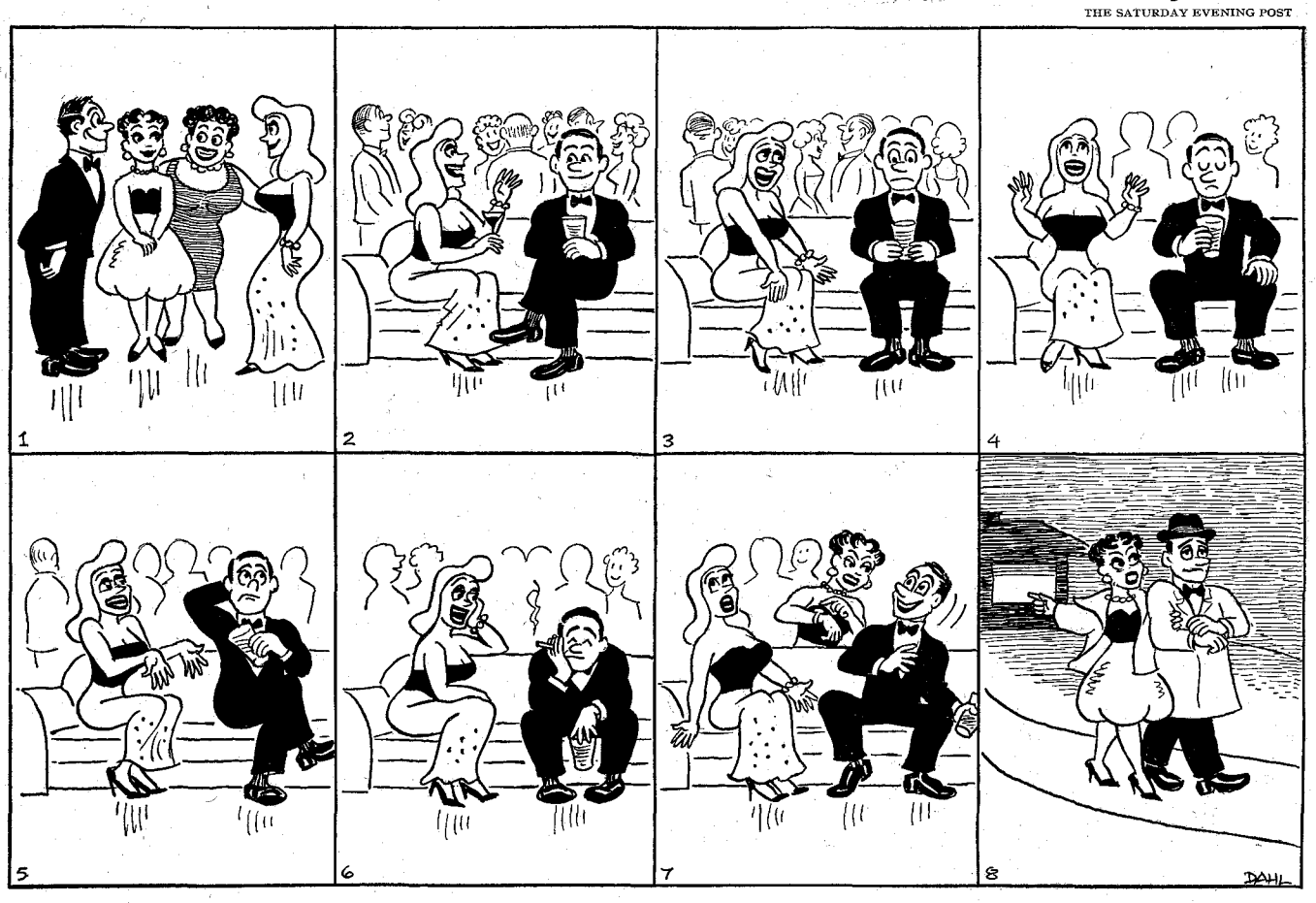
My preparations were quickly done. First I made one end of the rubber tube fast to the boat so that its opening could not be blocked in any way, then I dropped the other with its rock overboard. I was pleased to feel it strike bottom before being fully extended. Next I fastened the long rope to the stern and dropped its rock over; I had thus ensured a means of breathing before entering the tunnel and provided a way of returning to the boat if I was heavily laden. Then I strapped the torch to my head, and the rifle, spear and canvas bag to my back. I fixed my knife about my waist and tied the tires and pump to my thigh, and coiling the hooked rope about my shoulders, I grasped the one at the stern, breathed deeply of the summer air, and stepped beneath the surface of the sea.

As the water closed over my head and I felt the first breathless impact of the cold, fear sprang from my soul to my body and shook me. Had I not been holding my breath I would have cried aloud and scrambled back into my boat and raced away from this awful place, but as I opened my eyes in the green glass and felt the smooth rope sliding through my hands and the thud of pressure against my ears, the (*Continued on Page 61*)

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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We're "in" where the groceries begin

America's second largest telephone system

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

We're "at home" in Hometown, U.S.A.

The communities we serve know us as a neighbor—and a hard-working, civic-minded one at that.

Take, for example, the thriving city of Lakeland in Polk County, Florida. There, in the last year alone, we've built a modern communications center, invested $647,460 in new facilities, installed 2878 new telephones.

In every way, we're going all out to give this prosperous and progressive area the finest communications possible.

Places like Lakeland and Winter Haven and the other bustling towns in Polk County are where America is growing fast—where Americans are finding the "room" they need to build new homes, new businesses, new factories. Towns like Lakeland are where the future lies. That's why you'll never hear us say the grass is greener elsewhere.

We like it where we are—across the length and breadth of grass-roots America!

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 260 Madison Ave., New York 16.

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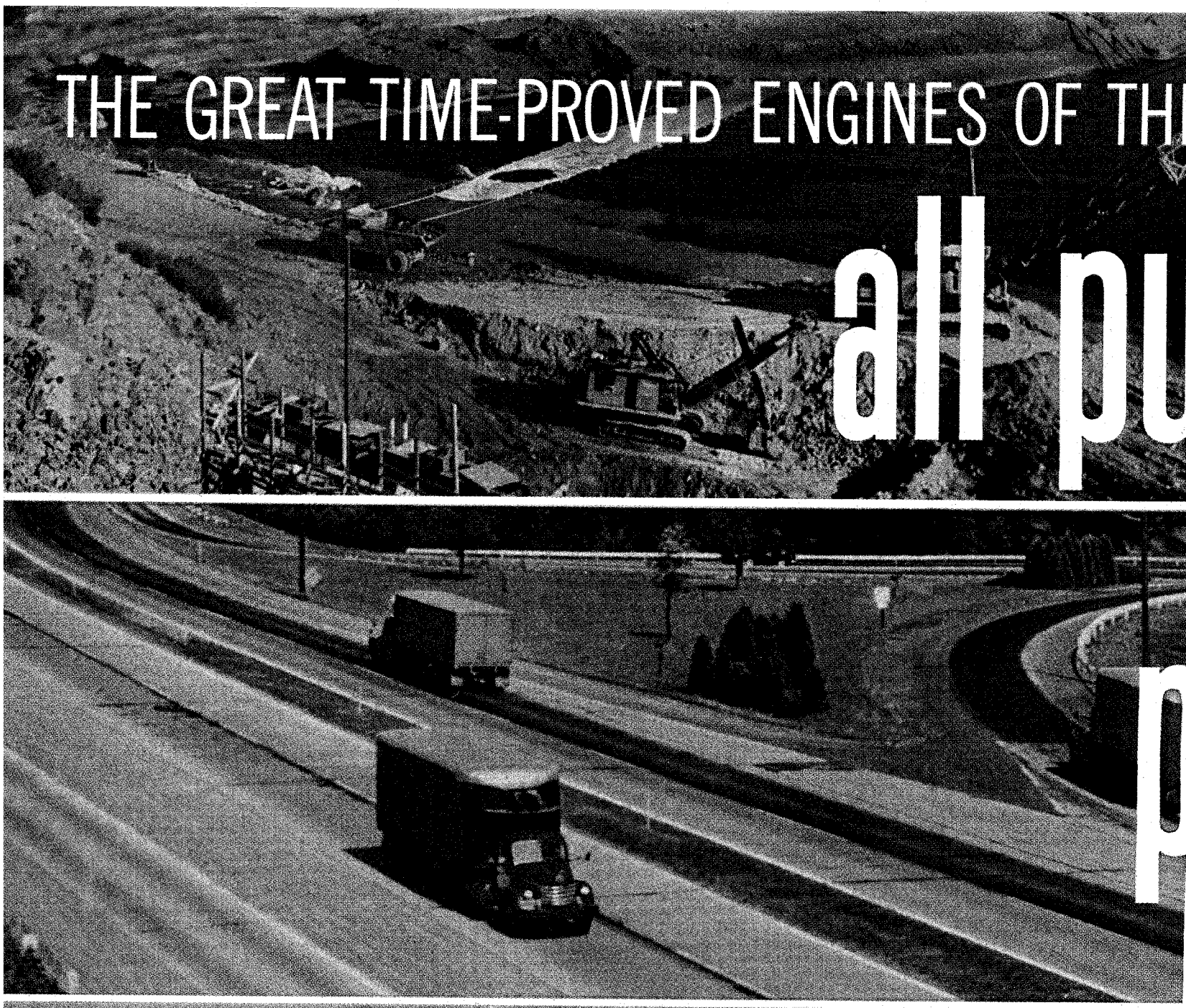

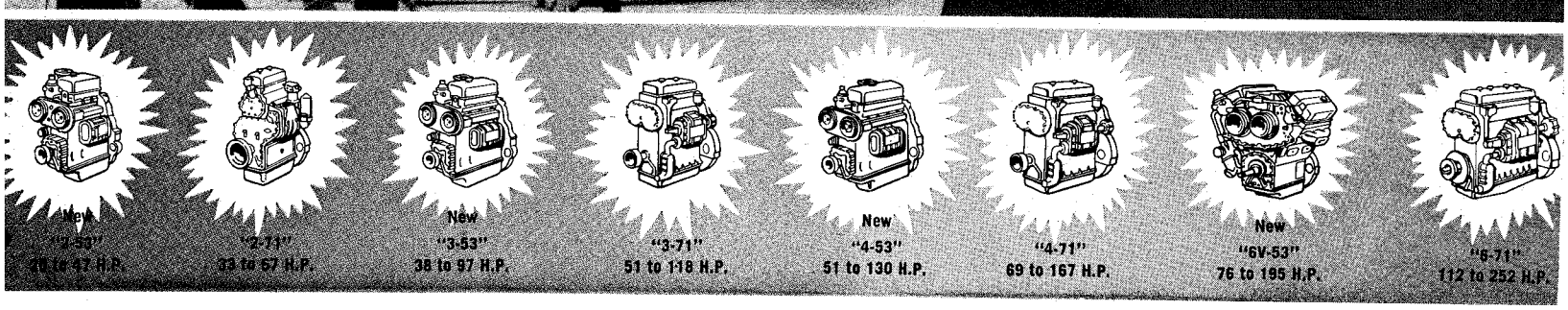

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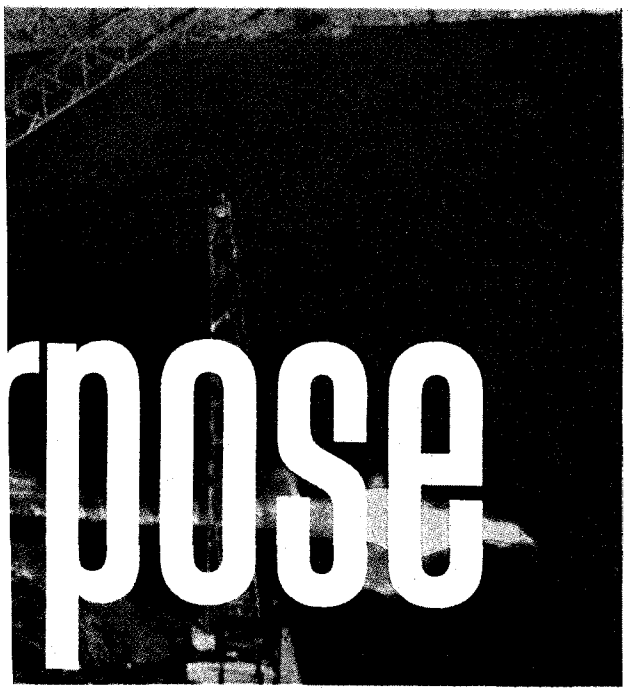
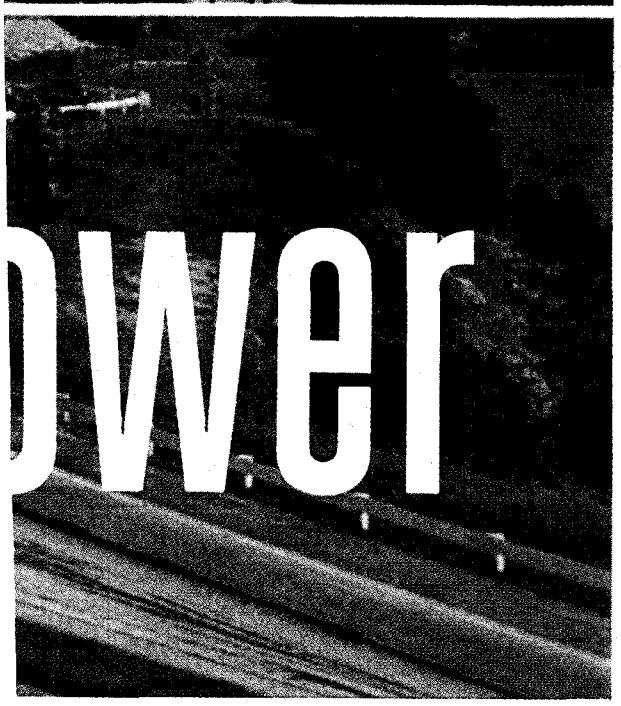
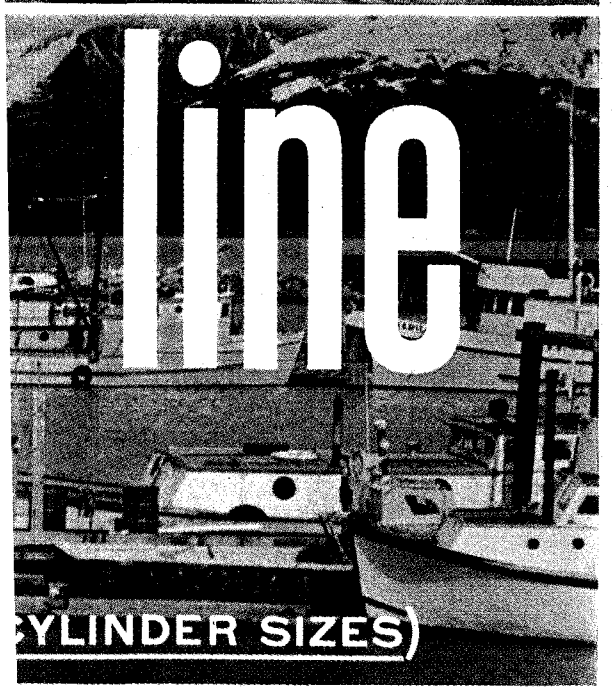
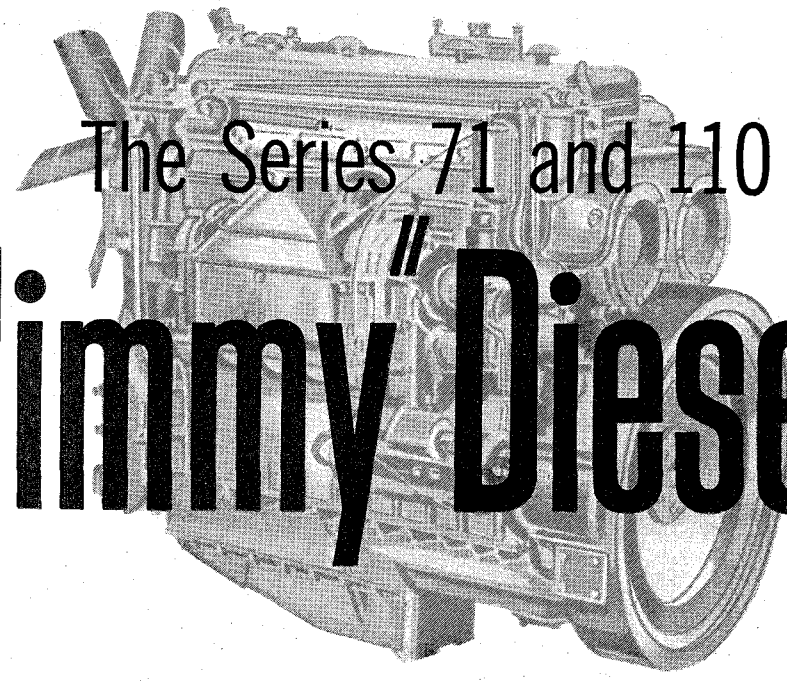








The Series 71 and 110 "Jimmy" Diesels

Single and multiple "in-line" engines for every power purpose— great as the reputations they've built

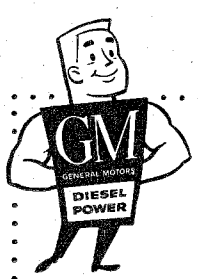
Never in industrial history have there been Diesels as versatile and capable as the Series 71 and 110 GM Diesels—integral parts of the All-Purpose Power Line.

For these "Jimmy" Diesels have stepped in and taken over thousands of jobs for every kind of business—done those jobs as never before—greatly expanded the usefulness of Diesel power.

And because of GM Diesel's unique power concept—a family of engines featuring unequaled parts interchangeability—these time-proved "Jimmy" Diesels become even more valuable as key components of the GM Diesel All-Purpose Power Line.

Today, these "Jimmy" Diesels can boast of compactness, light weight, high efficiency, durability and inexpensive maintenance—all the result of years of refinement in design. So now, whatever you want a Diesel to do, these GM Diesels will do it for you faster, better, and at less cost.

You'll solve your profit problems with these high-earning-power Diesels—the time-proved members of the All-Purpose Power Line. Get full details by writing GM Diesel, Dept. P-4, Detroit 28, Michigan.

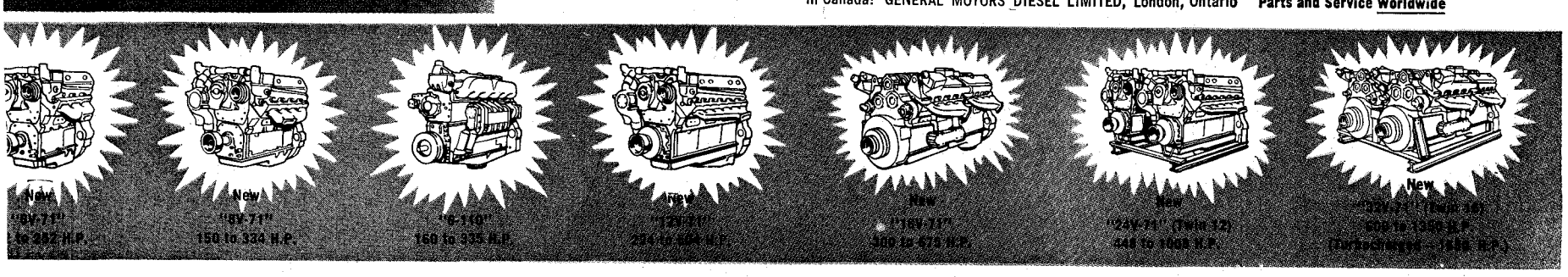


GM DIESEL

DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,
GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT 28, MICH.

In Canada: GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED, London, Ontario

Parts and Service Worldwide



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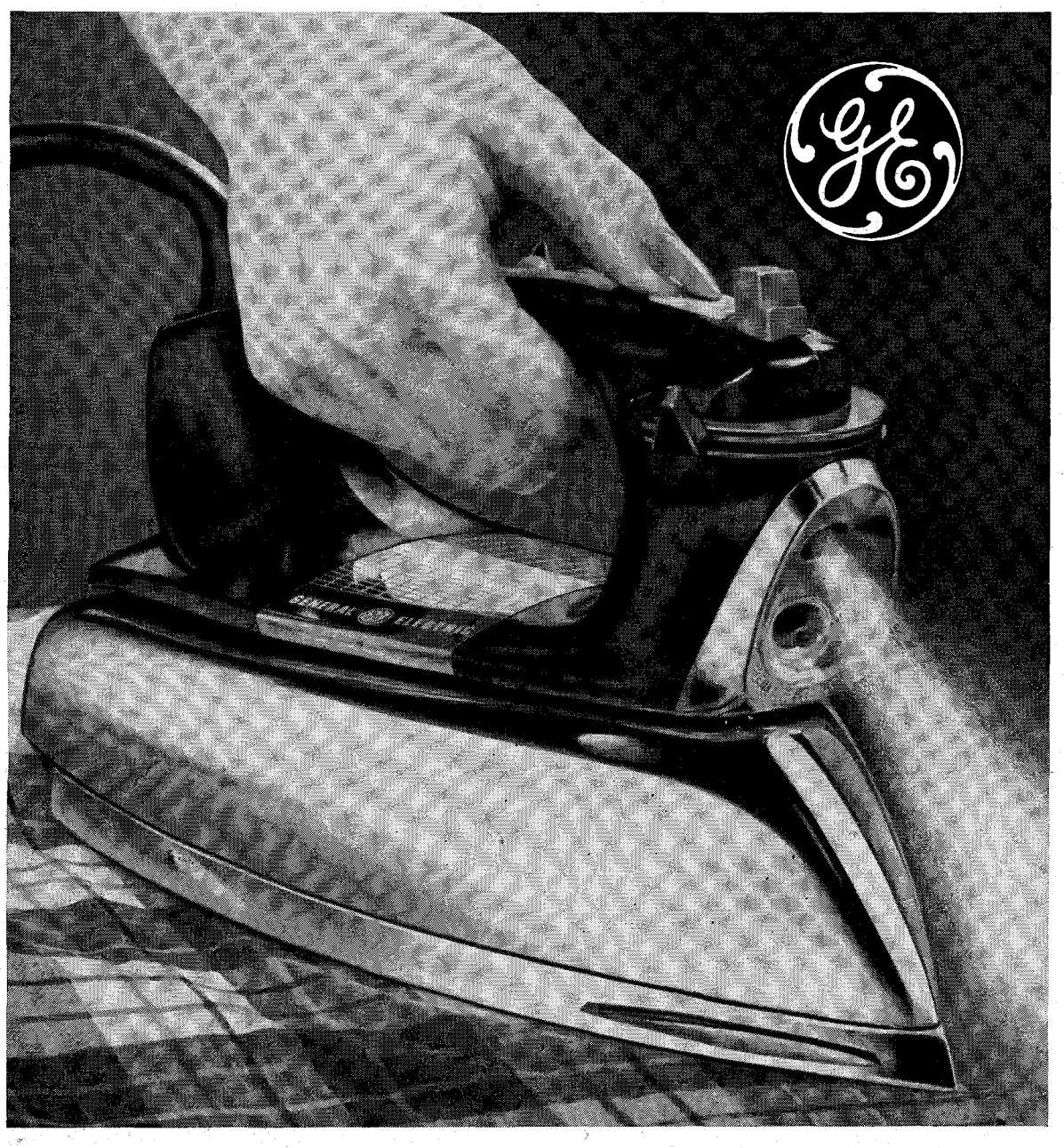
It sprinkles as you iron!



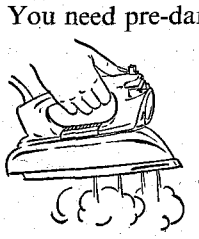
General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron gives you a PLUS... a built-in sprinkler

Now, you can iron heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics without first sprinkling or pre-dampening. You bring them *direct* to your ironing board from washline or dryer.

Steam alone can't do this job! You need added moisture! And that's just what the General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron *supplies!*

Just press the button! This amazing iron sprays exactly the right amount of warm water in front of the iron—*as you iron*—sprinkling and dampening your fabric.

You'll be delighted with the lovely satin-smooth results—and the time and work you save, too! You need pre-dampen only your largest pieces.



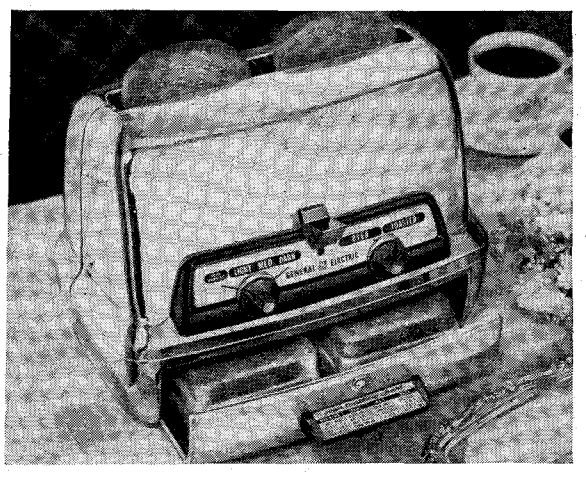
It's a Steam & Dry Iron, too —with General Electric's Even-Flow steam system. Even-Flow steam is *continuous* — penetrates deeper — moistens your fabric *evenly* for perfect ironing.

For dry ironing, just press the button. Use it to touch up "wash and wear." Be sure to see it at your dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

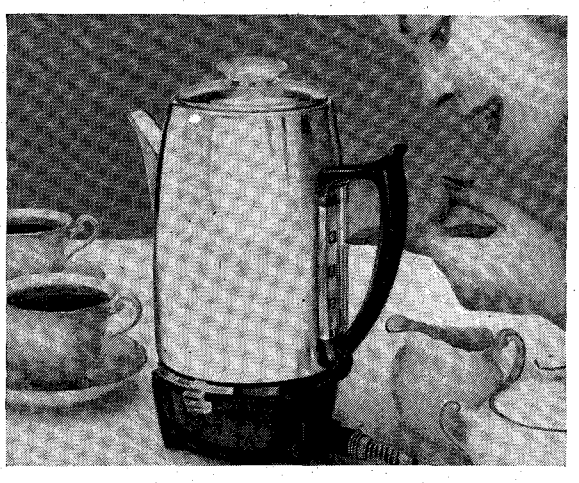
GENERAL ELECTRIC

There's always a PLUS in General Electric!



It's an automatic toaster! PLUS... a toasting "oven" below

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* toasts 2 slices to your favorite shade on top—keeps 6 slices of toast warm below. Or use it to heat rolls, pastry, muffins. Makes *delicious* melted cheese sandwiches!



Brews delicious coffee automatically! PLUS... new gauge counts the cups

New General Electric Peek-A-Brew* Coffee Maker has an outside level that shows you at a glance how much water to use *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it!*

Does any mixing job! PLUS—new drink-mixing attachment

General Electric Portable Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds, yet it's powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter. Convenient heel rest, beater ejector, removable cord—*plus* special drink-mixing attachment.

Trademark of General Electric Company

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(*Continued from Page 56*) discipline of a lifetime quelled the fear and down I went, hand over hand, passing into a seaweed world of razor rock and waving arms. Then I saw rising before me the gray bulk of the ridge, its surfaces flowing with a white phosphorescence; and it grew before me until I could not see its peak and all my sight was filled with rock and water. I was so overcome by my own insignificance in face of this casual immensity, that my feet were standing on the sandy floor before I realized my desperate need of air. Carefully I expelled my breath as I stumbled and floated to my rubber tube. I pressed the sucker over my mouth, withdrew the cork with my teeth and sucked in breath after breath until the hammering stopped behind my eyes and quiet confidence returned to my mind.

The first step of my adventure had been taken and I was at the point of no return; then I saw it. There was a rock as big as an elephant which stood out from the ridge, and behind it was the opening. It looked no more than a blackness against the gray, roughly triangular in shape and covered with the beckoning limbs of sea ferns, and as I surveyed it I felt coldness prickle at the back of my neck, for I fancied that behind that screen, unseen eyes were watching me. I took a last deep breath, replaced the cork, and swam toward it.

As I parted the ferns my heart stopped beating, for something enormous and moving in all its parts blocked my path. I switched on my torch and kept going, and as the light stabbed the blackness a thousand small fish, for that was all it was, rushed around me to the open water; their sharp scaly bodies beating against me and driving me against the smooth wall of the tunnel before I was alone again, and much relieved to continue my journey. I had been badly scared, but my own determination pleased me greatly, and I reflected that all monsters everywhere are no more frightening than the human courage with which they are attacked.

To my surprise, I found that swimming through the tunnel was both easier and harder than I expected; easier in that there was a slight current running with me, and harder because as it sloped downward I kept bumping my head and scraping my back against the roof. The fact of the current lifted my spirits to a peak of optimism, for it meant that the water was going somewhere, and supported my belief in an airy cavern. The force of the current increased as the tunnel became narrower until at its smallest diameter, which was about fifteen feet, I was racing along; then suddenly, when I had been swimming for about four minutes and desperately needed air, I found my face against smooth rock and realized that the tunnel had turned upward, as the grandfathers' stories had said it would. An eerie light reached down at me from above and I saw that I had come up into a funnel and that there was a surface of water above me. I knew that at last I had entered the ancient home of the Oomallunga monster.

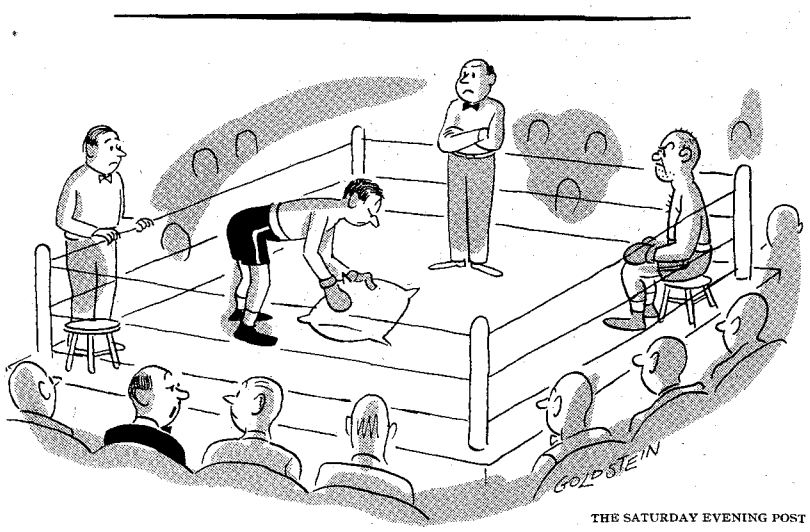
I can remember to this day how frantic I was for breath, how I longed to slice up through the veil and explode my lungs in the welcome air, but a warning bell was jangling in my brain. I saw myself flapping helplessly from the water onto some rocky shelf, and being incapable of any action beyond that of breathing, whilst the thing, whatever it was, finished my hopes and myself at its leisure; so I slowed my rush to the surface, and somehow managing to gain a toehold on the glassy wall of the funnel, I unscrewed the connection from the hand pump at my thigh. With this simple breathing tube I was soon ready to face what no living human eye had ever seen.

The water about me was some degrees warmer than that in the tunnel, and as my breathing returned to normal my whole being became more composed than at any time since I awoke that morning. I unslung the rifle in its oilskin wrapping and the spear, and I loosened my knife in its sheath; then I slowly raised my head above the surface.

I was not sorry to see what I saw, though I confess it was something of an anticlimax, for of living, breathing life there was no sign at all; though in every other way the cavern was breath-taking in its proportions. Fully a hundred feet high and sixty feet across, it stretched before me like some mighty temple. The back wall of the funnel rose sheer behind me to become its end, and in front the water spilled out over a rocky ledge some five yards wide before it tumbled down a drop of four feet into a stream bed that ran down and away before me.

This stream gave the cavern its most memorable feature, for it did not flow smoothly, but at evenly spaced intervals it dropped away again, keeping level with the descending floor of the place, and at every drop it sent a cloud of steamy spray into the air so that I imagined myself in some gigantic Turkish bath. The walls and roof were barely discernible in this mist, but they gave off the strange white phosphorescent light which penetrated the atmosphere and was broken up into a multitude of colors, so that I seemed to be in the heart of an all-embracing rainbow.

I rose out of the water and stood enraptured on the slippery ledge. Slowly at first, then with an overpowering urgency, I felt drawn to run leaping over the stepped floor (*Continued on Page 65*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wouldn't be terribly surprised by an early knockout."

WIX

650 Square Inches of Car Engine Protection

Prescription Filtration

There are 650 square inches of Porosite in a WIX Spin-On Filter. This formula provides superlative oil filtration until the next oil change is due (plus additional service life in case one forgets). WIX Prescription Filtration provides tailored formulas and filtrants for all cars . . . filtration that ideally suits the car and the type of driving.

There's a personal element that goes along with the WIX Oil or Air Filter Cartridge you have installed at your garage or service station. It's the special interest in *you* and *your* car provided by the team that brings you Prescription Filtration . . . the WIX Research Director and your conscientious WIX Service Man. Wherever you are and wherever you go insist on WIX.

WIX SPIN-ON Filter containing POROSITE . . . one of the family of Oil and Air Filters specifically engineered to protect car engines from dirt, grit and sludge.

wix FILTERS

Write for — WHAT'S UNDER THE HOOD

This 24-page book dispels the mystery — tells you what's under the hood and why it's there! Write for it—it's FREE.

WIX CORPORATION • GASTONIA, N. C.
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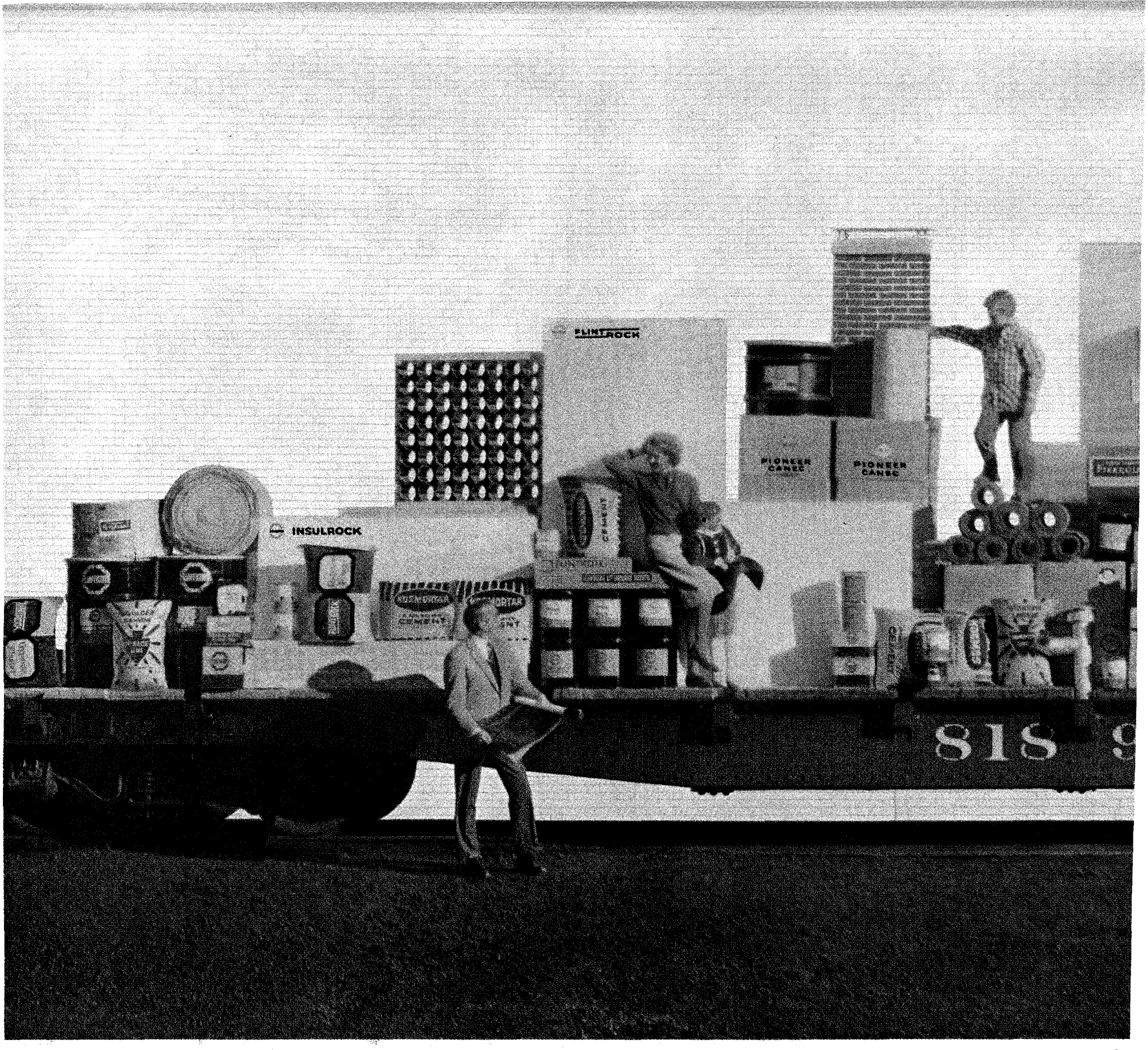

See why only Flintkote can say:

"*Nobody* makes more of the products that make a home!"

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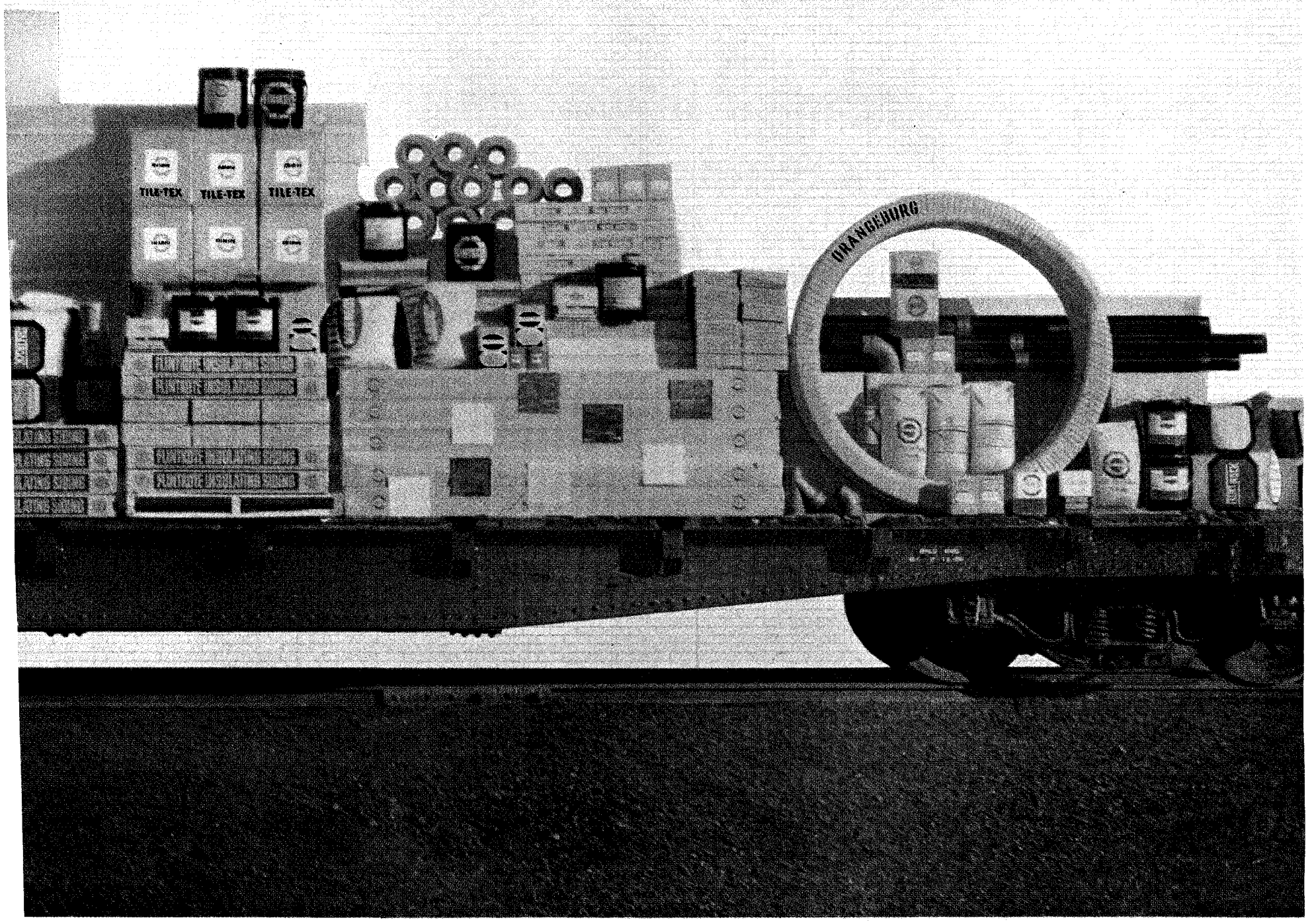

From the topmost shingle on your roof to the farthest square foot of surface coating in your driveway, products from Flintkote work to bring you better living. And that's true whether you're buying a new home or improving your present one.

The list of names in the Flintkote family of companies is a roll call of quality in building materials: the name Flintkote itself for roofing, siding, and insulating materials; Tile-Tex for flooring; Atlas Adhesives; Kosmos Portland Cement; U. S. Miracle Lime Products; Insulrock Building Slabs; Van-Packer Chimneys; Orangeburg Fibre and Plastic Pipe. The metal, the glass, and the framing in your home may not come from Flintkote—but almost everything else could!

That's why the man who has building or home improving on his mind will do well to think of Flintkote. Making so many products gives Flintkote an unequaled opportunity to make sure that they "go together"—in style, in design, in function. Taking advantage of this opportunity is the daily task of Flintkote's product designers. Their work is done at the Flintkote Research Center, in Whippany, N. J., where the improvement of present building materials and the development of new ones is a continuing project.

Flintkote materials, most of them, will last as long as your home, and ask little care for the decades of service they give. You'll find the names of the dealers who sell Flintkote products in the yellow pages of your phone book. Their insistence on first-rate products is a good indication that they'll give you first-rate service. Remember the name: Flintkote —the name to keep in mind if you want to make your living better.

FLINTKOTE

America's Broadest Line of Building Materials

THE FLINTKOTE COMPANY • 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

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When it's a new "baby" you like to be sure

That's why it's a good idea to see your Pure Oil dealer first thing.

He's a specialist, you see, in keeping new cars young and making old cars *act* young.

You can always be sure when you stop in at PURE.

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 61*) down into the mouth of all that beauty. But there crashed in my head a warning: this was no place for human enjoyment; it was a hot, steamy temple of evil. The way down beckoned and called and pulled at my limbs, which I felt becoming sluggish in the awful humidity, and drowsiness was leaning on my eyes. After my exertions in the water I wanted to go down into that warm center and sleep and sleep and never wake again. Then friendly fear shook me and I knew I must go up.

There was a gallery; I saw it running up the left-hand wall some fifteen feet off the floor, and I knew that somewhere up there I would find the cool source of air. I scrambled, slipped and splashed beneath it, and swinging my hooked rope like a lasso, I sent it upward. I thanked God when the hook caught fast and I was able to pull myself up the sheer face of wall and clamber onto the damp surface of the gallery. It was no more than two feet wide, but I went along it on my hands and knees, so relieved to be rising out of the evil fog that I had no thought at all for the perilous drop which brushed at the edge of my right hand. Higher and higher I climbed, and the air became cooler and sweeter, until at last I looked down upon the great foaming bath of color which had almost been my grave.

Then the gallery widened and I was able to walk along it comfortably, and since it was out of the mist, the going was firmer and I made good speed. Before long I felt the welcome need of food, drink and sleep, so I looked for a cavity in the wall, and to my joy I found one. It was a true find, for it was, in fact, a small cave with a low wall at its entrance, deep enough for me to lie snugly down inside it and be out of sight from the cavern. I went in and spread my things about me. First I unwrapped the rifle and leaned it against the front wall with my spear and knife beside it, then I changed into my dry clothes. I opened my sandwiches and water bottle and feasted better than a king, and when hunger and thirst were gone, I lay down warm in the dry air and fell into a deep sleep.

Many a politician has had a promising career cut short by voters who doubted his promises.

IMOGENE FEY

3

As I slept I dreamed the strangest dream. I dreamed I saw a minute and it grew into an hour, and I dreamed I saw an hour and it grew into a day, and I dreamed I saw a day and it grew into a week, and at the end of the week I dreamed I saw the waters of the Oomallunga Inlet, and over the waters the men of Oomallunga drew my small boat, and there were hard sad looks on their faces. And I saw myself swimming beside them and shouting at them to stop and to take my boat back, but they could not hear me, because instead of words there came from my mouth clouds of rainbow vapor. I swam and swam until my limbs ached with exhaustion and perspiration poured from every part of me, but I could not keep up with them; farther and farther I dropped behind, until I gave up the chase and from a distance watched them pull my boat up on the beach.

Then I saw the women of Oomallunga file slowly down to the beach, and they were wailing and moaning for one who was lost to the sea. And when the men made to touch them and comfort them, they lifted their faces contorted with bitter rage and hissed at them, their fathers and husbands and sons, and closed their eyes tight, so they could not see them. And I felt an awful trembling come over me, for it seemed they were hissing and shutting their eyes from me as I awoke, sick with terror, in the cavern beneath the waters of the Oomallunga Inlet. My eyes were open; there was sweat in the palms of my hands; still I could feel the fear and still I could hear the hissing.

It came from outside my small cave. I drew the rifle down beside me and released the safety catch; then I turned on my knees and looked out over the wall.

At first the cavern looked the same as when I had gone to sleep, but as my eyes became accustomed to the light I picked out a moving object in the mist below me—a huge, indistinct, blue-gray thing which swayed back and forward in the swirling color, and there rose from it the chilling hiss and moan of the women in my dream. I watched it coming toward me from the farthest end of the cavern and my imagination was appalled at its size, for this could only be the head of the thing and the rest of it moved slowly over the floor, which was more than fifty feet below me. Quickly and carefully I strapped all but my rifle about me.

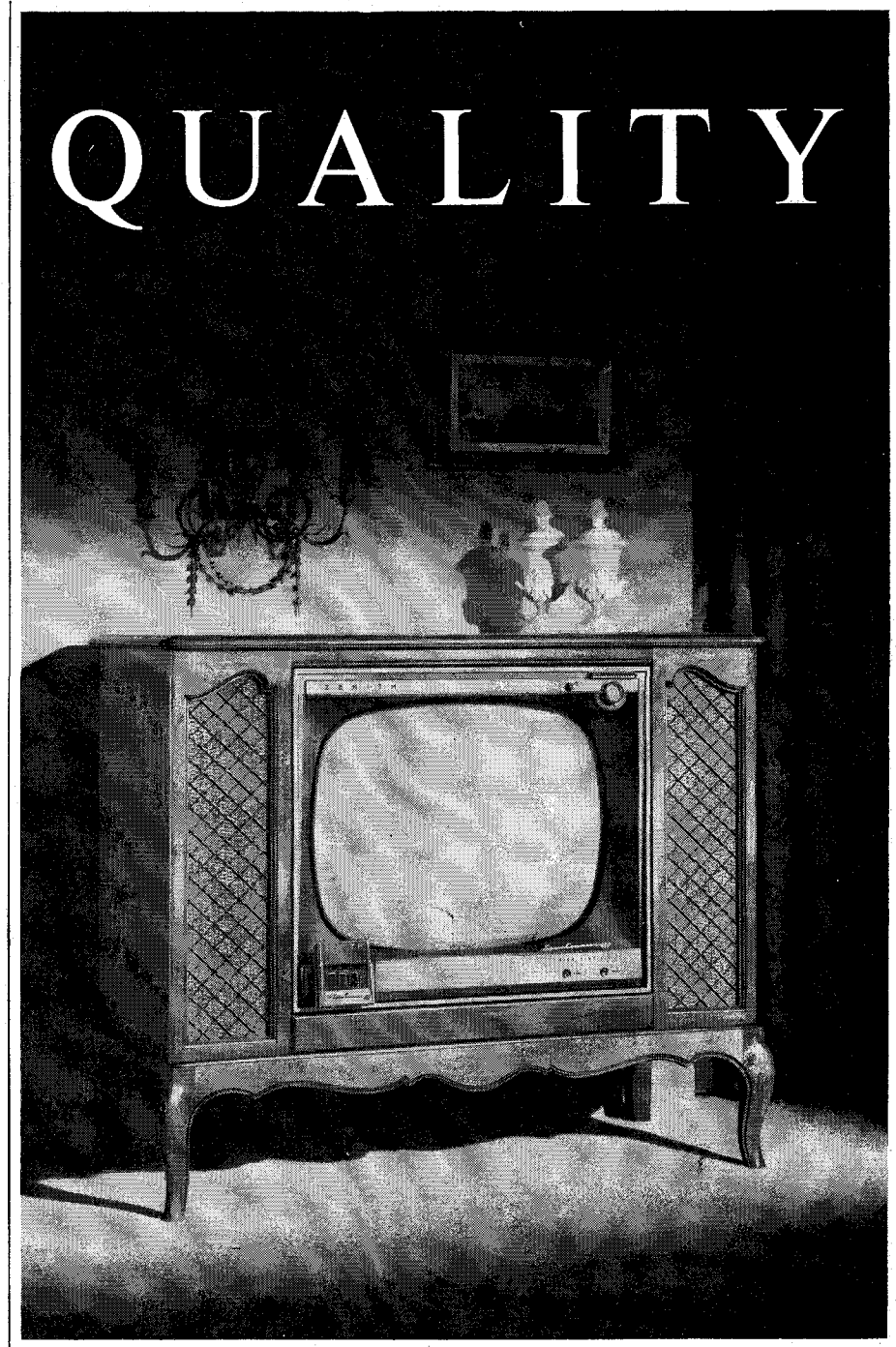
I made some noise doing this, and immediately the creature came more directly at me; then, when it was no more than twenty yards away, though still below and shrouded in mist, it stopped moving and the hissing increased in volume. So we stayed for some minutes, the Oomallunga monster and I, and I was almost believing that it was as afraid of me as I was of it, when the deafening hiss changed to an angry barking roar and it raised its head out of the steaming cloud.

Even now as I write this in my old age, I feel physically sick at the memory of that sight. The blue-gray skin so long under the phosphorescent light had become transparent, and where it was not underlaid with bone, I could see all its pulsing, moving parts. Its head was shaped like that of a great bird, except that it had no forehead and its bony crown continued to a point like an upper beak; its lower jawbone formed an under beak and both were lined with a continuous ridge of cruel serrated bone.

From the center of its crown to the point of its upper beak there ran a saw-toothed crest of bone, and on either side of this crest, protruding in transparent flesh, were its eyes and nostrils. The nostrils were not set close to its head, but were more like long feelers, dilating and stretching and slapping against the beak, and every time they opened I heard the frightening hiss.

I judged the beast to be blind, from the movements of its eyes. These were greenish with the smallest slit in each to indicate a pupil; they were completely lidless and revolved round on their fleshy stems independently of each other, and with a desperate sightless urgency. This head was six or seven times my size, but it seemed ridiculously small on the long transparent neck which stretched down into the colored mist, so that I could not tell whether it walked on legs or was in the shape of an enormous snake.

I knew it would be foolish to waste bullets on bone in an attempt at its brain, so I aimed at the converging bunch of nerves at the top of its neck. I was about to pull the trigger when the beast made its first lightning strike. Faster than any snake, it crashed its bony crest against the gallery some twelve yards to my left, and I thanked God for the cave as my passage ahead split away into the cavern below. As it swung its head back I fired,



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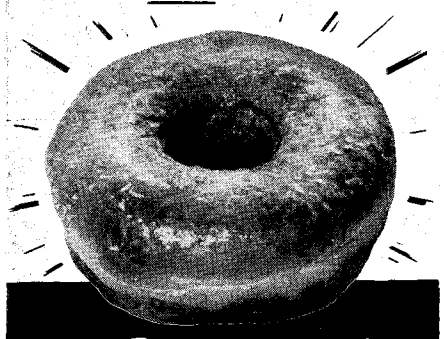

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but I knew I was wide of the mark. The thing screamed in pain and rage, and I saw one of its eyes shatter as though it were marble, and blood pumped down its beak. Again it crashed its head at the gallery, to the right of me, and this time the ledge before me as well crumbled away and thundered down into the mist.

Shocked into panic, I fired three times at the head as it swung back. Then what I hoped for happened: it paused uncertainly out there, groaning and hissing. I aimed and shot into the bunch of nerves, but I was trembling so much that I hit it wide of the center. The monster dropped suddenly from my sight, and I heard it scrambling and splashing its way back along the cavern floor. Then all was still again and I was alone in my cave, frightened and shaking and with no means of escape.

As I regained control of myself I made a startling discovery: I found there was fully a week's growth of hair on my face. So my dream was at least partially true and my sleep in this eerie place had been beyond all expectation. No doubt my boat would be gone from the inlet as the ledge was gone before me, and the people of Oomallunga would have given me up for lost, but as I still had some food and water left, I reflected ruefully that things might well have been worse. Then I experienced one of those strange moods of confidence which any man who has stood at the end of adversity will recognize: that anything that could possibly happen was bound to be an improvement. I counted my blessings. Firstly, I was still unharmed and I had wounded my adversary, and secondly, I knew something of the nature of the monster, and fear which is rooted in knowledge is never half so bad as that which rides wild on the back of ignorance. So I comforted myself with these thoughts, then I considered my next move.

A search of my cave produced nothing but bare, unbroken rock, so my first move was obvious: I would have to descend, if I could, to the cavern floor. Supposing I got there at my own pace, then there would be two courses open to me: either to meet and battle with the monster on its own ground or to try to make my escape back through the tunnel to the sea, against the current all the way. In this case, escape was just as dangerous as combat, for there would be no boat waiting for me if I did get to the surface, only a half-mile swim in whatever weather prevailed before I reached the shore. On the other hand, if I killed the monster I could then search for another exit at my leisure—the source of the air, for example.

I knew if I remained inactive too long fear would return and I would never go down at all, so I quickly tightened my gear about me and finished my food and drink; then I fixed the hook of my rope so that I could shake it down to me if I reached the floor, and still in that strange mood of confidence I began the descent.

It was easier than I expected. At thirty feet I found another gallery, so I made a fresh pitch with my rope and this time I felt it reach the floor. Also, I found that my long rest had given me extra resistance to the steamy fog, so that I reached the cavern floor still fresh and very satisfied with the progress I had made. I decided the best route to follow would be along the wall to the far end of the cavern, rather than the more direct path of the stream, for down there the heat and humidity were at their worst. So I set out and soon discovered that thoughts of the monster were put right out of my head by the dangers of the path I had taken to its lair.

The fall of rock caused by the destruction of the upper gallery had only added to a breaking up which had gone on for years, so I had to test every step I took, and several times an apparently solid surface crumbled to white dust under my weight and I had to struggle hard to avoid being smothered. At other times I had to traverse smooth wide shelves which were as slippery as ice, but I advanced at the cost of broken nails and many cuts and bruises, and though I made much more noise than I intended, at the end of two hours I judged I was half a mile nearer my quarry.

The rainbow mist was my greatest problem, because it made all obstacles seem much closer than they were, and it blurred outlines so that I frequently thought the monster was upon me and recoiled from nothing but oddly shaped boulders. Then suddenly the mist ceased, as though it had been sliced through with a knife, and I saw I was at the end of my journey.

Before me there was a lake of jet-black water which stretched for about three hundred yards to the end wall of the cavern. It was in the shape of a half circle with the wall as its diameter, and in the center of this wall was the ledge I sought. Raised like a huge smooth stage, its edges dropped a sheer fifteen feet into the water, and there, as I had been told I would find it, was the whole awful moving mass of the Oomallunga monster.

4

For a time I stood on the bare rock between mist and water, so overcome by the terrible task before me that I was incapable of constructive thought or action. Then I realized why the fog was rolled back off the lake: somewhere ahead was the source of air, and from it a breeze blew. It not only gave me sight again, but best of all, it kept my scent from going out across the water. My luck was surely in, for even at that distance I could see the nostrils of the beast straining and slapping against its beak in a vain effort to detect me. Also I could see that its lower body was like that of an enormous seal, except that its two flippers were more like webbed claws and its tail went on forever, and that it seemed to be trembling all over as its head swayed from side to side on the end of that hosepipe neck.

To shoot at it from where I stood was out of the question, for a shot that was not instantly fatal would give my position away; so my last move in this deadly game would have to be more perilous than any yet. I would have to swim the lake and take what chances came my way on the other side.

In complete silence I blew up both tires and rested them upon the water; then I strapped my gear to them, and holding my rifle above my head, I slid into the lake.

The water was warm about me as the minutes passed and I came closer and closer to the ledge. It was a long, tiring business, but gradually the ancient beast above me grew to fantastic proportions and I saw that it was desperately aware of approaching danger. Not for a single instant did I take my eyes from that moving head, for I knew that if its wounds permitted and if it caught either sound or smell of me, it would be off the ledge and on me in the water before I could raise a finger to save myself. So my progress was slow, only a deep movement of my feet propelled me, and breathlessly silent, but inch by inch I advanced, and still the great head swayed and the one eye rolled, and the searching nostrils slapped against the beak.

In a corner of my eye I saw that the ledge did not rise sheer, but along its length it overhung the water by about four yards, and that ahead of me at water level was a small, rocky outcrop, which, if I could reach it, would give me firm ground to stand on. It meant that the monster would be cut off from my view, but it is the way with all of us to lose sight of a great danger in the pursuit of some immediate goal, and so it was with me.

Soon I was stepping up my speed, eager to be out of the water; and maybe it was providence which led me to commit this folly—I do not know—but finally I made it, and hardly daring to breathe, I rolled onto dry rock and gave fervent thanks for being once more on my own element.

The next part of my adventure moved with incredible swiftness from the instant I stood upright on the rock with my rifle and spear in (*Continued on Page 68*)

"Try not to go at it as if I were the horn of plenty."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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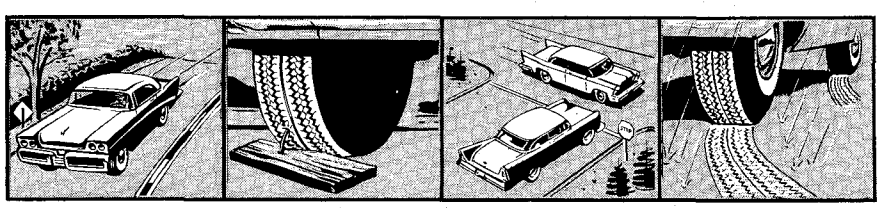

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(*Continued from Page 66*) my hands, to the proud moment when I was alone on the upper ledge.

I remember I had a plan of somehow climbing onto the ledge and shooting up into the beast's brain from underneath, and I was about to act on this when I saw the terrible mistake I had made; for as I stood there in the dry air the steam rose from my wet body and it was too late to halt the message that it carried. Then I heard the hissing increase in volume and felt the rocks around me tremble as the thing moved its great bulk toward the edge. About fifty yards to my left I saw its head swing down until the tip of its beak brushed against the water and its nostrils were slapping and its breath blew furrows in the inky surface. Then the sickening sight swung in, like a huge pendulum, until the underside of its lower jaw touched the rising wall. In this manner it came toward me, swinging and slapping and hissing, and all my confidence in being on my feet again and my pride at having come so far left me, and I gazed in the paralysis of terror at the approaching end of everything.

I tried to raise my rifle and my arms would not answer; instead I felt it slip from my fingers and afar off I heard it clatter on the rock beneath me and splash into the water. My eyes were held staring by its one sightless eye, which revolved about me and did not see me, and still the thing came on. Then it was upon me, swinging out in an agony of hours, and I knew that there was no hope, that I would first be crushed against the wall, and beyond that I dared not think.

I saw it start toward me and suddenly my limbs were freed and I moved. For an instant I felt blank surprise that my rough-made spear was still in my hands; then I stood straight up with my back pressed against the wall, and I closed my eyes and held this knife bound to a broomstick out before me.

We touched, the Oomallunga monster and I, and for an eternal second I felt the cold, rough softness of the skin flap under its lower jaw before the whole cavern pealed to its agonized scream and my spear was torn out of my hands. The beast rose slowly, writhing and turning in the air in a great leap from the ledge, and I had one sight of my broom handle quivering from its neck and the knife set firm in the bleeding nerve center, before its whole bulk plunged deep down into the lake. I saw a huge wave rolling at me; then I was lifted from my rock with all the breath knocked out of me. I remember striking my head on the overhanging ledge; then burning blackness filled me.

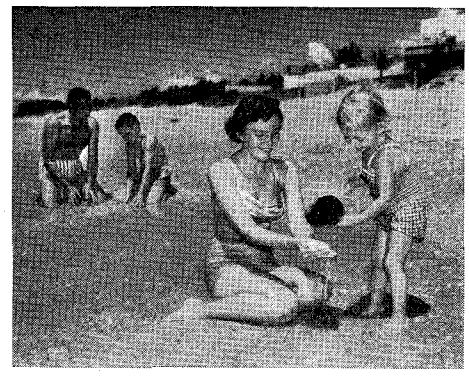
I must have been unconscious for some hours, for when I awoke my clothes were bone-dry. I looked about, hardly believing my luck, for I was on the ledge itself, and around me, as though they were the remains of a wreck washed on the shore, were my two tires and all my gear. My head ached and there was a roaring in my ears which I thought at first came from within me; then I looked out over the jet-black water and saw a sight which I shall never forget; for the water began to foam and bubble, then it heaved and its surface split open and the great beast was drawn up out of it, still writhing and turning and vainly trying to shake from its neck the dart that was its death. Again it plunged into the depths and the water rose over the ledge, but it did not reach me.

So, for hour after hour, I crouched there unmoving, and watched it fight its lonely battle out over the inky water. Each successive leap was lower than the last, and each time the dive was deeper and the wait longer; and in my heart I was sorry for what I had done and yearned to bring the poor thing back to the ledge and take my unworthy weapon from its neck, but I could do nothing. So I exulted in every leap and tensed through the time of every dive, until I knew the end was near. Then, after the longest dive of all, I saw the black lake move again and I knew I would soon be alone.

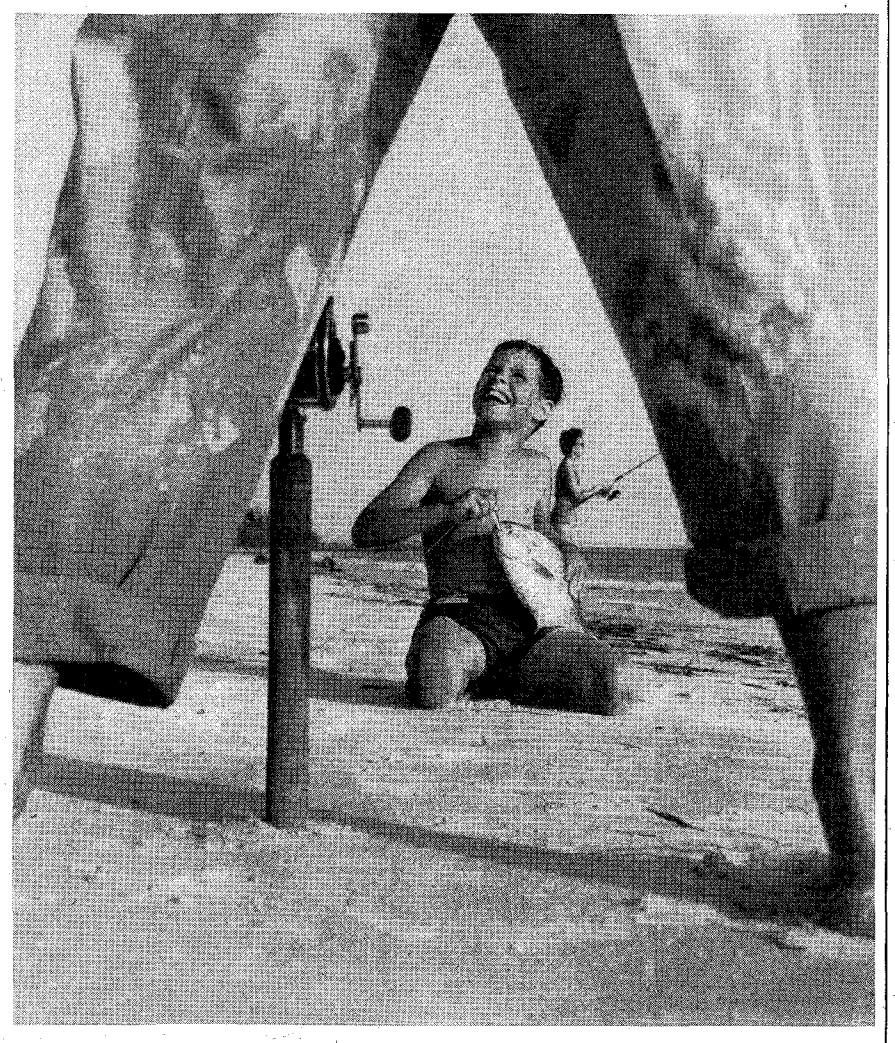
The water surged and foamed aside, and I saw such a sight that the dragging weight of sorrow lifted from me and I stood on the ledge and cheered, for the creature came with mighty power, and its last leap was higher and straighter than any before. Nor did it twist in the air, but turned slowly over at the peak of its climb and seemed to hang suspended near the very roof of the cavern, as though it would look for the last time at its ancient home; then with noble ease it curved its swanlike neck and dived straight and true into the bottomless lake. And as I watched it spear down through the inky water, so clean that it left scarcely a ripple on the surface, I knew in some unfathomable way that the Oomallunga monster had won its fight with death.

I found the treasure where the grandfathers of Oomallunga had said it would be; a great quantity of jewels and precious metals beyond counting and beyond price, and I did not question then, as I do not question now, either how or why it came to be there. That it was there for the taking was sufficient, and I had no doubts but that I deserved it, so I packed the cream of all I found into my large canvas bag and strapped this with my other things to the two tires. Then I made a brief exploration of the ledge.

Two things I found there are worthy of mention, but one of them, because I de-



Indian River region beaches have uncrowded breadth and a gentle slope that make them safe for family fun. This group hunts in the wet sands for coquina, a small clam-like delicacy that makes delicious broth.



Surf casting along these Indian River region beaches is a favorite sport. Tasty pompano like the one being unhooked by this proud young salt are frequently caught as are bluefish, mackerel, trout and snapper.

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light in a mystery, I shall forget to tell you until the end of my story. The other was a pitiful collection of human bones which I judged to be the remains of three men, and over them I spent some time in sorrow and prayer before giving thanks that I had not added to their number. Then I gave them Christian burial, and with a last look at my most exciting find and the great pile of treasure still remaining, I entered the water and began the journey back.

My return to the point where I could climb again to the lower gallery was difficult but uneventful, and with the need for caution gone, I made excellent speed. I hauled myself up to it, then set out, hoping to prove a theory I had regarding the ventilation of the cavern; for I reasoned that both upper and lower galleries had been formed over the years by the passage of air over the rocky walls. This meant that they should converge at the source of the air, and it was there I hoped to find a way back to the sun.

And so it proved to be, but for my purpose here I prefer to gloss over the awful perils I encountered after I found it. How I climbed for endless hours in a treacherous, damp, dark shaft; scaling impossible heights and bridging depths where echoed the murmur of the world, before I saw a light in the distance and knew that rest was near. And how exhaustion claimed me with the end in sight, and I slept bound to an outcrop of rock with the whole shaft beneath me; only to be wakened by huge rats which had almost gnawed through the rope—these things are a story in themselves.

I need only say that eventually I stood on dry ground under a burning blue sky; then I left a hole inside a hill so cunningly concealed by nature that I doubt if even I could find it again, and took my bearings for the way back to Oomallunga.

5

I did not return immediately to the inlet, but first spent some weeks in another town where I was not known, and where no questions were asked about my scarcely human appearance. There I exchanged some of my small gold pieces and bought new clothes and much good food and drink, which set me up as a man again. I rested and regained my strength, and finally, with my heart filled with gratitude for the good men of Oomallunga who had so generously given me their secret, I set out to repay them for their kindness.

I arrived in their town on a Saturday afternoon, when I knew that all the men of the place would be drinking in the pub and hanging on the phone for the race results. In the old days I had been one of them, drinking and laughing and sketching and betting and solving all the world's problems in the diplomacy of beer, but this time it was different. I stood outside the bar and could not enter, for a great fear had come upon me—a fear of the fact that these were proud, independent men who would spurn the gifts I brought them; a fear of the change in me. No longer was I one for them to laugh at and pat on the back and repay a drawing with a pint of bitter; for now I was rich beyond all their dreams, and my gratitude would be condescension and my gifts an insult to their pride. So I stood there, trembling, listening to their noisy laughter and their harsh voices and the clink of glasses, and I smelled the hot, sweaty smell of their drinking before I steadied my courage and pushed through the door.

Slowly everything stopped. Silence. Heads turned toward me. Eyes—frightened eyes stared at me. I shook off the silence and laughed for them. I walked toward them and they backed away. I banged money on the bar and shouted that the drinks were on me, and some of them blinked and shuffled, and they looked at one another and I felt the tension move.

"Drinks on me!" I shouted again. "As much as you want and more, for I've killed your Oomallunga monster!"

... ...

In Answer to Your Question, Son . . .

Your belly button, little man,
Is what holds on your coat of tan.

Tom Congdon

... ...

Over and over I repeated it, and as the drinks lined up along the bar, I saw fear give way to disbelief, and that to uncertainty, and finally someone began to laugh, and it grew into a flood which roared at me from every side. I could not be heard above the din, though I shouted and stamped my feet and banged on the bar for silence; still they laughed. They pointed at me and slapped their thighs and held one another for support, and only paused to drink the beer I bought; then suddenly my ears were opened and I heard their laughter for what it was, and always had been. I looked deep into their red faces and saw something more terrible than any beast which lives beneath the sea, for on the lips of these men there was mockery and in their eyes contempt. Something precious died within me and the world fell from under my feet.

The man with sandy whiskers wiped tears from his eyes and asked me what I took them for, and were they all fools like me to let me turn the joke back on themselves.

I heard his words as though they were another dream and I was back in the eerie cavern; how there never was an Oomallunga monster, and never would be; how it was all a huge joke of their grandfathers to send the unwanted stranger on his way to look for treasure and a one-legged bird, and bets were laid as to whether he would take the bait or not; and how they had done the same and rid themselves of many a one who had overstayed his welcome, though none had ever staged a more dramatic exit than mine. To swim out of the inlet and leave the boat with its rope and rubber tube was a great touch, he said, but to come back dressed like a millionaire and try to play the game out was the best of all. Then the man with the harelip pointed at me and said I looked so sick and silly it made him cry, and they all roared again, beside themselves with laughter.

I shrank away from them within myself, and turned from them and buried my head in my arms, and rode out my private storm of sorrow. As though visible emotion was a great marvel, they stilled their jeers before it and I heard them move uneasily behind me.

I could not believe my ears. These "benefactors" of mine were wrong about something bigger than a mountain, and I had the proof in my pocket. Somewhere along the line a cynic had lived amongst them dry enough to shrink a wonder to a jest, and they had believed him. Wild thoughts—these and others—spun in my brain; then (*Continued on Page 71*)

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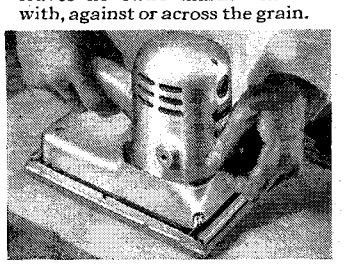

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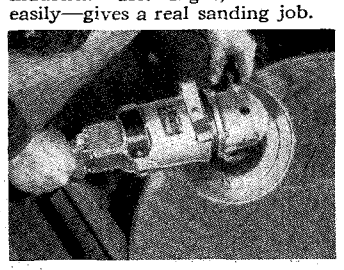

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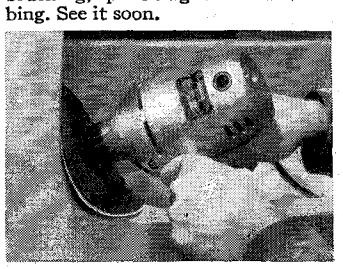

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The lassies with the brooms sweep in to make this the country's Curling capital . . .

Wausau Story

by **ELMER W. FREYTAG**
Chicago, Illinois
Director, United States Curling Association

"Armed with their brooms, 128 bonnie members of the United States Women's Curling Association gathered at the Wausau Curling Club for the 11th annual national title bonspiel. I was there to watch this tournament. I never miss a chance to watch—or play—a curling match.

"Let me add, I never miss a chance to visit Wausau either. I like to be there. The curling's fine. The curlers are great. And, as this women's bonspiel proved again . . . though titles may fall, the game's cherished traditions of fairness and friendliness are always upheld.

"If you know Wausau, you know this spirit is part of the city itself. I've been sure of this ever since I accompanied 20 curlers from Scotland on a tour of midwest clubs several years ago. Officially in Wausau, we were guests of the Curling Club . . . but as far as hospitality was concerned, everybody we met in Wausau was our host. While we traveled, we were covered by an Employers Mutuals' insurance policy. With this first-hand knowledge of how Wausau lives, plays and works, I can well understand why Employers Mutuals are known near and far as 'Good people to do business with'."

Sweepers smooth the way when the stone (a 41½ pound block of polished Scottish granite) is sent curling down the sheet of ice toward the "house" (the target circles). This ancient Scottish game becomes more popular in the United States every season. Besides men's and women's clubs in Wausau, there's an active group of high school curlers.

Table-top curling, in the colorful and comfortable lounge of the Wausau Curling Club, gives Mr. Freytag a chance to replay a game with members from several bonspiel rinks. Twenty clubs throughout the United States were represented at this Wausau tournament.

All curlers have a devotion to the game . . . but Mr. Freytag's devotion has been especially recognized. He received curling's first "Award of Merit" for his work and interest in the country's most active and distinguished curling organizations. We thank you, Mr. Freytag, for your appraisal of our curling, our city, and our company.

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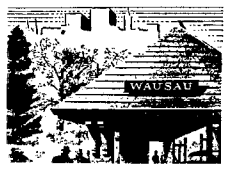

"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 69*) slowly stilled before a vision of human bones on a ledge in a cavern far beneath the sea. And I felt my sorrow melt in burning anger, which turned me round again and pressed against my eyes and shook my voice with feeling.

"Murderers!" I screamed. "You killed three men! Three strangers the same as me you sent beneath the water, and when they left your evil disbelief, they found that what was false was true!"

The men of Oomallunga fell back before me. I continued in a whisper, and none of them dared disturb me, "There was a cavern, and I reached it; a noble monster, and I killed it; treasure, and I found it; and I returned to find friends, but I have not found them; only liars in a house of lies."

They watched me, scarcely daring to breathe, as I brought from my pocket a leather bag and tipped its gleaming contents into my left hand. I selected the smallest gold piece that was there and held it up in the sunlight so that it smiled foolishly at them. I saw their eyes possess it and felt their gaze, soaked with greed, tighten at my finger tips; and again I spoke softly:

"I came back to you bearing a rich reward, but now you shall not have it—except this one piece, the least valuable of all, to prove to you I have not lied."

I dropped it in the slops and dirt on the floor and they made to move, then stopped. Slowly I poured the sparkling stones and other precious things back into the leather bag and drew the string tight about its neck; then I walked to the door and paused inside it.

"With what is here," I said, "I will raise a monument to this town, a caution to every stranger who comes along the road to Oomallunga. The price of your disbelief."

And as the door closed behind me and I hurried away from that place, I heard them falling like hungry dogs upon the gold and fighting for its possession.

I bought land beside the road at the head of the cliffs, and on it I erected a statue of a man draped in sea ferns and standing over the dead body of a strange sea beast. And his outstretched arm pointed back down the road and away from the town, and I inscribed it To the Memory of Three Strangers. Then, after all this was done, I went forever from the men and the town and the waters of the Oomallunga Inlet.

6

One thing remains to tell before I end this story, for I saw many wondrous sights in my great adventure, and the passing years have hung them in my memory like pictures sleeping, except this one, which breathes and moves and challenges me still. Alone I fought an ancient monster and won a mighty prize, but it is not that. And still I see its awful head rising from the rainbow mist, and the steamy, glowing cavern and the terraced river and the jet-black lake, and the ledge and the human bones, and the huge beast in its last sad dive; but it is none of these things. It is that other discovery I made when I explored the ledge; for in a deep hole scraped out of the rock and lined with warm seaweed and sand, and three times as big as myself, I found an egg.

Let those who are brave for fortune find it as they may, but if there be any who would tread the path I trod, I caution them to remember one thing: that it is fifty years ago today since all this happened.

Comanche Captives (Continued from Page 50)

"How the devil did you get here in the first place?"

"A stage was attacked," she said. "I was going to join my father at Fort Elliott."

"That's my post!"

"I'm an Army brat. My father was Captain Tremain. Is he well?"

For a moment Gary couldn't place the man, but then he remembered the talk; it had all happened before his assignment at Fort Elliott. "I don't have time to put sugar on it," he said. "He's dead."

She did not cry or betray emotion. "I'm glad. I wouldn't want him to know me now. How did he die?"

"He took his own life."

She nodded. "I thought it was like that."

"Janice, do you want out of here?" he asked.

"It's all I've thought of, but I'm not sure. I have no children; that way I'm lucky. But life hasn't been easy for me here. They've worked me hard."

"Let me take you back," Gary said. "You must have relatives."

"An uncle," she said. "Senator Tremain." She touched his arm. "I've been gone too long now. Stone Calf will come looking for me. I'll meet you here tomorrow night."

"I may be gone by then," he said. "Janice, let me take you back."

"Let me think about it. This is so quick, meeting you, finding hope again. Tomorrow night? Here?"

"All right," he said.

She waded ashore then, and he waited until she was dressed and gone before leaving the stream.

"I think it's time we raised some children of our own—just to get even!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He returned to the main camp and McCabe's fire. The Texan was rolled in his blankets, but he turned around as Gary sat down. McCabe saw the dampness on Gary's clothing.

"Been having some fun in the creek?" McCabe sat up.

"I met a white woman. Been here five years. Guthrie, I'm going to get her away from here."

"Wait a minute," McCabe said. He looked around to see if anyone was within earshot. "This wouldn't be Stone Calf's wife, would it?"

"She's Janice Tremain," Gary said. "A white woman.

"Yeah, yeah, and Stone Calf is Iron Hand's brother too." He settled back and pulled the blanket around him. "You leave her alone, Jim. I don't want half the Comanche nation down on my neck."

"You knew she was here?" He was incredulous.

"Sure. There's a hands-off sign on her. Make sure you read it right."

"That won't stop me."

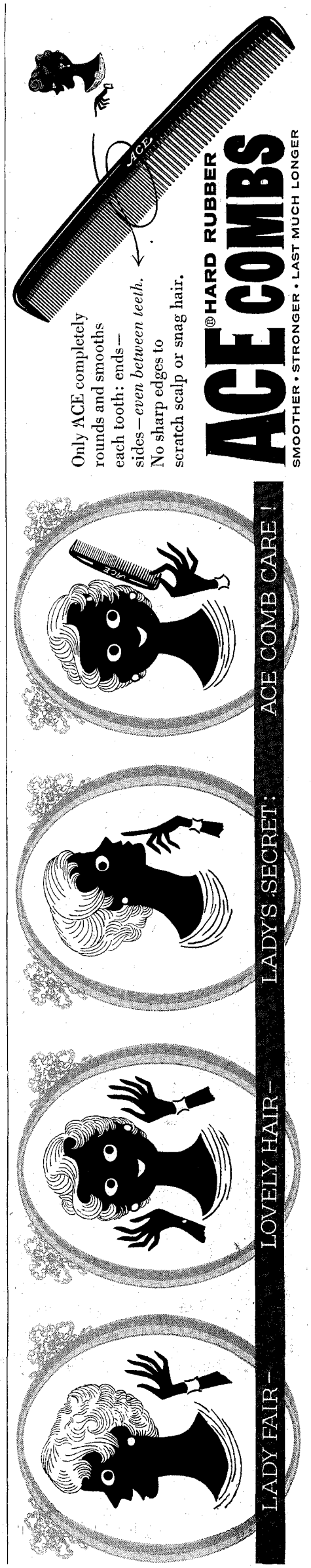
"No? Then I will," McCabe said. "Hang it, Jim, I want to go on living." He made a few tucks on the blanket. "Now shut up so I can sleep."

There was a lot he wanted to say, even an anger to express, an anger at the sudden knowledge that politics invaded so basic an act as freeing a white-woman prisoner. An Army brat at that. Gary felt almost honor bound to rescue her.

McCabe, he knew, regarded him as a wide-eyed innocent that no amount of experience would temper, and Gary supposed the Texan was right in this judgment. Yet he felt no shame because he was this way; he did not consider it an unforgivable character flaw.

The horses were produced the next evening, along with Iron Hand's long-winded account of how they were borrowed by mistake and how much he had to give to get them back. Both McCabe and Jim Gary listened to this; it was all part of the game a man played when he dealt with Indians.

Talk of trade began, and Iron Hand set his price high, often reminding both McCabe and Gary that horses were most valuable with a cruel winter coming on.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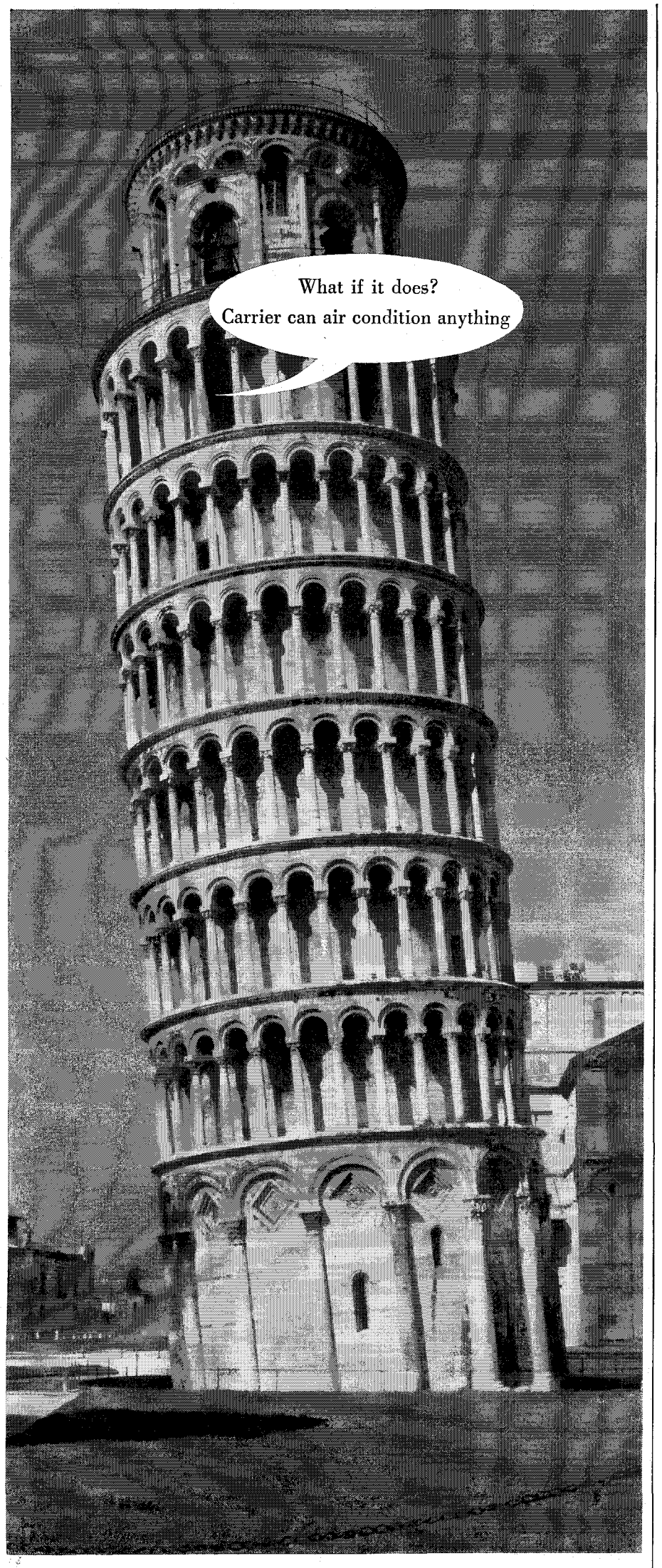

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McCabe played his game, trying to lower Iron Hand's price while Iron Hand held it as high as he could.

Gary wondered how long this would go on; already they had talked for two hours. Then McCabe pulled the switch—suddenly, without warning. He offered to trade all the goods Iron Hand asked for the horses for the yellow-haired boy.

This called for a conference; the Indians drew to one side, and McCabe put a match to a cigar.

"We'll get the boy," he said softly.

"You sure?"

"Yes. Iron Hand will kick up a fuss, but he'll see it our way." McCabe rubbed his jaw. "Now to figure out how to get him back. These are the only folks he remembers. Probably have to tie him to the pack horse."

"I'll put our gear together," Gary said and left the fire. He rolled their blankets and stacked them near the fire, and then went to the picket line on the pretense of looking at the horses. After wandering about for a moment, enough so that the guard no longer paid any attention to him, Gary ducked away and ran for the grove of trees near the creek.

He stood around for a few minutes, listened to several couples already in the water, then slowly walked upstream to the spot where he had met Janice Tremain the night before. He heard someone splash water in the creek and took a chance. Undressing quickly, he went into the water and found her at midstream.

"I thought you hadn't showed up," he said.

"Running Wolf brought the horses back," she said. "When will you leave?"

"Very soon. Will you come?"

"I'm afraid now—but not for myself."

"You must come, Janice. I'll see that we cross the creek farther up. Be waiting." He took her arm and shook her. "Janice, it's now or never. There is no other way out."

"All right." He started to leave; time was pressing him like a hand at his back. She touched him and he turned. "What will I do? It's been five years."

"Let me take care of it," he said. He knew what she meant—how she could explain five years and yet remain socially acceptable. Rashly he said, "Janice, let me take care of everything. Do you understand? Everything."

"Can you?"

"Yes, I know I can."

He left her then, dressed and returned to McCabe's fire; the Texan was ready to leave. The boy was bound and mounted, firmly tied to the pack horse. McCabe saw the dampness of Gary's clothes and only frowned.

"Let's go," he said, stepping into the saddle. He was a bit awkward with the reins, being able to use only one hand, and Gary knew that it pained him badly.

"I'll lead," Gary said, tying the lead rope to his own saddle horn so that the boy rode between himself and McCabe. Iron Hand raised his hand in a token of peace, all the while silently congratulating himself on the slick horse deal he had made.

Gary made certain their exit was casual, but he glanced back often to observe the boy, who sat stone-faced, only his eyes alight with hatred.

McCabe said nothing until Gary turned and started to cut across the creek close to the cottonwoods.

"Hey, that's the wrong way!"

"Shut up." Gary said.

He edged his horse closer. Suddenly Janice Tremain ran from the woods and came up to him; he took her hand, and she put her foot in the stirrup, mounting behind him.

McCabe swore softly, then said, "You did it now, you damned do-gooder! We'll be dead by sunrise."

Once away from the camp, Jim Gary increased his pace in order to put as much distance between himself and Stone Calf as he could; he knew that an hour might be all he could gain; he dared not hope for more. He rode double and was slowed by the boy, who already fought his bonds, and McCabe was riding humped in the saddle, his hand paining him. Stone Calf would have very little trouble making up that hour.

They had to stop or kill the horses, and Jim Gary hated the thought of either. He dismounted and helped Janice Tremain down. A glance at the sky assured him that dawn was yet some time away. Then he looked at McCabe and found him standing near the boy, who remained tied to the horse. Gary sat down beside Janice Tremain. "How much time have we got? The truth now."

"Before Stone Calf misses me?" She shrugged. "I would say that he's left the village."

"Will pride make him come alone?"

Janice frowned. "He might, but he has three young sons. They might come with

---

An optimistic wife is one who makes tartare sauce whenever her husband goes fishing.

HAL CHADWICK

---

him." She looked at Guthrie McCabe. "Who is he?"

"McCabe. Haven't you seen him before?"

She shook her head, and he opened his mouth to tell her about the man, but decided to let her judge for herself.

He got up and moved over to McCabe. "Stone Calf is probably behind us. Got any ideas?"

"Leave her here," McCabe said. He fumbled in his pocket for a cigar, found one and put a match to it. "She's got no business with us, Jim."

"She's white. And she's Army."

"That may be enough for you, but not me." He shifted his injured hand, trying to find a more comfortable way to carry it.

"That beginning to bother you?"

"I can live with it." He looked at the boy, who sat silently, his attention seemingly somewhere else. "I think he understands what we're saying."

"So?"

"So that makes him doubly dangerous." He rolled the cigar to one corner of his mouth. "Jim, when we started, I told you I wouldn't stick around and pull you out of any holes you got into. You going to give the woman up?"

"No," Gary said.

"Damn, but you're stubborn." He shrugged. "All right. I'll say good-by now, and likely I won't see you back in camp."

"Are you running out on me?"

"Depends on the point of view. Me, I'm leaving because it's a good way to stay alive. Still, I wouldn't set you up for Stone Calf. You take my horse. I'll go on, riding double with the boy."

"Thanks for nothing," Jim Gary said.

McCabe stared at Gary. Then he clamped his cigar firmly between his teeth and swung up behind the boy, reaching around him for the reins. "I'll travel fast and straight, Jim. You'd better take the roundabout way. There's some badlands about twenty miles from here. Good for holing up during the daytime."

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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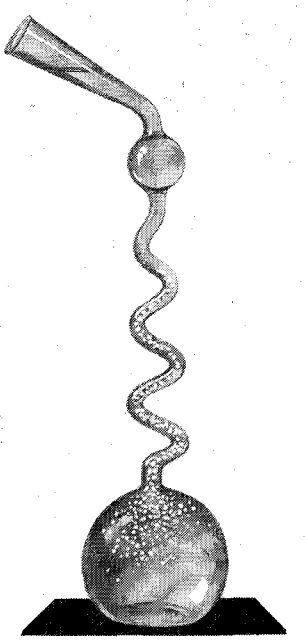

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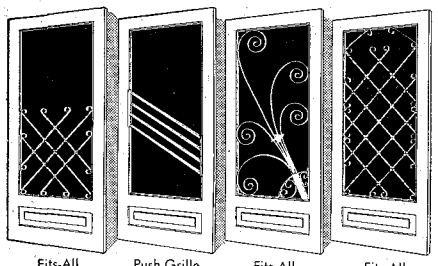
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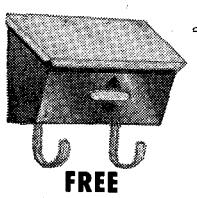
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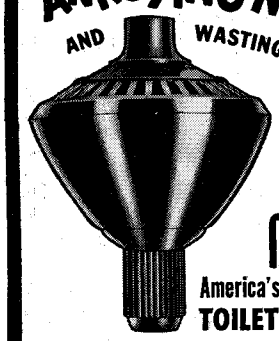

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(*Continued from Page 72*) In spite of himself, Gary said, "I'll give you my rifle. You'll need a gun."

McCabe shook his head. "Stone Calf will be after you, not me."

He drove his heels into the horse's flanks and rode out, the hoofs clattering as he drove down the draw. Then the sounds faded until Jim Gary could hear nothing, and he was filled with an immense sense of loneliness.

Janice Tremain came over. "He's leaving us?"

"Yes," Gary said. He took her arm and led her to McCabe's horse, boosting her into the saddle. "We've stayed here too long. McCabe was right about that."

He led the way, and she followed him closely, but they did not speak; he was inclined to silence and she was observant enough to see that, and respect it. Perhaps she was also observant enough to sense his misgivings; his decision to rescue her had been spontaneous, possibly regrettable. Yet he was also the kind who finished what he started; he seemed terribly determined not to make mistakes.

He could even envy McCabe for his lack of conscience, the selfishness that permitted him to do what was best for himself and never think of others.

From behind him, Janice Tremain said, "It's not too late for me to turn back." After she said it, she regretted it, for it put him in an impossible position, even if he wanted her to turn back.

"Be daylight in five hours," he said. "We'll be in the badlands by then."

Somewhere off his left flank, McCabe would be pushing through the night with the boy; Gary wondered how much Wringle had promised to pay McCabe for the safe delivery.

The first rinse of dawn found them in a barren waste of jumbled rock and gorges. This was a breathless, lifeless, forgotten land. They hid the horses and stretched out to rest, but there was no lasting shade. As the sun climbed, the cool shadows disappeared and a molten heat lay trapped, and a man's breathing became a chore. Gary tried to sleep; he was bone-weary and his eyes burned and the unshaved stubble on his face itched, but he could not rest.

Janice Tremain unlaced the front of her dress to the waist and let it hang loosely, trying to keep reasonably cool. Gary glanced at her once, then studiously avoided looking at her again. He did not want to think of her as immodest; he supposed five years as the common wife of a Comanche had caused her to forget for a moment that she was a proper lady, an officer's daughter.

"Who commands Fort Elliott?" she asked.

"Colonel Frazer. He's up for retirement soon."

"I don't know him. What will I say when I go back?"

"Tell them you're glad to be back and let it go at that," Gary said.

"Yes, a man could say that, but not a woman." She tried to do something with her hair, to brush it with her fingers, but it was long and ungroomed and unmanageable. Her complexion was dark from exposure to the sun, and her fingernails were cracked from difficult work. Her dress was thin buckskin, all she had to her name; she lifted the hem of it, looked at it with disdain, then let it drop as though she did not want to think about it any longer. "I was engaged," she said softly. "He was a junior officer at Fort Elliott. Lieutenant Culver. Perhaps you know him."

"Hardy Culver? He was transferred to Fort Yuma three years ago." He turned and looked at her. "His wife went with him. She was going to have a baby."

His desire was only to tell her the truth, so that she would not show disappointment before anyone, yet his words hurt her deeply.

"If you're going to say you're sorry, then don't," she said. "What did I expect, anyway?"

"A world that hasn't fallen apart."

She turned her head slowly, and he saw tears in her eyes. "Yes, that's exactly what I expected. And why isn't it that way?" Her voice rose in volume, in anger. "Why is it that it's all happened to me while everyone else goes off scot-free? Am I being punished for something I don't know I've done?"

Along the pathway of Jim Gary's life there were strings of hurt birds, homeless, small animals, all lovingly nursed, and it was natural for him to put his arms around her and hold her against him while she cried over the unspeakable injustices of living. He understood her fears, for they were real. Somehow the world was always too busy to offer sympathy; she would find very little of it at Fort Elliott. Sure, they would have a dinner in her honor, and everyone would be polite to her, but that would wear off and they would soon be wondering how many lodges she had shared, and in time the commanding officer would politely question her presence on the post.

"I have two sisters," he said softly. "You could go back East for a while and live with them. They'd love to have you." When she did not answer him immediately he thought she hadn't heard him; then she disengaged herself from his arms and wiped her eyes.

"Strange, but I thought there were no more tears." She did not look directly at him when she spoke. "I couldn't impose on them, Jim. Sooner or later I'll have to stand by myself, so we'll make it sooner." Perspiration ran down her cheeks and stood out in small globules on her upper lip. "I think that's what frightens me most—the fear that I won't be able to stand by myself and look anyone in the eye who asks me what it was like to be a female prisoner. Jim, if I falter just once, I'm through. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes," he said. "I know exactly."

"You know then how it'll be with me," she said. "If—if you could be by me, Jim, just at first, I know I'd be all right." This was only a hope on her part, a hope she knew was faint, for he had his duty and that came first. "I'm sorry. I've asked too much of you already."

"We'll work it out," he said and got up, climbing high in the rocks to view the back trail. The sun smashed down, raising rippled heat. He turned his head and spoke to her. "McCabe has a pair of field glasses in his saddlebag. Would you bring them up here?"

She found them and climbed to where he lay, stretching out prone beside him. He took the glasses, adjusted them and spent many minutes carefully scanning the distant flats.

"Nothing," he said, genuinely puzzled. "I don't understand this. From here I can see ten or twelve miles. Stone Calf ought to be out there somewhere."

"Could it be that he didn't leave camp?"

"No, no," Gary said. "We've got to figure the worst and prepare for it. And I keep thinking of McCabe, who knows Comanches very well, and he was worried about Stone Calf. No, he's out there all right, and I'd give six months' pay to know just where."

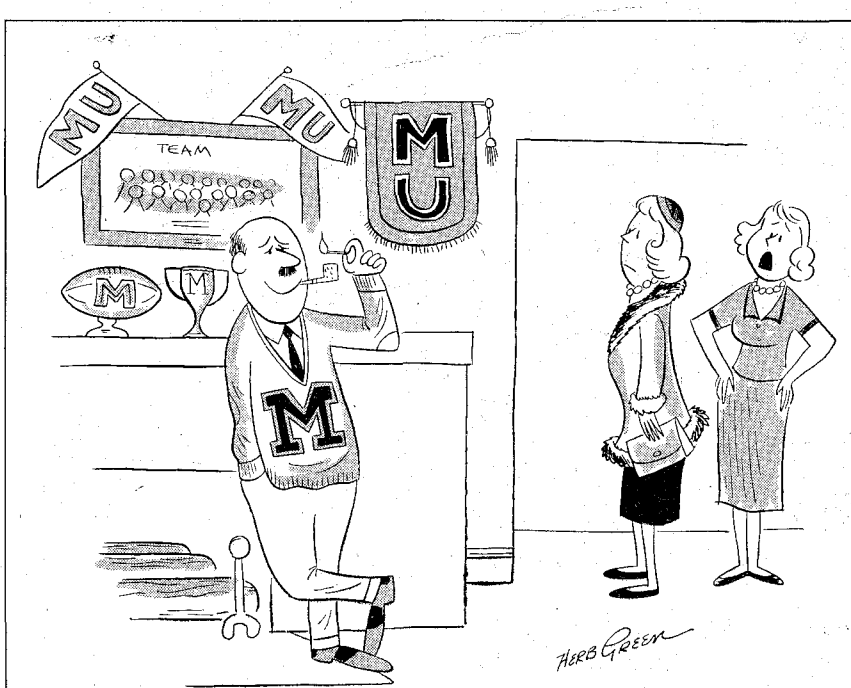
By midafternoon the heat in the rocky pocket became so oppressive that Gary put aside his caution and decided to leave, hoping that sunset would catch them on the edge of the flats.

They walked down to the lower levels, leading the horses, and Janice Tremain did not speak; Gary was not sure whether it was the heat and weariness that made her withdrawn, or her thoughts of going back to civilization.

Gary was careful, working his way down to the flats, and he took his time, trying to think ahead in the event he was walking into an ambush. Having left the highest ground, he had no vantage point from which to survey the terrain and spot his enemy; he could only blunder on now, pitting his intelligence against the hunt craft of the Comanche.

By his judgment he had another hour among the rocks, another hour of soft footing along with the nettle sting of fear sweat on his face. He could not make up his mind where safety lay—in a quick dash across the flats or waiting for darkness then taking a roundabout route. Either way he would leave sign that Stone Calf could follow. Either way, the Indian stood a good chance of catching him and killing him.

"We'll go straight north," Gary said, his decision made. "By my reckoning, the Fort Elliott patrol will be out there somewhere. I'd rather look forward to them for help (*Continued on Page 76*)



"It's such a shame he flunked out in the middle of his freshman year."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 74*) than the civilians in the Sand Creek camp." He uncorked the canteen and offered it to Janice first, pulling it away when she tried to drink too much. "That water has to last another fifty miles. A swig three times a day, that's all we can afford."

"Are we going to wait for darkness here?"

"We'll wait a while longer. You need the rest."

"He didn't come for me," she said softly. "I don't know whether I'm happy or insulted." She wiped her hand across her face, leaving streaks in the dirt and sweat. "Don't look like that, Jim. I've shared his blanket for five years. Do you want me to feel nothing?"

"I don't know what I want," he said. "We'd better go."

When he stepped near her, she took his arm, turning him to face her. "Let's be honest, Jim. The thought of me with an Indian fills you with fury, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "Janice, you were born for a white man!" He realized how stupid that sounded, yet he had spoken his true feelings, revealed to himself another facet of his personality that he had only before suspected. He stood there, shaking his head back and forth. "I guess it all boils down to the fact that I'm white and I'm better."

"Are you, Jim?" She asked the question because she wanted him to find the answer for himself, not to give it to her. "You're right. We'd better go."

"I want to do the right thing," he said.

She smiled at him, then said, "Jim, don't we all?"

He put her on the horse, then turned to his own as a rock skip-clattered down the side of a nearby rise. Gary whipped his head around and caught a glimpse of doom; Stone Calf had his rifle leveled and Gary reacted, flinging himself down, letting the bullet smash into the neck of his horse. The animal screamed and went down, then Stone Calf discarded his single-shot rifle and bounded off the ledge, knife flashing, his throat filled with war cry.

Gary had enough time to regain his feet and meet him, hand grabbing for the wrist, fending off the knife. Even then it bit slightly into the flesh of his shoulder, driving him to renewed strength.

The two men stamped about, feet drumming the dust, trying to lock legs, trip each other. They fought breast to breast, cheek to jowl, sweat and spit and hate blending; then they fell and rolled, arms and legs beating the barren ground.

Gary did not know when he turned the knife or how he did it; he only felt it bite deep and he threw his weight on the bent wrist and drove it deeper. Stone Calf cried out then fell back, and Gary got unsteadily to his feet.

Janice Tremain vaulted off the horse; she rushed to Stone Calf and lifted his head. He was dying, and the knowledge was in his eyes, and his last strength was spent when he lifted his hand and brushed her cheek.

"Stone Calf—comes alone," he said. Then his head rolled and his eyes assumed a vacancy, and she slowly let him down until his hair mingled with the dust.

"He kept me alive because he favored me," Janice said softly. "What can I do for him now?"

"Forget him," Gary said. "The past is truly dead now."

"Yes," Janice said.

Then she knelt by his head and began to chant the Comanche death song, and she rocked back and forth and threw dust in her hair while Jim Gary watched with mounting horror.

"Stop that!" he shouted.

If she heard him she gave no sign, and he moved toward her. "In the name of God, I tell you to stop!" He pushed her, then struck her heavily in the face with the back of his hand. She fell and looked at him, and he saw that she was crying, and this enraged him completely. "I wish I'd never brought you away if you loved him so much!" He whirled away and mounted her horse. He cooled his anger and forced himself to speak civilly. "Get mounted, Janice."

"Why?" she said, rising. "Why should you take me back, feeling as you do? Because I'm white and you think each kind should be with his own?"

"Something like that," Gary said. "I don't think trying to explain it will help anything. Not now."

"No. We'll never understand each other."

She pulled herself behind him into the saddle and rode with him into the growing darkness, never once looking back at Stone Calf.

Three hours after Guthrie McCabe parted company with Jim Gary and Janice Tremain he stopped and told the boy to dismount. Leaving him tied hand and foot, McCabe built a very small fire and cooked a meal. The firelight flickered in the boy's eyes, and he watched McCabe carefully, noticing the injured hand, measuring the Texan as though figuring out the odds of escape.

McCabe was aware of this scrutiny and spoke in Comanche. "You might as well forget it. I'm two jumps ahead of you."

"You are without weapons," the boy said. "And your hand is in pain."

"A kid like you I can handle with one hand," McCabe said. He picked up a stick of wood. "Try anything and I'll break this over your head."

"Your heart can be cold. But it can be warm, and that is weak." He smiled. "You were kind to the other white man, but it will do no good. Stone Calf will follow the horse carrying double for but a short way, then know that you have tricked him. He will know that I would not be taken into the badlands."

McCabe's manner was one of respect. "Smart kid, you are. All right, but I bought Gary and the woman some time. It was the best I can do."

"I have seen you many times in the camp. You are friend to no man."

"Why should I be?" He offered the boy something to eat, feeding him with his fingers rather than untie him. McCabe's hand was nearly useless and the slightest movement caused him intense pain. The boy was a man by Comanche reckoning, and because of this, McCabe respected the danger he represented. And the boy saw more than he let on too. Probably he had it all figured out, the why of it and everything, about splitting up with Gary and the Tremain woman. Gary was such a sporting ass, full of gallant nonsense, and McCabe knew that he would never have agreed to split and let McCabe draw Stone Calf away, even for an hour or two. Gary would start a spiel about McCabe being hurt and all that nonsense, and McCabe didn't want to listen to it.

The boy spoke, breaking into McCabe's thoughts. "Why must I leave my home, my family, to be bound this way, a prisoner?"

"I'm taking you back to your mother and father," McCabe said. "Your real parents."

"My real parents are in Iron Hand's village."

"These are real decent people who've come a long way to get you back. They cried over you."

"Others will grieve for me. But why do I speak of this? They cannot hold me. I will run away."

"Maybe," McCabe said. He got up. "Get on the horse. We're getting out of here."

"And let Stone Calf see the fire?"

"Something like that."

The boy laughed. "Stone Calf is a man of many summers, very wise. He will find the woman and take her from the white man and leave his bones to bleach in the sun."

"That could be," McCabe said. "We'll see."

He tied the boy to the horse, making hard work of it with one hand, and then the boy flipped out his knee and bumped McCabe's bad hand. A sunburst bloomed in McCabe's skull and he fell to the ground, crying out, writhing, and the boy dashed off, wheeling around, guiding the horse with his knees.

Before McCabe could gather himself and give chase, the boy had a hundred-yard start in the wrong direction, but he began pursuit while a hammer tormented his skull and his hand flamed.

The boy made a game of it, yapping like a noisy dog leading another in play; he raced around McCabe, who was afoot and helpless.

McCabe yelled, "Do the Comanches teach their young to run like women or to count coup?"

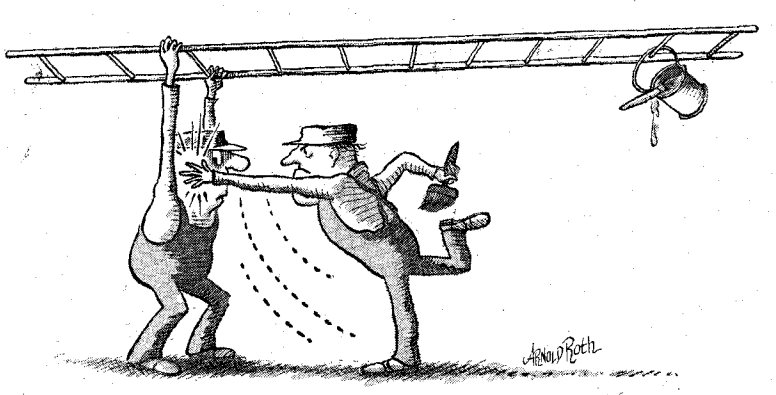
This was a desperate chance, and the boy took the bait, wheeling the horse to ride McCabe down, to touch him before riding back to his village to boast of the deed. At the last possible moment, McCabe whipped aside and flung out his arm, catching the boy in the stomach. He knocked him back, spooked the horse and set him to bucking, thrashing the boy around like a stick on the end of a string. McCabe lunged again for the bridle, caught a trailing rein, and got horse and prisoner again under tow.

He wanted to rest a moment, to nurse the pain in his hand, but he dared not show further weakness to the boy; he was as wild as any animal and infinitely more dangerous. Mounting behind him, McCabe said, "You have your fun?"

"Dancing Bear is too old for games. I will kill you."

"Sure you will," McCabe said. "Or maybe get yourself killed." He gigged the horse into motion and tried to ease his hand so that it pained him less. He wished now that he had let Gary take a look at it; most of these frontier officers were half doctor from patching up their own wounded. The trouble was, Gary would have made a fuss over it and left McCabe feeling that he owed him something; a man had to pay as he went along; it was the only way to live. Or perhaps it was because he had never known a genuine kindness. Everything that had been given him had been given selfishly. You worked for your meals and board and usually ended up giving more than you got in return, and if you did a man a favor, he'd come back for another, a bigger one. Or if you let him do the favor, he'd remind you of it soon enough and expect something better in return.

The way he figured it, the hurt hand was just something that had to be; he took his (*Continued on Page 78*)



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Wilson and Johnson worked in the same plant, but not always amicably. One day Wilson irritated Johnson by repeatedly removing his ladder. Johnson, fed up, slapped Wilson's face. Wilson hit back with a stick. Johnson died from the blow. His widow sought workmen's compensation from the company, but was turned down. So she sued.

"Her husband was the aggressor in this fight," counsel for the company contended. "When he started the fight by slapping Wilson, he certainly wasn't acting within the scope of his employment. So we aren't responsible."

"Wilson started it by removing that ladder," the widow's lawyer retorted. "Actually, the whole fracas resulted from tensions built up on the job. It therefore is directly connected with employment, and compensation is in order."

If you were the judge, would you award compensation to the widow?

• •

The widow won. Striking the first blow did not make her late husband the aggressor, the court ruled. It said: "Previous acts of aggression by Wilson precipitated the fight. The disagreement arose out of the employer's work. There was a relationship between the employment and the fatal injury."

Based upon a 1957 Michigan decision.

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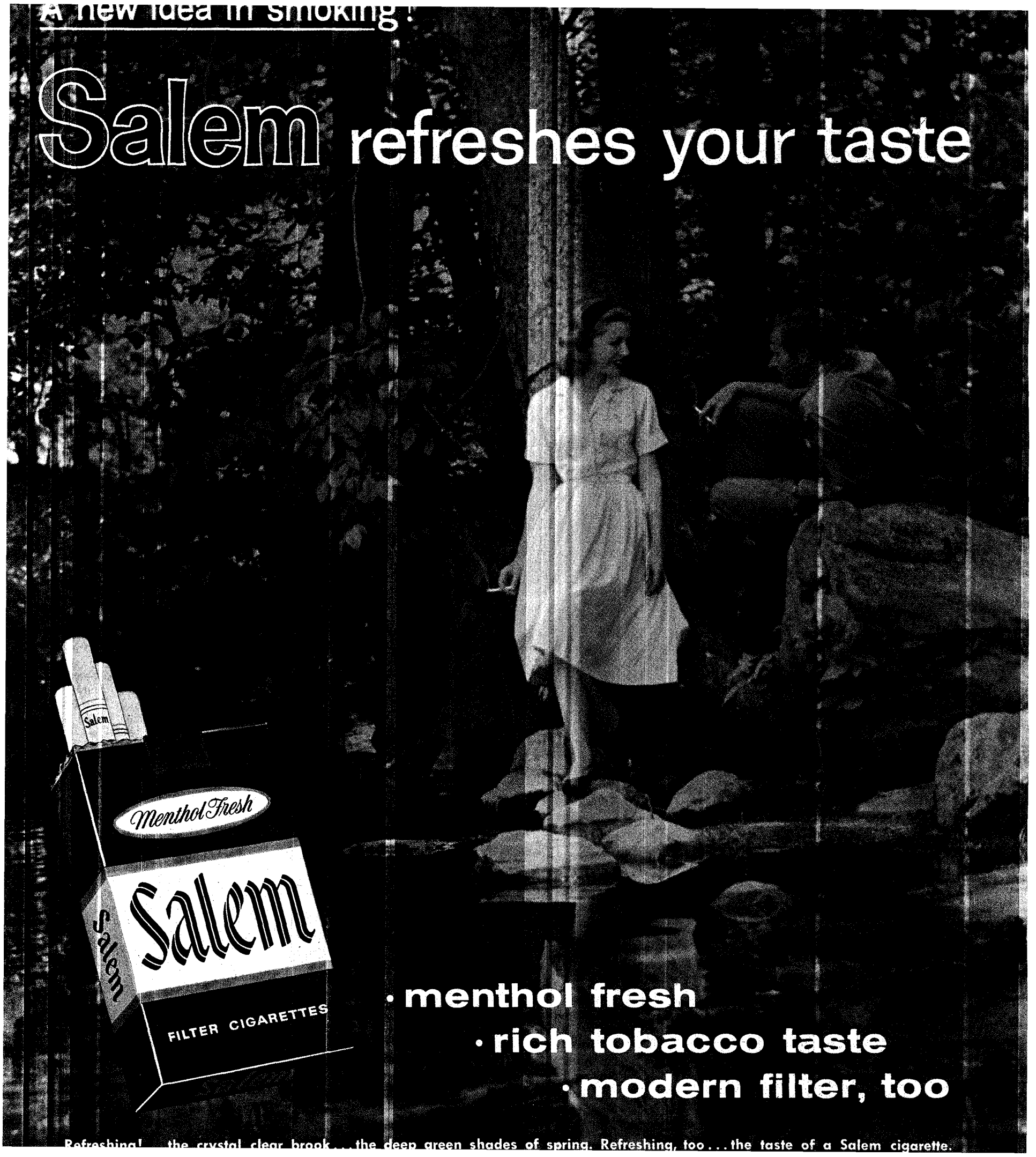

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(*Continued from Page 76*) chance on getting shot, so he couldn't really complain about the hand. He decided that when he got back to the movers' camp on Sand Creek he'd bathe the hand in hot water and take out the soreness—but after he'd delivered the boy and collected from Wringle.

McCabe wore out the night traveling, and when dawn came the boy spoke. "Stone Calf has killed the white man by now. He will take the woman back to his lodge and beat her properly."

"You know something; you're not worth all the bother I'm taking with you." The boy turned and looked at him, his pride injured. Indian fashion, he wanted torture, brutal treatment; it was a value of his worth as a man; only women and children were killed quickly or disregarded.

"Yes, sir," McCabe said. "You're just a kid who ought to be licked. Now when you get among your own people, you act right, you hear?"

"I am Comanche!"

"You'll never be Indian," McCabe said. "No more than Stone Calf's wife is Indian." He sighed. "What am I going to do with you anyway? Don't you remember anything about your real folks?"

"I am a Comanche," the boy said.

"All right, all right," McCabe said in English. "Lord, why can't people leave a thing alone, anyway? Poke around, stir it up, shake it, cry about it; they'd be better off if I turned you loose. But I can't even do that, boy. Too late for that."

Guthrie McCabe remained near the Wringle wagon, not because he wished to be sociable, but because he smelled trouble and wanted to avoid it if he could. It seemed that everyone in the Sand Creek camp was congregated around Wringle's wagon, and they stared at the boy and pestered him with talk he did not understand.

He was frightened and trying not to show it; he believed that he had been brought here to be tortured, then killed; this was what he would have done had one of them fallen into his hands. Wringle and his wife were pathetic; she cooked a meal for the boy, a homecoming meal that had been long planned and was the best she had, and he picked up the laden tin plate and threw it in her face. Wringle did not know whether to hit the boy or forgive him; he touched him and the boy seized his arm and bit it deeply; Wringle retreated, blood dripping from his fingers.

From McCabe's elbow, Jane Donovan spoke; he had not heard her approach; he was not sure how long she had been standing there. It was easy to come and go in this crowd. "Can't you do something?"

"What can I do?" He looked at her. "Wringle's got to handle this his own way."

"Speak Indian to the boy. Make him understand."

"He understands," McCabe said. "I talked to him on the way in." He hunched his shoulder, trying to position his hand more comfortably. "Wringle's got to understand that he's made a mistake, having the boy returned. He'll never tame him."

"How much did he pay you?"

"Enough," McCabe said. "You want the exact amount?"

"No. I know what heartbreak costs." She paused. "Where's Jim Gary?"

"With a woman he found." McCabe waved his hand. "Out there some place, trying to stay alive."

Wringle was talking to the movers, asking them to leave because they made the boy nervous. He might as well have spoken to the night, for they remained around his fire, their eyes curious, each wondering if this would be happening to them. Even Mrs. McCandless was there with her vacant, wandering eyes; she studied the boy, and when he saw her his attention remained on her like a magnet.

"Someone ought to get her out of there," McCabe said. "The boy has been raised by Indians, and they don't like anyone who's sick in the head."

"What happened to your hand?" Jane asked curiously.

"Hurt it."

"I can see that."

Wringle's wife was moving slowly toward the boy, speaking softly, smiling, trying to touch his heart with words. He waited until she was within reach and pounced on her, bore her to the ground, his hands locked in her hair, trying to drub her head against the earth. Wringle and two men pulled him free, then Wringle picked up a strap, raised it, and finally dropped it and stood there with tears running down his cheek.

... ...

Bedtime

By Laurence Eisenlohr

I've run through all the
lullabies,
And still he hasn't been
subdued.
So watchful are his weary
eyes,
So sour my once-tender
mood.

Come, angels whom I
vocalize,
Guard him above, around,
beneath:
I'm going to sing the
lullabies
Once more, this time
through gritted teeth.

... ...

"I've seen enough of this," McCabe said, turning away.

Jane moved with him. "Come to the wagon. I want to look at that hand."

"Feeling sorry for me?"

"Yes, but for different reasons than you think."

At her fire she heated a kettle of water as McCabe removed the bandage from his hand. He had to jerk the last bit, ripping off a scab; pus drained from it, and his face was chalky from the pain.

Jane lighted a lantern so she could see better; her expression tightened when she saw the wound so badly festered. She used a salt-and-boric-acid solution in the water and when she pushed McCabe's hand into the pan, he gasped, then clenched his teeth.

"Can you feel that draw?"

"Lord, yes," he said tightly.

"What will Wringle do with the boy, McCabe?"

He looked at her for a moment. "You change the subject mighty fast when you get a notion." Then he shrugged. "Let him go. He can't keep him. The boy was taken too young. Maybe they'll learn from this. I hope so."

"Is that why you brought the boy back—so this would happen? So they'd all see and give it up?"

"It was in my mind," he said. "But you always hope that this one will be different. It never is. How long do I have to soak this?"

"Until I say it's enough. The hand is infected. You want to lose it?" She made him rest the hand on a towel while she reheated the water.

"You see the way Wringle was? He'd take anything for the boy's sake—kicks, insults, abuse. That's not right, Jane. It makes you sick to see what wanting something will do to a man."

"Are you sure this is Wringle's boy?" She studied him when she said it. "You're not really sure, are you, McCabe? Here, put your hand back in the water."

He ground his teeth together for a moment, then said, "There's a good chance the boy is Wringle's, but who can be sure? What difference does it make anyway? None to Wringle. If I'd brought in a monkey with the hair shaved off, it would have been the same. A long time ago he made up his mind that he'd do anything, take anything, just to get his boy back. That became an excuse, a password, with Wringle. God knows how many failures it's covered."

"You don't feel pity for him," she said, "just disgust." She dried his hand, took out a sharp knife and heated the blade.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"I'm going to cut that open so it'll heal."

"Oh, no! The way you feel you'd push that extra deep."

"What would it matter? I couldn't touch your heart." She leaned forward and looked steadily at him, her eyes large and bright in the firelight. "Do you want to lose the hand? You know I'm not lying to you, don't you? Let that hand go and you'll lose it, maybe the arm. And Guthrie McCabe couldn't live with one arm; he'd be half a man. That's very important to you, to be right and strong and better than anyone else." She smiled. "Perhaps I might go a little deeper than someone who didn't know you, but it shouldn't matter; you have very few feelings; you pride yourself on that. Then, too, you can't have it all your own way. Someone is bound to hurt back, just a little."

"You're as hard as a man—as hard as I've ever seen." He took a cigar butt from his pocket and lighted it. "Go ahead and cut, but don't expect me to yell."

"Naturally," she said and made the incision quickly, deeply.

McCabe's eyes were like white eggs, and the cigar dropped from his mouth; then he fell over, the cigar burning his vest until she flicked it away. Her father came up as she was putting a bandage on McCabe's arm. He looked down at the Texan and asked, "He sleeping?"

"He fainted."

"The hell you say!"

Donovan filled a cup with coffee, then squatted until she was finished. She made a sling for the hand and said, "Help him over to the wagon. Liam can get his bedroll."

"I don't want him sleeping here," Sean Donovan said. Then he put the cup aside and got up. "Oh, all right. I guess it'll be all right."

"The crowd still around Wringle's?"

"Some have had enough. The boy's a real savage."

"What did you expect?"

"A savage," her father said. "But then what a man expects is a lot different from what he gets. We all expected him to be wild, but we also thought something could be done about it." He shook his head sadly. "It makes a man wonder if he's done the right thing by coming back."

He walked off into the night, and Jane Donovan straightened McCabe's legs, trying to make him more comfortable.

TO BE CONTINUED

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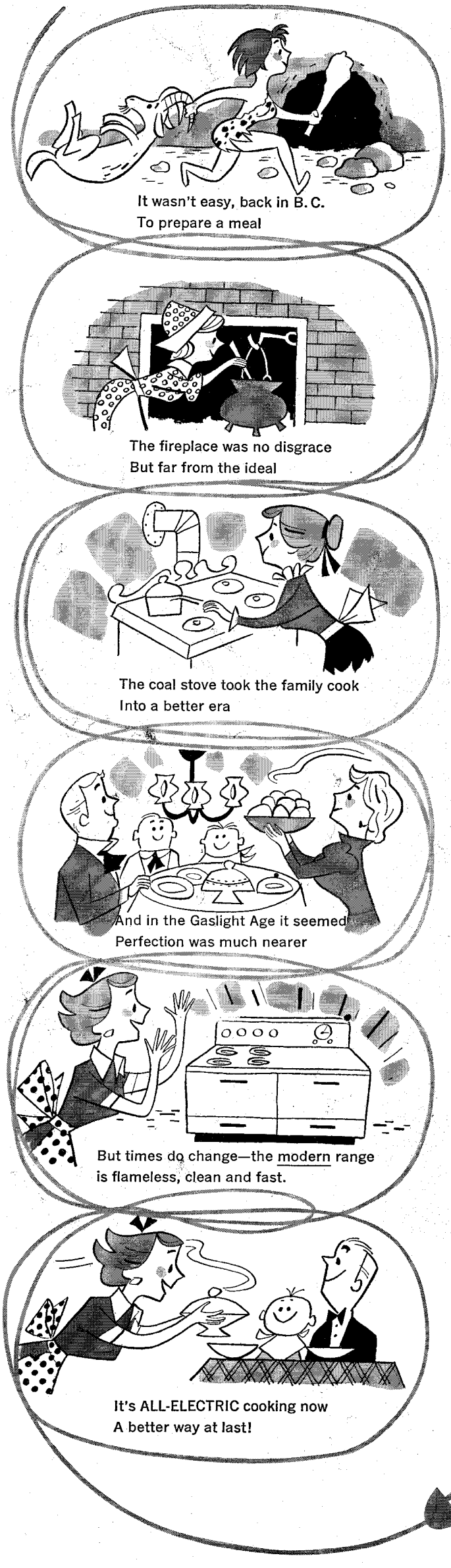
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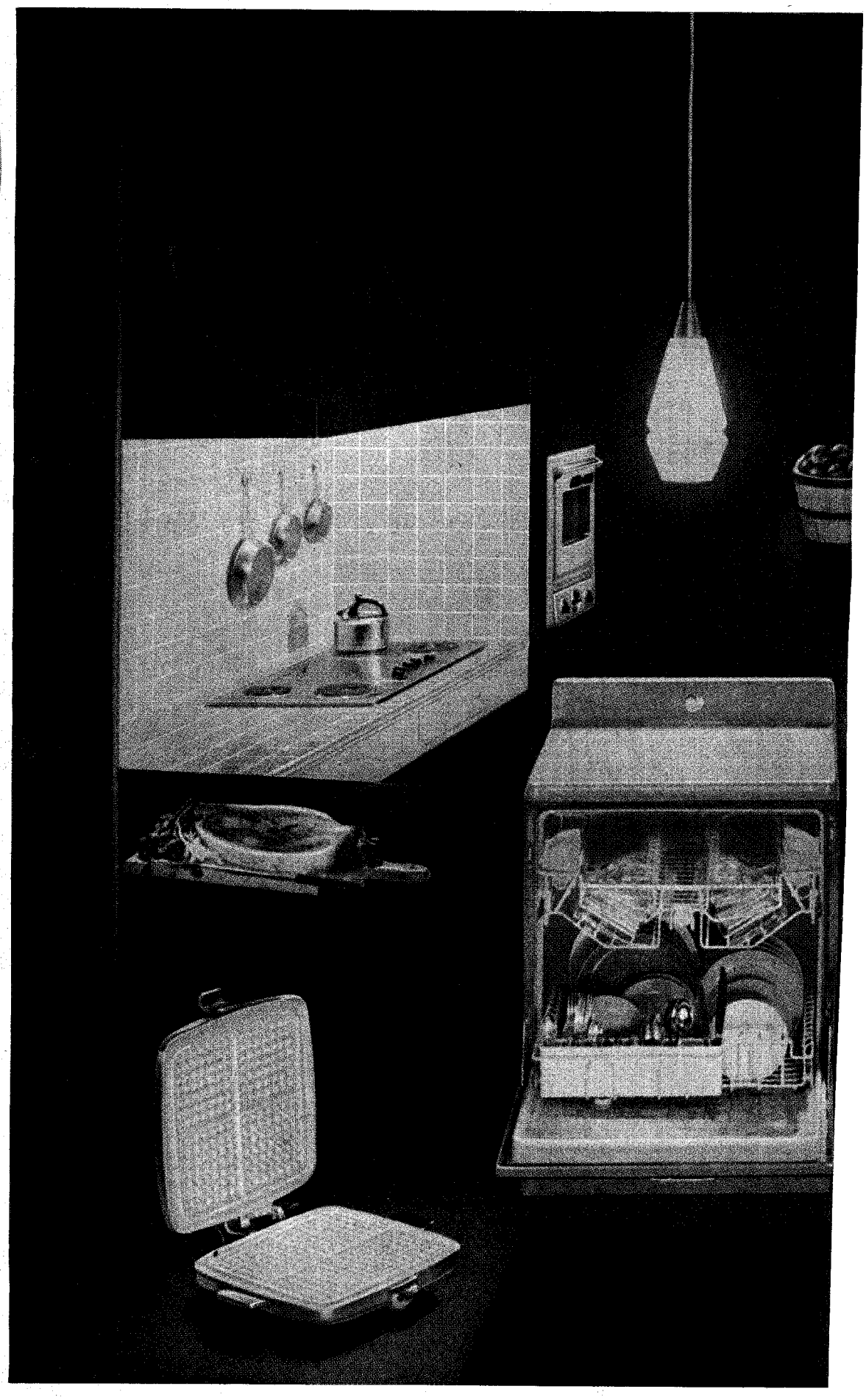

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Panic in the Skies (Continued from Page 44)

Brickley wounded. Here there was normalcy, except for the absence of Pete McMillan. Karen guessed correctly that the man had locked himself in the lavatory, aft.

She dropped into the seat beside Eric and forced herself to speak slowly and quietly. "Eric, we've had some trouble up front. I need some help, and I'll need the first-aid kit. When I get up, wait a bit and then casually follow me into the cockpit."

"Someone got shot," Eric said flatly.

Karen nodded.

"I thought I heard two shots." He jerked his head backward. "Was it that guy in the raincoat who went back to the lavatory?"

"Yes. I'll tell you about it later. Eric, you've flown a little. How much?"

Little ridges of muscle jumped in Eric's cheeks. "Are they both dead?"

"No; the copilot is, and the captain is badly wounded. He can't fly the airplane. Eric, what are we going to do?"

"First, we'd better take care of the pilot. You go ahead. I'll follow you in a moment."

Karen got out of her seat, got her first-aid kit and went forward. She opened the kit and gave him an injection of morphine. Then she heard Eric's voice behind her. "How is he?"

She straightened. "I don't know. We'll have to get him out of the seat and get a compress on the wound."

Together they managed to get David out of the seat and stretched him out behind the pedestal. Carefully they got the pilot's shirt off, and they turned him over. The sickness came to Karen again as Eric sucked in his breath. For a moment, the dizziness Karen felt threatened to take her out of this mess into unconsciousness. But she ducked her head down, turning it away from the gaping wound in David's back, and fought to remain conscious. She felt the blood coming to her head, and presently she was able to sprinkle sulfa powder on the wound and slap on a compress. Together she and Eric managed to get a bandage on the wounded pilot. Not that it would do any good, Karen thought. Not that it would make one iota of difference whether he died now, or when this airplane, out of gasoline and without a pilot, crashed.

So intent were they on helping David that they didn't know that Blair Hanover had entered the cockpit until they heard his voice, low and even. "Well, people," he said, "somebody up here get shot?"

"The pilot is wounded," Eric said. "The copilot is dead."

"And the joker who did it has locked himself in the lavatory, I guess," Blair said. "He still got the automatic?"

"No," Karen said. "He dropped it. It's here on the deck somewhere."

"You don't happen to be some hotshot pilot, do you?" Eric said.

Blair shook his head. "I'm a marine. This thing's on autopilot, though. Maybe somebody can talk us down."

"How about the passengers?" Karen said.

"Trouble is, if we tell 'em the score, they're liable to panic."

"Maybe one of them can fly. Eric, here, has some time in light planes, but maybe one of them is an Air Force man. Anyway they have a right to know."

"Why?" Blair said. "If we get down in one piece, they're happy. If we don't, they're dead. Telling them won't help."

"If they're going to die," Eric said, "they have to be told."

"Why?" Blair said.

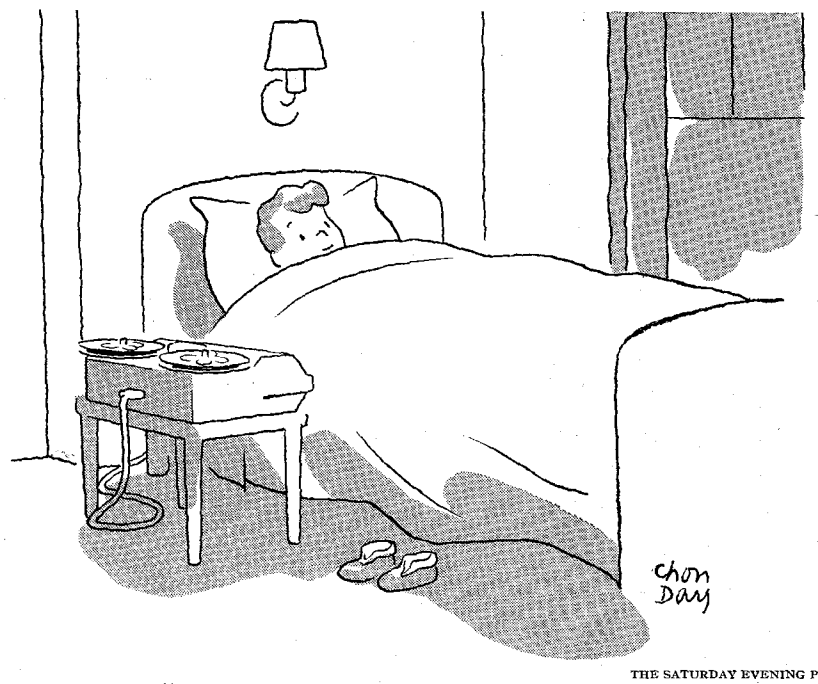
"So they can pray, for one thing. So they can have a few last words together, knowing the words will be their last. They have a right to sweat this thing out together."

"I guess you're right," Blair said. "Well, who's going to tell them?"

Then from the two speakers in the cockpit a bored voice came through to them. Although Karen knew that the airplane always had radio contact with ground stations, the relief which she felt flowed over her like warm water in a shower. They were not alone. That matter-of-fact voice which came out of the speakers was only the voice of one man, but through him the vast system which kept airplanes flying all over the United States and beyond, and which went into instant operation whenever one of those airplanes was in trouble, was theirs on which to call.

The voice came through again. "One-eight-one from Los Angeles."

Karen had watched the pilots make radio contact often enough. She reached over, picked up the hand microphone, pressed the switch and said, "Los Angeles from One-eight-one. Mayday! Mayday!"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . . . and the prince got on his white steed and rode out to meet the dragon. . . ."

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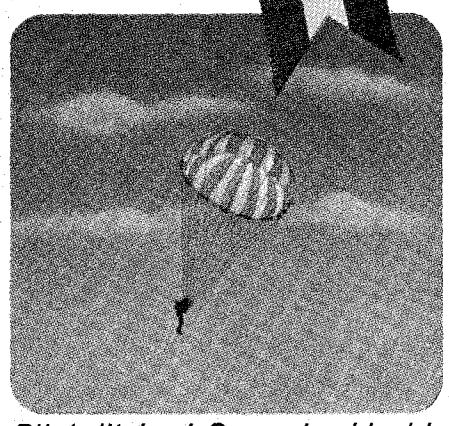
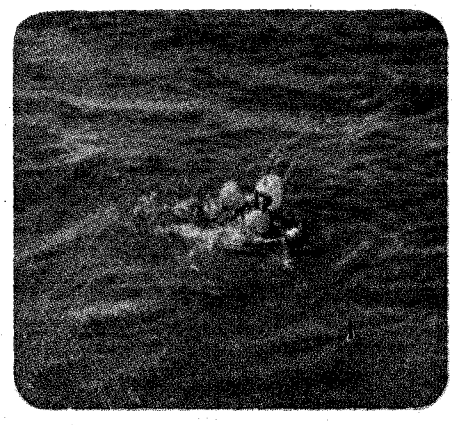
MEN OF AMERICA:

'COPTER RESCUE

Live-action shots—U. S. Air Force Air-Sea Rescue





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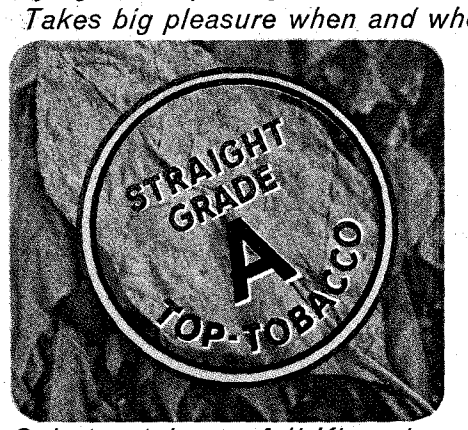

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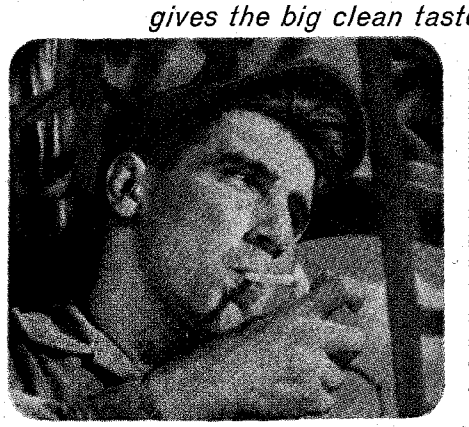

***Join the men who know*—NOTHING SATISFIES LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO**

CHESTERFIELD KING

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Capt. Chapman (Chappie) King, operations manager for Pacific Coast Airlines, was in the process of clearing up his desk and calling it a day when the phone rang.

"Chappie, this is Mike Doherty."

"Yeah, Mike."

"We have a mayday call from One-eight-one."

"Go ahead."

"Johnson, the stewardess, is on the horn. Reports that Pete McMillan came aboard with a pistol, killed Jerry Welch and wounded Dave Brickley. Aircraft is on autopilot."

"Sweet land of liberty!" Chappie said. "Any chance of Brickley bringing the airplane in?"

"Negative. He's badly wounded and unconscious."

"Hang on," Chappie said. "I'm on the way."

He banged up the phone and took off for the dispatch office. Chappie King was short, lean and grizzled, with deep lines in his face and salt-and-pepper hair. By looking at the man, it was hard to fit his physical appearance into the legend. He had flown P-51's in World War II and had knocked off twelve German aircraft before he was shot down and parachuted into occupied France. The underground got him out, he came back to England and shot down five more German pilots before he was wounded and sent stateside. He was recalled to duty when Korea exploded, and he sent three MIG's flaming to earth before completing his one hundred missions. He was not a man who hit the panic button and he did not panic now. As he tore over to the office, through his mind flashed several alternatives, and in addition, the picture of a man talking a blinded Navy pilot down to an ocean ditching beside a carrier. A helicopter plucked him from the sea so fast that he hardly got wet.

He burst into the office. Mike Doherty was calmly talking to Karen Johnson. "Easy does it, Johnson. Chappie King is on his way. Wait."

Johnson, Chappie thought, as he took the mike from Doherty, would be Karen Johnson. Nice kid, and an old pro, as stewardesses went. She wouldn't hit the panic button either. They might still have a chance.

"What's the scoop, Mike?" Chappie said.

"I figured you'd vector One-eight-one out over the Pacific. Western Sea Frontier has alerted everyone. There are nine ships in the area. You can dump One-eight-one in the drink beside any one of them. Coast Guard has an airplane in the air right now, and Air-sea Rescue is standing by."

"We ain't gonna dump 'em in the ocean," Chappie said. He spoke into the mike. "Karen, Chappie King here. How do you read me?"

"I read you loud and clear, Chappie." There was an unmistakable note of relief in Karen's voice, which testified to another facet of Chappie's reputation. Around Pacific Coast Airlines it was generally agreed that if anything could be done about anything, Chappie was the boy who could do it.

"All right, Karen. Now, that airplane is on autopilot, with gas enough for four hours' flying time. We'll get you down in one piece—no sweat. You read me?"

"Affirmative."

"You ever done any flying at all—like some bootleg time when no one's looking?"

"Negative."

"Do the passengers know what's happened?"

"Only two of them. They're both in the cockpit."

"All right. The passengers will have to be told. Find out if any of them has any flying time at all."

"One of them has." She turned to Eric. "How many hours, Eric?"

"About fifty."

"How many hours?" Chappie King said.

"About fifty," Karen said. "In light planes only."

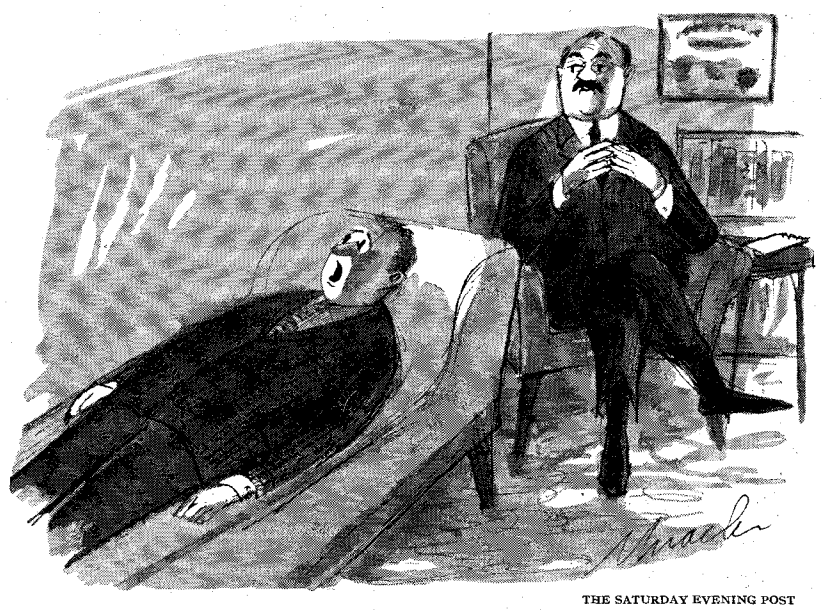
"That's fine. Wait."

Chappie turned to Mike Doherty. "Mike," he said, "get over to Operations and make sure that we have crash crews and fire trucks standing by on Runway Two-five left. Keep all traffic clear of Los Angeles. Double-check that Point Mugu radar has been contacted, have them track One-eight-one until we can pick them up with G.C.A. All radios on emergency frequency one-two-one-point-five megacycles. Be sure Coast Guard notifies us when their airplane picks up One-eight-one."

"You going to try and bring 'em in, Chappie?"

"You're darned right I'm going to bring 'em in. Take off."

(*Continued on Page 87*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I was out for a drive in my brand-new V-eight hardtop with power pack, dual quad carburetion, ten-to-one compression ratio, high-lift camshaft, dual ignition and dual exhaust pipes. I stopped for a red light at a crossroad, and a beat-up '47 job driven by a kid in a white tee shirt pulled up alongside me. Instantly, as the light turned green I came off the brake and floored the accelerator *and that darned bucket of bolts walked right away from me.*"

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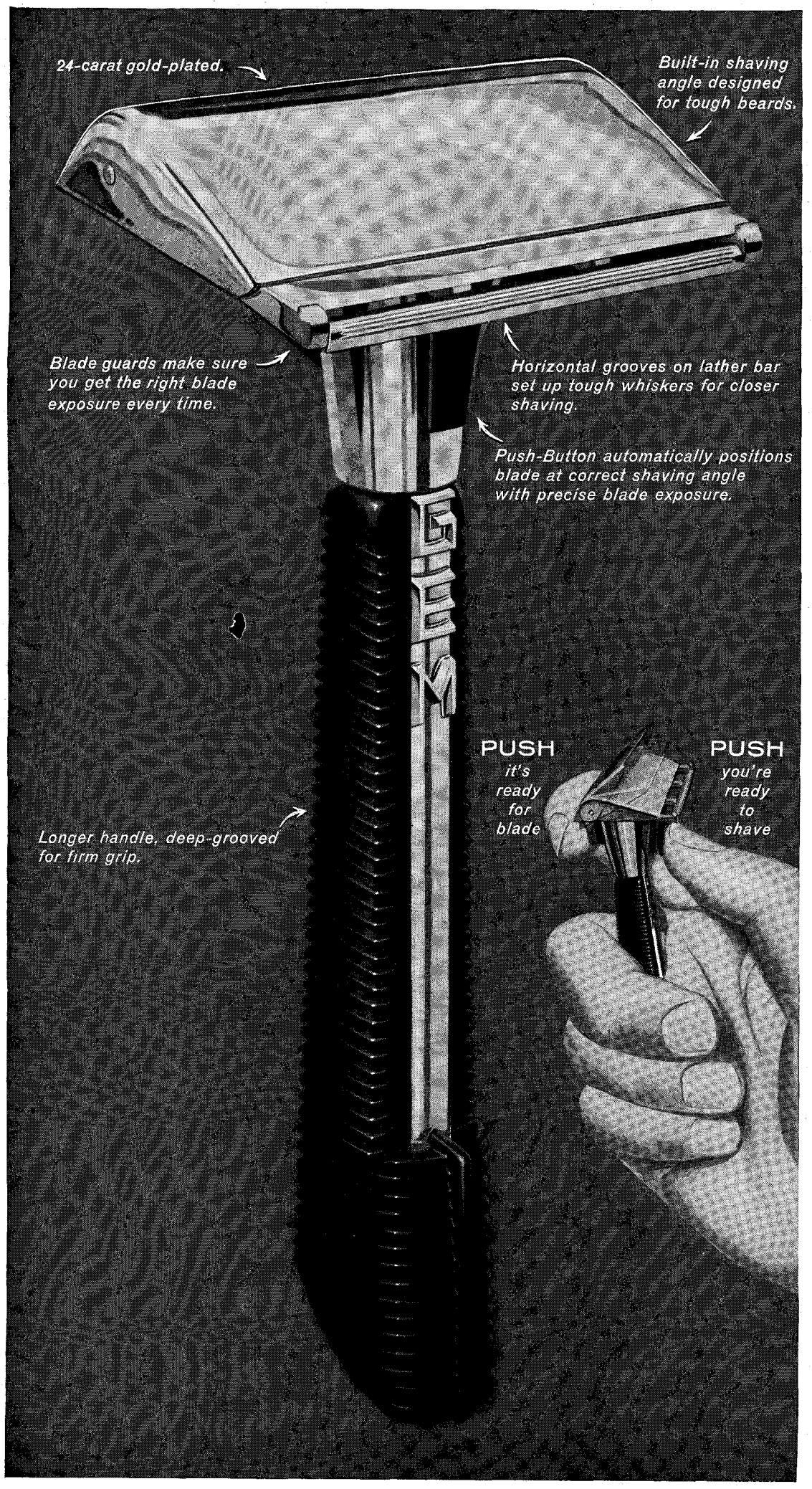
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Horizontal grooves on lather bar set up tough whiskers for closer shaving.
Push-Button automatically positions blade at correct shaving angle with precise blade exposure.
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PUSH it's ready for blade
PUSH you're ready to shave

Now you can stop hacking away at your tough beard. The new Gem Push-Button Razor and extra-heavy, extra-sharp Gem Blades are the toughest team in history for shaving tough beards. Shaves you with ease and authority—closer than any electric shaver, smoother than any paper-thin blade.

Get tough with your tough beard. Treat it to a new Gem Push-Button Razor. Gem's guarantee: NO "5 o'clock shadow."

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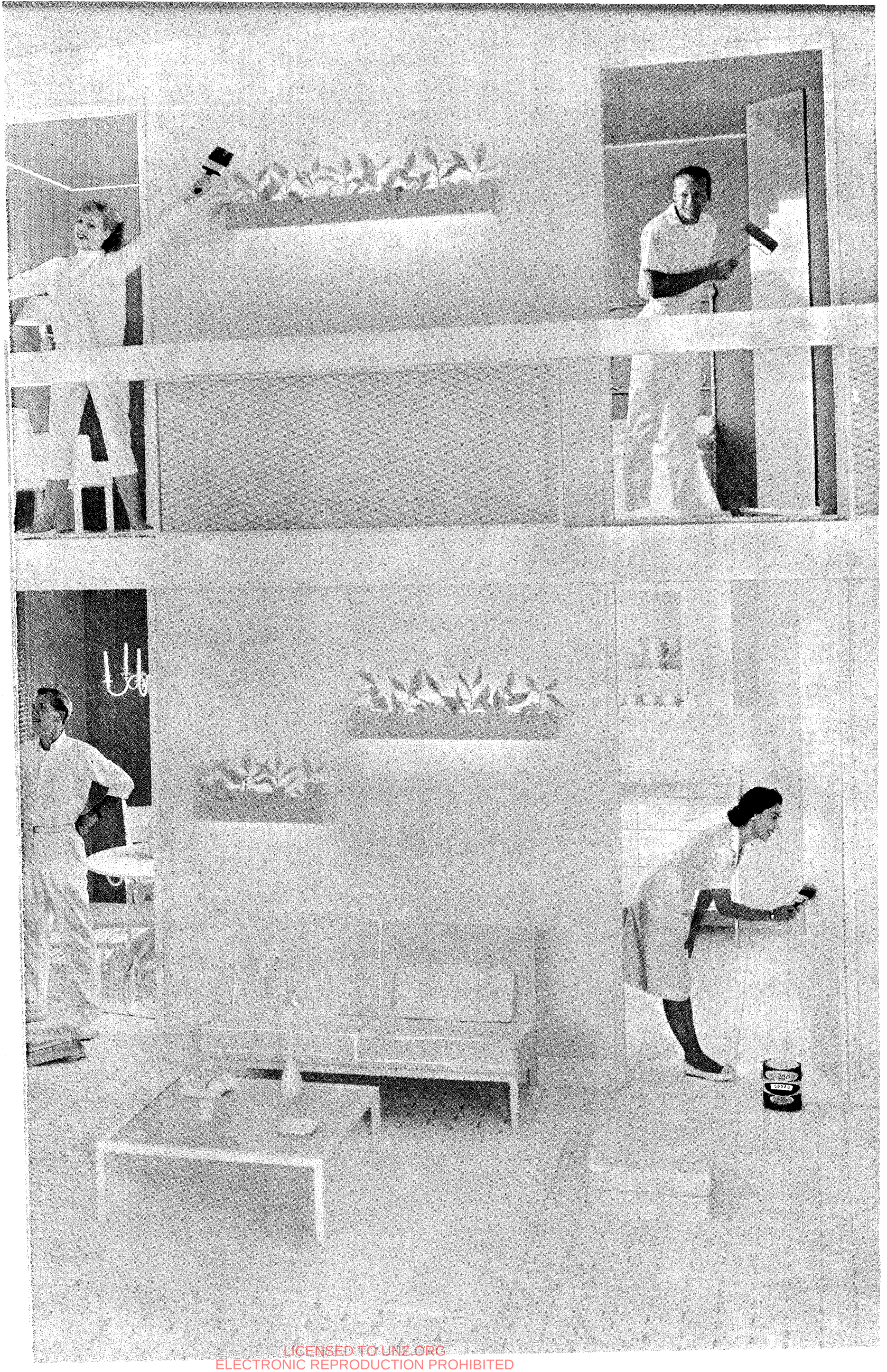

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(*Continued from Page 84*) "Wilco," Mike said. He left the office on the run.

Karen turned to Eric and Blair. "Well, you heard. Who's going to tell them?"

"First thing I ever volunteered for in my life," Blair said. "After they know, I think we'd better put the copilot in a seat in the cabin and stretch the pilot out in the aisle. We'll need the room up here." He looked at Eric and put out his hand. "I'm Blair Hanover."

Eric shook hands with the marine. "Eric Erlandson."

"Thought we should know each other. We'll probably have to bring this thing in somehow. That guy on the radio sounds as if he knows his business." Blair turned around and left the cockpit.

He stood in the aisle for a moment and looked at the six people in the cabin. The gin-rummy game had broken up. Dick and Ellie Charlton were sitting together, Ellie asleep, her head on her husband's shoulder. Sue and Philip White were reading magazines. The honeymoon couple, Jill and Roger Simpson, were writing letters.

"Dear mother," Jill had written, so far: "I can't get used to the idea yet that I'm Mrs. Roger Simpson instead of Jill O'Brien. We're on the airplane right now and I'm so darned thrilled that I'm afraid I'll explode. I guess I'd better put in writing how grateful I am to you and dad for the lovely wedding and the reception. I know it cost dad a bundle and he was a sweetheart to do it. Mom, I did the darnedest thing. I forgot to pack my robe—the pink quilted one—and since we'll be up here ten days, would you be an angel and send it to ——"

"Dear dad," Roger had written: "We're on the airplane right now, driving along to San Francisco. Should be there before long. Everyone can tell we're on our honeymoon. I guess it sticks out all over us, but we don't care. Boy, that hundred bucks you gave me was something. Jill wants to save it—buy a bond or something. Maybe she's right. Dad, I left my car at the Imperial Garage, but I forgot to tell them to change oil, also the filter. Would you ——"

"People," Blair said, "may I have your attention?"

The Whites dropped the magazines on their laps and looked at him with mildly curious expressions. The honeymoon couple held their pens above their letters and stared at Blair. Dick Charlton shook his wife. She came awake, blinking her eyes. Dick pointed at Blair and said, "Ellie, I think something's wrong."

"We've had a little trouble," Blair said conversationally, "and there is no point in not telling you what has happened. But before I do, get yourselves set so there won't be any screaming and yelling." He hesitated for a moment. "The copilot has been shot and killed, and the pilot wounded by the guy you probably saw come through the cabin and go to the lavatory. He's there now, but he dropped his pistol and will be no trouble."

Blair watched the shock hit them. For a moment or two they seemed numbed, and then they all started talking at once.

"Oh, Dick, the children! Whatever in the world will they do? They're so little. They're so . . ." "Roger! It isn't fair. We haven't even started to live. It just isn't right to die when we . . ." "Now, Sue, everything's going to be all right. This thing . . ." "It isn't! We'll crash. We'll be killed. Oh, Phil, I'm afraid. I don't want to die."

"Pipe down!" Blair snapped. Everyone stopped talking. "This airplane is on autopilot, and has gas enough for four hours. First of all, have any of you ever flown an airplane?"

Everyone in the cabin shook his head.

"All right," Blair said. "That doesn't matter too much. There's a joker on the radio who says he'll talk us down in one piece—no sweat. I think he can do it."

"How?" Dick Charlton said.

"I don't know, but he does. It isn't impossible. Not long ago at an Air Force Base near Tokyo, a guy in a T-Thirty-three jet trainer had a heart attack. The radar observer had never flown a plane before, but he was talked down by two jokers in F-Eighty-six-D's. Maybe you read about it. If those guys could talk a jet down, I guess this guy on the radio can talk us down."

"What can we do to help?" Phil White said.

"We're going to bring the copilot in and strap him to a seat. We're going to stretch the pilot out on the floor. His wound has been bandaged, and he's had a shot of morphine. We need the room up front. The stewardess will come back and take care of the pilot. The best thing you people can do is sit

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It's strange that so many smart people work for such ignorant bosses.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

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quietly—and pray." Blair grinned at them. "If no one hits the panic button and we get down in one piece, you're going to be mighty proud of yourselves. But you're going to look very silly if you have hysterics and that guy talks us in. Go ahead and be afraid. I am. But I've been scared so many times that it seems normal. One of the passengers has flown light planes. He's up there now and he'll bring us in. Now, will two of you men give us a hand with the pilot and copilot?"

Dick Charlton and Phil White immediately got out of their seats and followed Blair into the cockpit. They carried Jerry Welch out first and strapped him to a seat in the rear. Then, very carefully, they moved David Brickley and stretched him out in the aisle, put a pillow under his head, and Karen checked his pulse. She looked up at Blair and nodded. "Pulse isn't too bad, and his breathing seems all right. Maybe that bullet missed a lung."

Blair nodded, then said to the passengers, "If I were you people, I'd strap myself in tight. When we start down, put a pillow in front of your faces. If we have a rough landing, it might help." He went back to the cockpit. "None of them can fly."

Eric had already strapped himself in the left-hand seat. Blair moved over to the copilot's seat and also fastened his seat belt.

Now Eric picked up the microphone. "Los Angeles from One-eight-one."

Immediately Chappie King's voice came on. "One-eight-one from Los Angeles. You the guy with fifty hours?"

"Yes, in light planes. But I can't fly this thing. I'm a ship's officer."

"Navy?"

"Merchant marine."

"What license?"

"Chief mate."

"What's your name?"

"Eric Erlandson."

"All right, Eric. I'm going to get you people down. You just listen carefully and if you don't understand my instructions, don't do anything until you do. Now, get into the left-hand seat and fasten your seat belt."

"I'm there," Eric said.

"Fine. Between your seat and the copilot's seat is a large boxlike gadget we call a pedestal. On part of the pedestal you'll see the word 'Autopilot.' Underneath that word you'll see a wheel. Put your right hand on that wheel."

Eric found the wheel and put his right hand on it. "I have it," he said.

"You're going to turn the airplane around and head back for Los Angeles; but first, I want you to locate the compass. It's there by the windscreen."

"I found it."

"What's your heading?"

"Three-two-zero degrees," Eric said. "Is that magnetic or true?"

"Magnetic. Now, if you do a one-eighty, what course will you be on?"

"The heading will be one-four-zero."

"Right. You got your hand on that wheel? If so, turn it slowly a quarter turn to the left." Eric did. The plane banked left and started turning. "We're turning," Eric said.

"Nothing to it, Eric," Chappie said. "All you do is turn that wheel and the autopilot takes care of the rest."

Beside Eric, Blair Hanover said, "Eric, they'll make a flier out of you yet."

"This is a hell of a time to start," Eric said. "It's like giving a man command of a battleship after he's learned to paddle a canoe."

Blair grinned. Eric was watching the compass, which was swinging around to a heading of one hundred forty degrees. He spoke into the microphone.

"Getting close to one-four-zero."

"All right. Turn it a quarter turn back to the right and tell me what your heading is."

Eric did as instructed. The airplane stopped turning, settled on a course of one-three-nine degrees. "I have one-three-nine," Eric said.

"That's fine," Chappie said. "Wait."

The long left turn of Flight 181 had put the plane well out over the Pacific and heading back for Los Angeles. The Navy radar station at Point Mugu tracked the plane and confirmed this course, as well as the speed the aircraft was making. The Los Angeles G.C.A., the radar Ground Control Approach, was alerted to pick up the flight as soon as it came within range, at an area called the Malibu Intersection. At that time, Chappie King could move his scene of operations into the G.C.A. room, where he could operate side by side with the G.C.A. technicians.

"How about Coast Guard Air Rescue?" Chappie said. "Have they got him yet?"

"Yeah," Mike said. "They picked him up five minutes ago."

"Good." Chappie King spoke into the microphone. "Now, Eric, have you located the altimeter?"

"Yes. It reads eleven thousand."

"We're going to drop you down to about three thousand."

"Very well," Eric said.

"Just to the left of that wheel you turned to make your turn, is another wheel—altitude control. Got it?"

"Yes."

Chappie King crossed his fingers, then told Eric where the switch was which would activate the altitude control. "Turn that switch off, then very gently turn that wheel forward. The nose will go down."

Eric did as instructed. Immediately the nose of the plane angled down a few degrees below the plane of the horizontal. "We're going down," Eric said.

"Now, the throttles are the two big levers on the pedestal. Both have the letter 'T' on them. Pull them both back about one inch. Now this is a very clean airplane, so you won't slow down in a hurry." Chappie turned to Mike Doherty. "Get on the horn. Ask that Coast Guard plane (*Continued on Page 96*)

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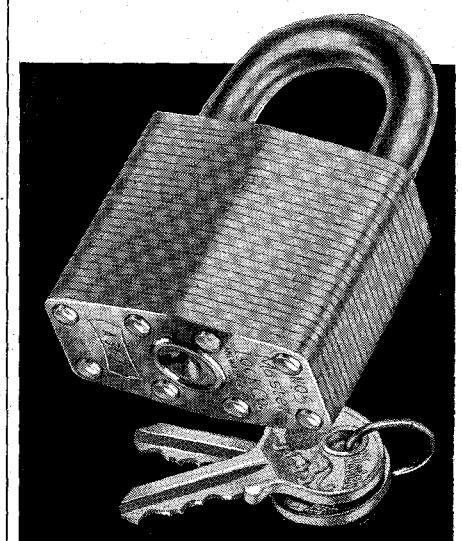

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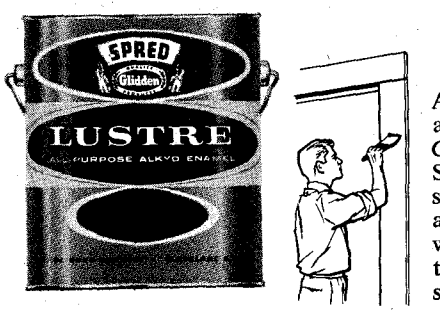

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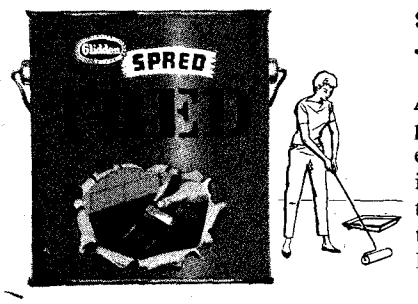

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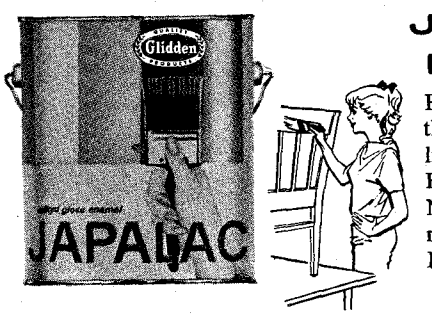

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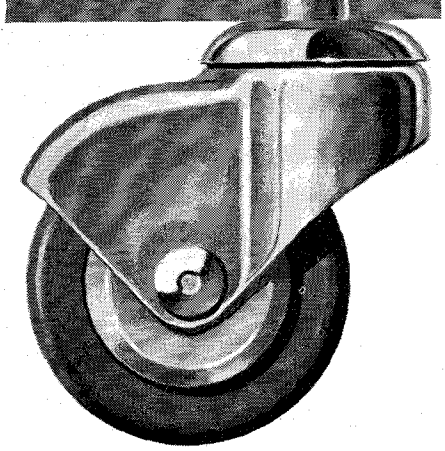

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(*Continued from Page 87*) to give us his rate of descent."

Presently Mike said, "Seven hundred feet per minute."

"Eric," Chappie said, "you're a little fast, so turn that wheel back just a hair, maybe a half inch. . . . Brought the nose up a little, didn't it?"

"Five hundred," Mike said.

"We aren't dropping so fast," Eric said. "I found the clock giving us our rate of descent. It's five hundred feet per minute."

"Good boy," Chappie said. He pulled off his coat and his necktie. He was perspiring profusely. "Brother!" he said to Mike. "That guy up there has golden guts. I hope we don't louse him up." Into the microphone he said, "Eric, it will take about fifteen minutes to drop you to three thousand. Don't worry about running into anything. You're over the ocean. Now, in that fifteen minutes, I'm going to have you tune in the I.L.S. frequency. On the pedestal, on the right-hand side, is a radio tuning knob which is marked V.H.F. Navigation Receiver. Tell me when you've located it."

Eric and Blair both looked for the knob and finally found it. "I have it," Eric said.

"All right. Now turn that knob to one-zero-nine-point-nine megacycles. I say again: One-zero-nine-point-nine megacycles. Do you read me?"

"One-zero-nine-point-nine megacycles," Eric repeated.

"Fine. Now just relax. You're doing fine."

Mike Doherty said, "L.A. radar reports they have One-eight-one on their scope."

"All right." Chappie thought of the man at the controls of the plane. Funny, he didn't know what the guy looked like, how old he was, how tall he was, whether he was Catholic, Protestant, or didn't care whether he ever saw the inside of a church. *I hope he's praying now. You'd better pray yourself, Chappie, that you're doing the right thing.* Was he doing this because he just wanted to see whether it could be done? Would he be justified in vectoring that plane out into the Pacific and dropping it in the drink? He was gambling the lives of ten people, plus Captain Brickley, provided he still had a life with which to gamble, against the possibility of dumping One-eight-one into an apartment house. *Well, who made you God, Chapman Randolph King? Did someone tap you on the shoulder and say you're The Man? If you didn't think you could do it, buster, you wouldn't be trying. You think you can drop that plane right on the end of the runway or you wouldn't even be here. So now* ——

"Thirty-three hundred feet," Mike said.

Chappie made his decision. "One-eight-one. Do you read me?"

"Loud and clear," Eric said.

"Now, remember that little switch you turned off when you started down? Turn it back on."

In the cockpit, Eric turned on the altitude-control switch. He felt the airplane level off, then glanced at the altimeter. The needle was holding now at close to three thousand feet.

"Put those throttles forward, Eric, maybe half an inch, or a hair more. . . . Now, Eric, I'm going to leave you for a few minutes while I get over to Ground Control Approach and watch you come in. That autopilot will keep you right on course and hold your altitude and heading."

"Are you going to bring us all the way in on autopilot?" Eric said.

"Right up to the last second. Your worries are over, pal."

"Yeah," Eric said. He turned to Blair. "Over, he says!"

"You know something?" Blair said. "I like that guy down there. I bet he's been in tougher jams than this one."

"Maybe he has," Eric said. "I haven't. Tell the truth, I'm getting the hell scared out of me."

"Who isn't?" Blair said. He unfastened his seat belt. "I'm going to take a quick trip back in the cabin and tell the people we're starting down."

"See how the captain's doing."

Blair went back into the cabin. It was very quiet. Both Dick Charlton and Phil White had their arms around their wives. Jill Simpson was quietly sobbing on her youthful husband's shoulder. Pete McMillan was, apparently, still locked in the lavatory. Karen was seated in the aisle, her fingers on David Brickley's pulse.

"How's he doing?" Blair said.

"He's still alive. His pulse seems a little weaker. It may just be my imagination, though."

"We're starting down," Blair said. "Now, everyone fasten your belts as tight as they'll go." He looked down at the pilot. "I don't suppose we can get him into a seat?"

"It wouldn't do any harm. If we hit hard, not being strapped down will do more damage than moving him."

"Right." He turned to Dick Charlton and Phil White. "Bear a hand?"

Very gently they eased Captain Brickley into a seat, and Blair strapped him in as tightly as he could. Then Blair patted the pilot on the shoulder and, although he knew that the man couldn't hear him, said, "You'll be O.K., fella." He straightened up and said, "I wouldn't kid you people. This will be a cinch. That guy on the ground is going to drop us right on the end of the runway. You've all been swell. When we get down, the drinks are on me."

Hope hit those faces like sunlight coming out behind a cloud. "You really think we have a chance?" Roger Simpson said. "No kidding?"

Blair grinned at the young bridegroom. "Kid, you'll live to be a grandfather." He turned away and entered the cockpit. *Boy*, he thought, *what a snow job. But somehow, Hanover, it made you feel a little better. If you'd kept that up, you'd really be believing your own propaganda.*

"How's everything?" Eric said.

"O.K. We strapped the pilot in. He's still alive. Everyone else has the hell scared out of 'em, but they're doing fine."

On the ground, Chappie King left the dispatch office. Outside, he ran into a milling crowd of newspaper reporters, airport employees, photographers and morbid curiosity seekers. Flash bulbs exploded in his face. Everyone started talking at once. "How's it going, Chappie?" . . . "You really think you can talk that plane in without a pilot?" . . . "What's with the crew, Chappie? Are they both dead?" . . . "Who's the man at the controls?" . . . "Look, Chappie, you gotta give us something!"

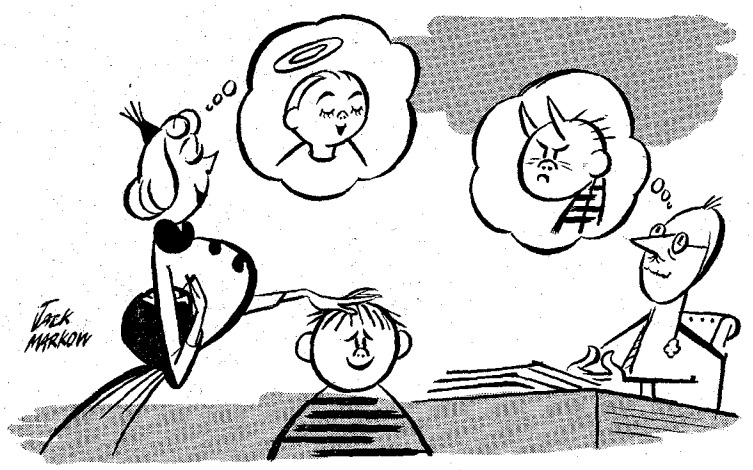
Chappie kept walking. "Look, you people, I got a job to do. You mind if I get it done?"

A gentle westerly breeze drifted fog patches across the runways. Chappie saw a television truck near Runway Twenty-five left, with the crew setting up their gear. Crash crews and a fire truck were nearby.

Chappie reached the G.C.A. shack and picked up a microphone. "Eric, are you still there?"

"Still here," Eric said.

"I'm in the G.C.A. room, where I can watch you on the scope, and there's a window which (*Continued on Page 98*)



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Finally, however, Johnny damaged so many nerves and so much school property that he had to be expelled. When his mother heard of this, she immediately stormed schoolward and faced the principal.

It was outrageous, she protested at great length. The school lacked tact. It lacked flexibility. It simply didn't understand how to deal with Johnny.

"Your school," she said, pointing an accusing finger at the principal, "has failed."

"Yes," the principal sighed, "our school just can't adjust to your son."

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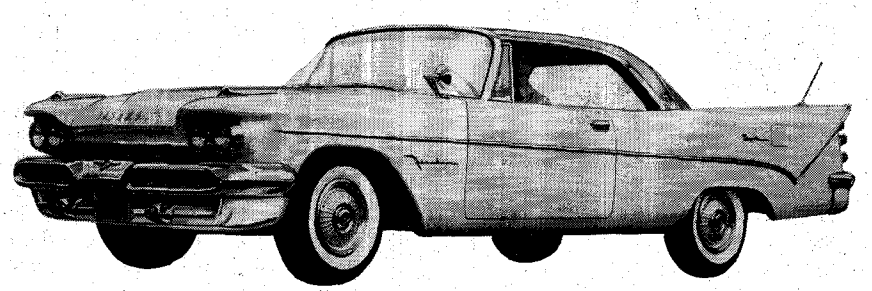

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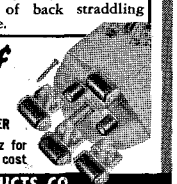

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(*Continued from Page 96*) gives me a view of the runway where I'm going to set you down. Now, Eric, don't look out. Just keep your eyes on the instruments. You read me?"

"I read you."

"Now, we're going to lose a little more altitude. Remember how we did it before? First, you turn off that altitude-control switch, then you crack the wheel just a tiny bit forward—got it?"

"Got it," Eric said. He went through the same motions as before. The nose of the airplane dropped slightly.

"Now, pull those throttles back maybe half an inch."

Eric did as he was told. The heavy beat of the engines lessened slightly.

In the cabin, it was apparent that they were starting down. Ellie Charlton grabbed her husband's arm so tightly with both hands that he winced with the pain.

"Dick, the children!" she cried. "I can't stand thinking of the children!"

Dick Charlton forced her hands away from his arm, held them tightly and then said loudly, "Ellie, listen to me." She started sobbing. "Listen to me and get hold of yourself. Everything is going to be all right, you hear me? Stop blubbering, Ellie, and pray. If you must say anything, say it in prayer."

Ellie looked up at her husband, searching his face with her eyes. Then she nodded. "I'm all right, Dick. I'm all right." She closed her eyes. "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth. . . ."

Roger Simpson stared straight ahead. There was perspiration on his forehead, and his face was white. "I wonder if that guy was kidding us?"

Jill, his bride, patted him on the arm. "Of course not, Rog. And you'll be such a dandy grandfather."

Sue White turned her husband's face toward hers and kissed him hard on the mouth. Then she said, "Phil, you've been such a wonderful husband, and I've had such a wonderful life with you that I don't mind too much; really I don't. Do you remember what it said in that golf book I gave you—that Walter Hagen book?"

Phil nodded. "'You're only here for a short visit. Don't hurry, don't worry, and be sure to smell the flowers along the way.'"

"That's it, Phil. I've smelled the flowers along the way."

Chappie King stood in the darkened room in the G.C.A. building, the mike in one hand, looking over the shoulder of the G.C.A. technician. "Let me know the moment he passes the Hermosa Intersection."

"He's coming up on it now."

"Eric," Chappie said, "I'm turning you left to course zero-seven-zero. Your altitude is three thousand, your air speed one hundred and fifty."

"Very well," Eric said. He made the turn as before with the wheel on the pedestal and straightened the plane out on course 070 degrees. The airplane was now paralleling the runway, several miles south of it. Two ninety-degree turns left would bring the airplane into line for its final approach.

Chappie King's voice came through, explaining the location of the landing-gear level and the switch that would operate the hydraulic gear which lowered the flaps.

Thin streamers of fog drifted down the 8444-foot length of the runway. With all ground traffic on the runways halted, and all air traffic cleared out of the area, the airport was unusually quiet. Now silent figures stood well back from the runway and stared into the sky, their ears straining to catch the sound of 181's engines.

Chappie guided Eric through the last turn to the left. This was the final approach, with the airport ahead of the plane, on a course of 250 degrees.

"All right, Eric," Chappie said. "Lower your gear." He waited. "Do you see three green lights down low in the center of the panel?"

"Roger," Eric said.

"Your gear is down and locked. Now lower your flaps halfway."

"All right," Eric said. "Coming down."

"Now, in front of the wheel marked Automatic Pilot Control you'll see a three-way switch. Move that switch to the position marked Approach." Chappie waited and then said to the G.C.A. man, "How about it?"

"On course, on glide path."

"Eric, that airplane is now coupled to a beam that's projected from the runway. That's why I had you tune that V.H.F. navigation receiver to one-zero-nine-point-nine megacycles. You don't have to touch a thing. The beam will guide the plane to the end of the runway and adjust the glide path. Do not acknowledge any further instructions. Don't use your radio unless you don't understand me."

"He's a little fast," the G.C.A. man said.

"Pull the throttles just a hair toward you, Eric. You're a little fast." They waited.

"Seems about right," the G.C.A. man said.

"Now, Eric," Chappie said, "there are just two more operations for you, and I want you to think of them and forget everything else. When you hear me shout 'Now,' you pull the throttles all the way back—then grab the control column and pull back as hard as you can. First, throttles back—then the control column. Now, use your radio. Do you read me?"

"Yes."

"Any questions?"

"No."

Chappie looked over the technician's shoulder. The sweep of the scanner left a trace of sparkling white on the screen, and the pip that was Flight 181 glowed bigger and brighter with each turn.

"On course, on glide path," the G.C.A. man said.

"I'm moving over to the window," Chappie said. "Give me the distance off."

"Three miles . . . two and seven tenths . . . two and four tenths. . . ."

"Eric, it's getting about that time."

Peering out the window, Chappie picked up the gleam of the landing lights, glowing brighter through the thin film of fog.

"Nine tenths of a mile . . . seven tenths ——"

"Stand by, Eric," Chappie said.

"—five tenths—she's a little fast."

"Never mind," Chappie said. "We'll get this guy on the ground." He stared intently at the plane as she angled down toward the runway. The beat of the engines grew louder. With the airplane no more than a hundred feet above the far end of the runway, he shouted "Now!" into the microphone.

Immediately the engines died out to idling speed and the plane sank toward the runway. For the space of five heartbeats, it seemed as if it were about to drive right into the runway. "Dear Lord," Chappie whispered, "take care of them."

The G.C.A. man sucked in his breath, and then the nose came up and the tail came down as Eric overrode the autopilot, and for a hundred yards the plane scooted along above the runway. Then it settled slowly, the wheels squealed against the concrete, bounced, touched again, and Flight 181 had returned to earth. Crash and fire trucks converged on the airplane as it finally rolled to a stop. Chappie King tore out of the G.C.A. shack, hooked a ride on a passing jeep and yelled like a madman on the way to the plane.

After the reporters had gone, after the television crews had packed up their gear and departed, after flashlight bulbs had exploded hundreds of times, Karen Johnson and Eric sat in Chappie King's office.

"Is David Brickley going to be all right?" Eric asked.

Chappie nodded. "The medics think so. Apparently the bullet missed his lung or just nicked it. Doc Hannegan called me from the hospital a while ago. Dave was conscious. He said to tell you thanks."

"What about Pete McMillan?" Karen said.

"He was still locked in the lavatory," Chappie said. "They had to break the door down. They put him in one of those strait jackets. The guy just went completely off his rocker."

"I lost the rest of the passengers in the crowd," Eric said. "I wanted to talk to that marine. He's quite a boy."

Chappie grinned. "He herded that honeymoon couple, and the other four into a couple of cabs. Said he was going to buy 'em drinks till his money ran out."

"How much did he have?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars, he said."

Eric shook his head. "I guess I don't want to see him, after all."

Chappie smiled at Eric and looked at Karen. "Johnson, weren't you engaged to this guy at one time?"

Karen nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for, you dumb blonde? You found a man. Don't you know one when you see one?"

Karen turned and looked at Eric. She put her right arm through Eric's and held on. She rubbed her cheek against his sleeve. "Uh-huh. I didn't know what I had until I was about to lose him."

"All right," Chappie said. "I talked to the executive vice president. Pacific Coast Airlines will pick up the tab for your honeymoon. Now get out of here. The sloppy sentimentality in this office is getting a little gooey."

Karen and Eric walked out of the office. Chappie watched the door close. Outside, he heard the constant sound of aircraft engines. Four engines thundered as a giant airliner took off. The Los Angeles airport was back in business. Chappie King put on his coat and hat, turned off the light in his office and walked wearily out into the night. THE END

... ...

April Testament

By Louise McNeill

Dear Love, dear heart, when
time is fled
And I no longer sing,
I leave this message to be read
In sunlight and in spring,
Of life, of faith, of years
content
Because our love was so
That when the form in anguish
went
The spirit would not go,
And on this page, in very
truth:
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The music, and your name.

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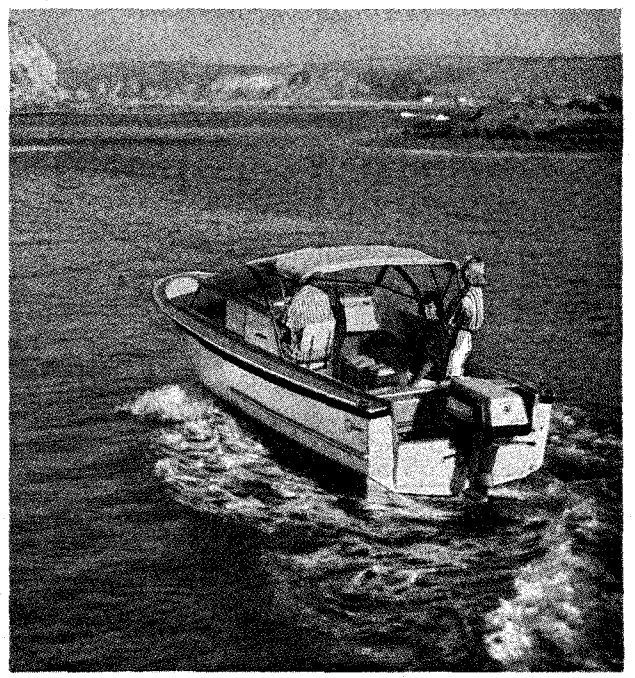

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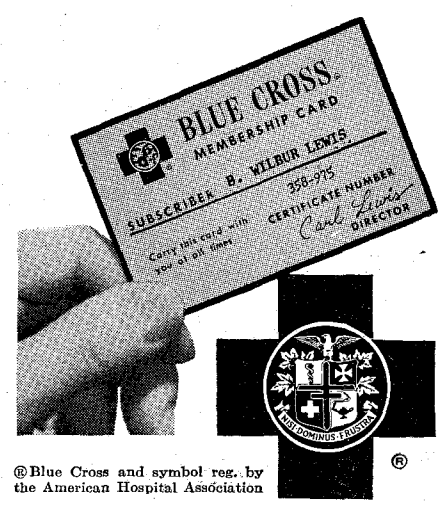

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What You Should Know About Physics

(Continued from Page 41)

The principles and theories of physics are stated in terms of concepts. These concepts are the real heart of physics. Though some of these concepts may now seem obvious, it is well to remember that their origin often demanded a tremendous effort of creative thought. The history of physics shows that all progress is indissolubly tied to these conceptual discoveries. Without them, research flounders. With them, our knowledge expands at an explosive rate. Consider the history of the single concept of force.

Until the time of Galileo, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, force was thought to be something that maintained the motion of a body. By an act of genius, Galileo reversed this concept. Instead of asking what preserves motion and calling that force, he asked what changes motion. This something that changed the motion of a body he called true force. His concept later became the basis for Newton's dynamics and thus the foundation for all progress in physics until the early part of this century.

To appreciate the daring that Galileo's conception demanded, it should be remembered that until eighteen months ago, when the first Sputnik was put in orbit, all objects which man set in motion stopped moving almost immediately unless something was done to keep them moving. This stoppage occurs, of course, because there is always some sort of frictional force which kills motion unless it is offset by some other driving force. Galileo's conceptual feat was to question the apparently obvious and decide that true force is not motion itself, but what changes motion.

To illustrate some of the other basic principles of physics, I will first examine two which are related—the conservation of electric charge and the conservation of energy. I will then consider three theories of light, to show how more sophisticated theories can complement simpler theories without replacing them. The related principles of indeterminacy and probability will be considered, with some observations on their dramatic effect on contemporary philosophical thought. This will be followed by an example of how one concept, called entropy, has been formulated in two different ways to give us two theories which are apparently different, but actually equivalent. Finally, I will discuss a unique principle—that of atomicity, or natural units.

The concept of conservation demands a prefatory note. It is curious that a number of physics' most important discoveries are not how to do things, but discoveries that there are some things which can't be done. These apparently negative affirmations are sometimes called principles of impotence. Two examples are (1) that it is impossible to construct a perpetual-motion machine and (2) that nothing can go faster than light.

These principles of impotence have a strong attraction for the physicist. Their appeal is partly aesthetic, for, in appearance at least, they have the grandeur of simplicity. An even greater appeal may stem from man's innate desire for security and permanence—for in most cases a principle of impotence asserts that something is unchanging, that it cannot be created or destroyed. This, in the language of physics, means that it is conserved.

CONSERVATION OF ELECTRIC CHARGE

To Benjamin Franklin, more than anyone else, physics owes the idea of the conservation of electric charge. The early experiments with electricity generated by friction were both intriguing and bewildering to the experimenters. They discovered that a glass tube that had been electrified by rubbing could pick up light objects—objects which might later be repelled by the same tube. Moreover, these effects could sometimes be transmitted a certain distance over strings or wires. The true nature of the forces causing these effects, however, eluded the early experimenters.

Franklin was the first to state clearly that rubbing the glass tube transfers something present in all bodies from one to another, so that one body acquired that part of the "something" given up by the other body. From this arose the concept of positive and negative charges of electricity, equal in quantity and opposite in charge. In essence, this implies the idea of something which is unchanging in quantity—something, that is, which is conserved. Thus, if positive electricity is created in one place, an equal, negative charge, or quantity, must occur elsewhere. This establishes a kind of double-entry system in nature's accounts; charge can be transposed, but can be neither created nor destroyed.

Franklin's concept of conservation is one of the few early principles of physics which have not had to be altered to fit the revolution of thought introduced by the relativity and the quantum theories. This principle, which explained the simplicities of what happened to the glass tube, is equally useful in accounting for the electrical complexities of nuclear physics.

Electrons and protons are atomic particles which carry a natural unit of charge. The electron is very light, with a charge that is by convention negative; the proton, 1838 times as massive as the electron, carries an equal, positive charge. Further, even when we create electrons out of space and energy, this charge is still conserved. When we make an "ordinary" electron with its negative charge, it brings with it a companion electron of positive charge. This positive electron does not last long in ordinary matter—perhaps a billionth of a second—but when it disappears it takes with it an ordinary electron with a negative charge, so that there is no net loss or gain in the matter of charge. Thus nature enforces one of the great principles of physics.

CONSERVATION OF ENERGY

Though the principle of the conservation of energy was the great creation of nineteenth-century physics, its origins can be found in an earlier century. Galileo hypothesized an experiment which proved that a marble rolling down one slope and then up another could never reach a point higher than its original elevation. Under ideal conditions, Galileo showed, however, that the marble would reach a height equal to its original elevation. This is what we now think of as conservation of energy in its simplest form. The energy of position which the marble possesses—because of its elevation—is transformed into energy of motion as it rolls down, and then back to energy of position as the marble rolls up the opposite slope.

The nineteenth-century physicists proved that there were many other forms of energy besides those of motion and position. There is, for example, electrical energy—which can be turned into a form of energy we call heat. Energy in any

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form observes all the requirements of the conservation principle and can, indeed, be changed to other forms of energy. When a bullet imbeds itself in a target, the heat released through the impact will be equivalent to the energy of motion of the bullet.

During the present century our concept of the conservation of energy was expanded immeasurably when Einstein postulated that mass is a form of energy. (Mass, in this context, should be thought of as a measure of inertia, which is a body's fundamental resistance to any change in its motion.) Einstein proved that a system of bodies loses mass when it loses energy and, conversely, gains mass when it gains energy. To oversimplify, this is somewhat like saying that the faster a body travels, the bigger it gets. In everyday life this effect is unobservable because of the relatively small velocities involved. In nuclear physics this principle is of great importance; by using its corollary we can tell, from the masses of atoms, what energy they can yield. Actually, a very small amount of mass corresponds to a great amount of energy—less than one twenty-eighth of an ounce of mass would produce the Hiroshima explosion.

THREE THEORIES OF LIGHT

Let us now consider the three theories of light, which introduce the paradox that scientific principles can be something other than either true or false. They can be true, in other words, to a degree.

The ray theory of light says that light goes in straight lines called rays. These rays, however, can be reflected by a mirror or refracted at a transparent surface such as water. The Greeks knew about the laws of reflection; the laws of refraction were established early in the seventeenth century.

The wave theory of light, conceived by Huygens of The Hague late in the seventeenth century, says that light is a wave motion in some sort of ether. This ether, at first thought to be an elastic substance which permeated all matter, later came to be considered as something which acted electromagnetically. The wave theory was placed on a firm mathematical basis early in the nineteenth century and until recently was accepted by physicists as the principle which best explained the properties of light.

During the early years of this century the extraordinary behavior of X rays and of various types of radiation from hot solid bodies forced on physicists a new set of ideas called the quantum theory. The quantum theory supposes that the action of one body on another occurs, not smoothly and uniformly, but by discontinuous steps. Light is emitted and absorbed in discrete packets—the energy of each packet being determined by the wave length, or color, of the light. In considering the properties of light the quantum theory combines this new concept with elements of the ray and the wave concepts and certain revolutionary assumptions of quantum mechanics which introduce the element of indeterminacy into man's conception of the universe.

It would be logical to suppose that the ray theory would have been replaced by the more accurate wave theory, and this, in turn, by the more sophisticated quantum theory. Such, however, has not been the case. Not only has the ray theory survived in teaching; it has continued to be the basis for the design of most optical instruments. Although rays and waves are different conceptions, they lead, in most cases, to the same practical results, and the ray theory is easier to handle mathematically by the man who wants, for example, to design a new camera lens. When necessary, the wave theory can be employed to correct a design made through use of the ray theory. The quantum theory of light, in turn, is used in relatively few optical problems—one case being the design of photoelectric cells. In designing the shapes of lenses and mirrors, the quantum theory gives the same results as the wave theory.

The interesting point here is that we have three theories of light, each with a different conceptional basis. Each theory gives us a different explanation of light. Yet, in a sense, all these theories are valid, and all continue to be used. The reason for this seemingly unnecessary triplication is that the theories form a group of progressively improving accuracy but diminishing convenience. The less sophisticated theories survive because of their convenience.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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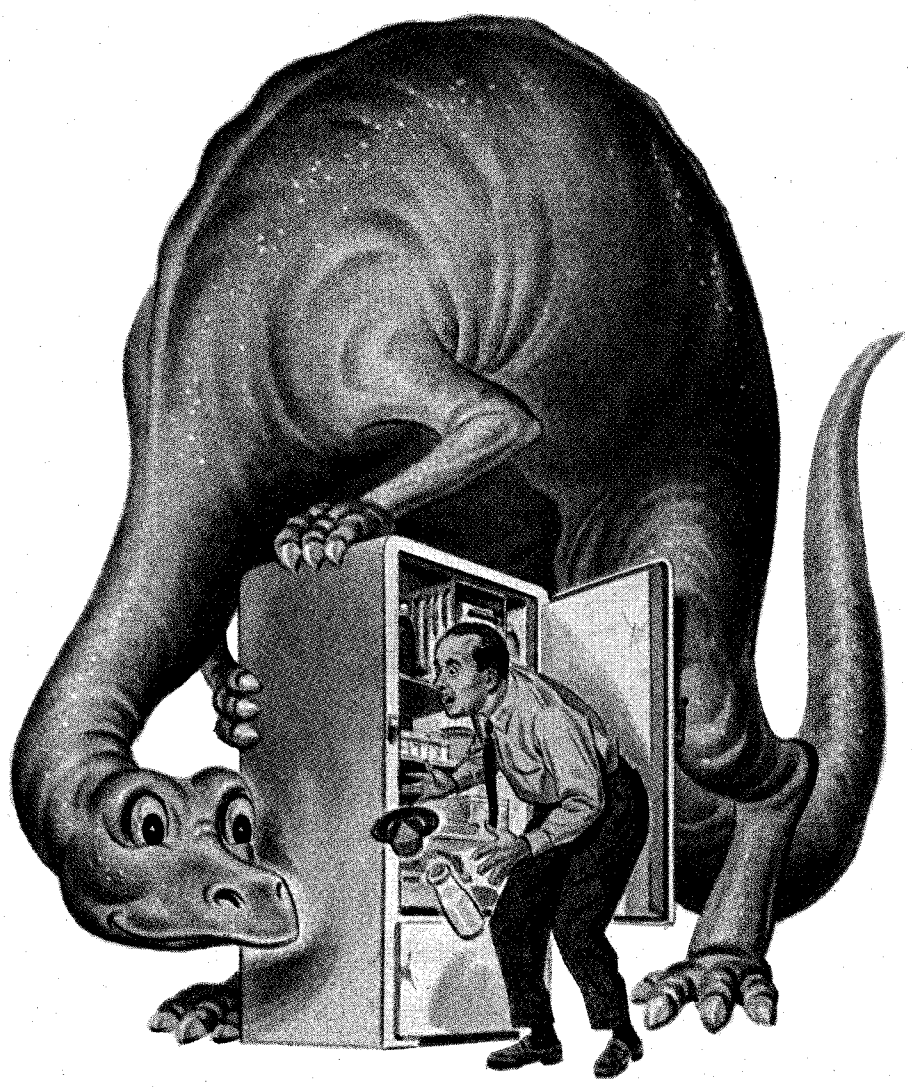

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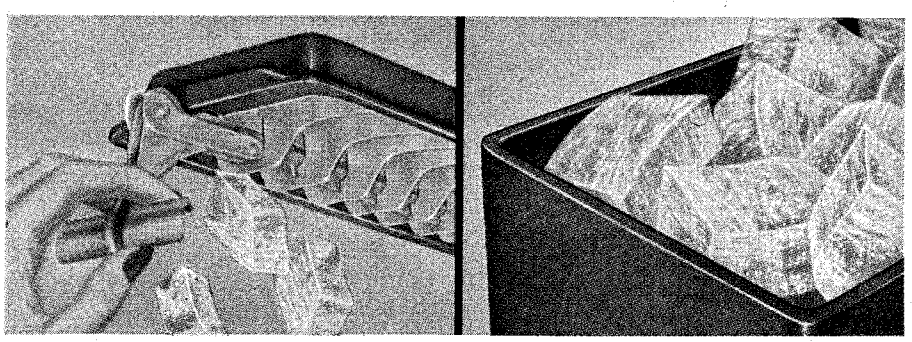

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Does this mean that physicists are insincere in their pursuit of truth and prefer convenience to accuracy? This may sometimes be true, but the moral implication is unjust. No existing theory in physics is completely true in the sense that it can correctly answer every possible question relating to its content. When nothing is completely accurate, it seems legitimate to weigh degrees of accuracy against degrees of convenience.

INDETERMINACY

Some thirty years ago a German physicist, Werner Heisenberg, discovered a principle of impotence of a new type. Instead of saying what one cannot *do*, the principle of indeterminacy states what one cannot *know*. This principle derives from the fact that physics deals with observations and that the act of observation may alter what is observed.

In many cases, particularly where the objects under scrutiny are large, this observational effect can be unimportant. An example of this situation is Newton's theory of gravitation, which predicted how the planets would move around the sun. It was not necessary to consider the effect of the observer upon this phenomenon; light, the medium for observation, does exert force, but the force of sunlight on a planet is negligible compared with the force of gravitation.

We face a different situation with atoms and their particles, such as electrons. In this case the "push" given by light is all-important. The argument here involves two stages. The first is that we cannot see the electron unless it gets a push corresponding to at least one quantum of light. One quantum is the smallest measure of light that can produce an effect, and if the light does not affect the electron, the electron will not affect the light and will remain invisible.

Though one quantum of light is enough to disturb an electron, it gives us but a limited amount of information. We would like to know, for example, whether electrons in an atom are moving or at rest. This demands that we observe an electron at successive moments—to see if it has moved. But if the quantum of light used in the first observation disturbs the electron, how can we tell whether the change of position seen in the next observation is the result of natural motion or the result of the push by the light which enabled us to make the first observation?

To answer this question we must allow for the push of the first quantum of light. In order to do this we obviously must know the force and direction of that initial push. This introduces the second stage of the argument; the quantum theory says the push is random—so you can never allow for it.

From this reasoning it is apparent that the motion of electrons—and this is just one example of the application of the principle of indeterminacy—is essentially unknowable. The problem here is not one of perfecting the design of microscopes. The impossibility of knowing, in this case, is inherent in the nature of light.

The perceptive reader will have recognized that Heisenberg's indeterminacy principle introduces a revolutionary philosophical concept which affects the corpus of western culture. Newton's world, which provided the intellectual climate for the growth of the natural sciences until the beginning of this century, was an ordered world of cause and effect, of strict determinism. Every sparrow's fall was ordained; the limits of knowing lay within man himself. It was this rocky, mechanistic barrier of logic that gradually alienated man's spiritual and intellectual compulsions. Indeterminacy, in implementing the quantum theory, has now introduced the element of chance, of potentiality, of the unknowable, into the most precise of man's investigations of the universe. The results of this change in our thinking are unforeseeable.

PROBABILITY AND ENTROPY

The impossibility of complete knowledge is closely related to the probability element which occurs in some of the physical laws that depend upon the quantum theory. As with the profits of Monte Carlo and the actuarial statistics of insurance companies, probability turns into a virtual certainty when enough independent events are considered. In nuclear physics, since the quanta of action are small, all actions concerned with more than a few atoms involve large numbers of quanta. Despite this, the element of probability must always be considered. No prediction is quite certain—it is only probable in some degree.

(*Continued on Page 104*)

"What is this—stereophonic sound?"

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(*Continued from Page 102*) The probability element also plays a part in other branches of physics. One of these is the kinetic, or motion, theory of gases. Gas is composed of molecules—each, in turn, composed of a few atoms—which move about in the space occupied by the gas, colliding with one another and with the walls of the containing vessel. Normally these molecules travel many times their length between collisions. The collisions exert force on the walls of the containing vessel. This force is the pressure of the gas.

Though the kinetic theory of gases explains many of the properties of gases under various conditions, it has one special characteristic which bears upon our consideration of probability. It is a theory of chaos—the probability of chaos, if you like. The measure of this probability is a quantity called entropy. The kinetic theory assumes that the molecules move at random in the sense that any particular molecule is just as likely to be going one way as another and is just as likely to be in any particular region of the containing vessel as in any other of equal size.

What is odd is that precisely this assumption of chaos, as measured in terms of entropy, leads to exact mathematical conclusions concerning the pressure of the gas on the walls of the containing vessel and the proportion of the molecules having different speeds. (The kinetic theory also assumes that the conservation of energy is obeyed in the molecular collisions.) The average kinetic energy of the molecules turns out to be proportional to the temperature of the gas. The ideal chaos, if one may use such a phrase, is the most probable state of the gas. After the molecules in the gas have made a few collisions—actually, they will make many billions a second—they will have lost all "memory" of their former state, even if it happened to be an ordered one.

The process I have just described may be compared to shuffling a deck of cards. If the cards are initially arranged in suits they will soon cease to be so, but if they are in a random distribution it is extremely unlikely that the shuffling will sort them into suits. There would, however, be nothing contrary to nature in such an event. Perhaps, in the history of cards, such an orderly rearrangement of the fifty-two cards has occurred a few times. In even a small quantity of gas, on the other hand, there are millions of millions of molecules to be sorted, and the probabilities become even more overwhelming. The chance of any measurable quantity of gas departing for long from a random state is wholly negligible. The behavior of gas is thus governed by its strong tendency to take up the most probable, which means the most random, arrangement. The measure of this probability is the entropy of the gas.

Considerations of probability and entropy in the arrangement of the molecules of gas turn out to be closely related to similar concepts derived, by different methods, from the study of steam engines.

Heat is a form of energy, but while the energy produced by a steam engine can be wholly converted into heat—through the friction of a brake, for example—the heat supplied to the engine cannot be wholly converted into energy. Even in an "ideal" engine, with no friction, only a definite fraction of the heat given to the steam in the boiler can be transformed into usable mechanical energy. This fraction, which measures the efficiency of the "ideal" engine, depends solely upon a pair of temperatures—the temperature of the boiler and the temperature at which the steam is either condensed or rejected into the surrounding air.

The governing principle here is Rudolf Clausius' second law of thermodynamics, which states that heat of itself cannot pass from a colder to a hotter body. From this principle, combined with the conservation of energy, one can prove by pure logic that the efficiency of the engine is never 100 per cent and calculate what it will be for any particular pair of temperatures.

From Clausius' principle another approach to entropy was established. For it is possible to prove that when heat is transferred from one body of a system to another, the entropy of the system increases. Thus, when the hot, fast molecules at one end of a steam-filled tube exchange position and energy with the slow, cold ones at the other end—as they would—we find that the entropy of the steam increases. This is equivalent to saying that the state of the molecules becomes a more probable, more random one.

Thus from two different approaches—from the kinetic theory of gases and from thermodynamic theory—we have evolved a reasonable understanding of probability and the quantitative uses of the measure we call entropy. Interestingly, while entropy is a hypothesized quantity, it is very useful in the mathematics of physics, for we know that when entropy increases, the available energy of a system decreases. What may appear to be pure theory has many practical applications—considerations of probability and entropy bear strongly, for example, on the present attempt to make energy by nuclear reactions in heavy hydrogen gas.

NATURAL UNITS

We have seen that physical theories are, basically, ways of calculating facts of experience and putting these facts in or-

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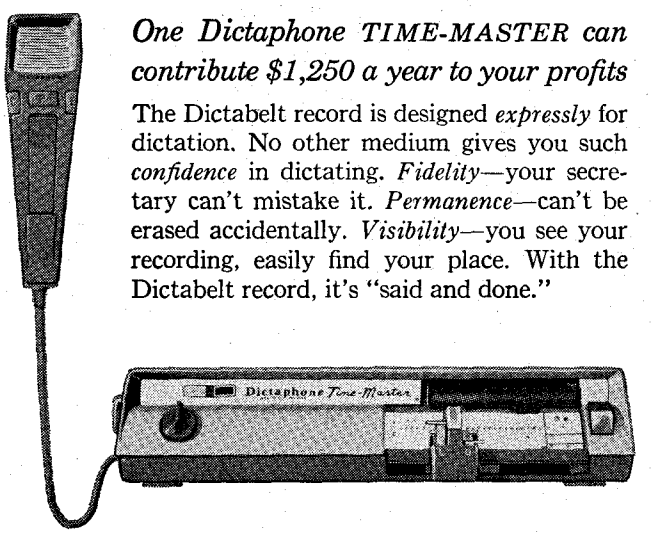

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der so that one can predict what will happen in the future and design devices to bring about the effect one wants. Some physical theories transcend this function in that they have the power to suggest new discoveries. These fruitful concepts seem to come to life and to apply more widely than anticipated, in the way that characters of a novel sometimes take charge and insist on behaving quite differently than the novelist intended.

An outstanding example of this evolutionary process is the theory of atoms. As late as the end of last century the purists in the philosophy of science maintained that the concept of atoms was an unjustifiable one. Following a tradition as old as the ancient Greeks, atoms were reinvented by John Dalton in 1803 to account for the laws that express the proportions by weight in which elements combine to form chemical compounds. The purists, who took the view that nothing not directly observed should enter a scientific theory, maintained that since all that was observed was proportion by weight, only these proportional weights—called "combining weights"—should be considered, to the exclusion of atoms.

Fortunately, the more experimentally minded physicists continued to think of atoms. They found that the "atoms," contrary to the Greek view, had parts—electrons, protons and neutrons. Atoms are now as real to the physicist as grains of wheat to the farmer. He knows their arrangement in many thousands of substances; in many experiments they can be counted individually, and their paths, when they go fast enough, can be traced on photographic plates and in gases. It has recently become possible actually to see in an electron microscope the rows in which atoms are arranged in crystals.

The existence of natural units, of which atoms are one example, seems to be the most fundamental of all physical discoveries. At the basis of physics are electrons, protons, neutrons and quanta, not to speak of the strange particles which Oppenheimer discussed in an earlier article of this series (ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 7: THE MYSTERY OF MATTER, JULY, 1958). All these are units by nature. One cannot have two and one third electrons! Further, they build patterns which themselves have unitary properties. For instance, six protons and six neutrons form the nucleus of carbon, which gathers to itself six electrons to form a normal carbon atom. More rarely there are seven or even eight neutrons instead of six to form a carbon isotope, but never six and a half.

Carbon atoms, with those of hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, are the units that build up a vast variety of molecules. Though various, these molecules are chemical entities which can be separated out and purified. Here we have two stages of patterns based on integers, for each molecule consists of integral numbers of the various kinds of atoms which compose it—just as each atom consists of integral units of its particles.

Carrying this classification a step further, we can envision the cell as a unit of organic structure which parallels the unit atoms and the unit molecules of which it is composed. In their turn, cells form individual organisms, or parts of organisms, such as the leaves of a tree. There are a vast number of almost identical leaves on an oak tree, each composed of a vast number of cells, and the oak tree itself will be one of a species containing a vast number of individuals.

This principle of unit numbers, or atomicity, is different in kind from the principles of impotence we have considered. For one thing, it seems more fundamental to the nature of matter. It links in a common frame the billions of nebulae, each with their billions of stars, with the electrons and the atoms, with the cells of our bodies and with the individuals of our own and other species of living creatures. It recalls the saying of the mathematician, Leopold Kronecker, "God made the integers and man made all the rest."

The universe thus seems to be a place where a vast number of a few kinds of units form patterns based on whole numbers. These patterns change from time to time, on a scale which ranges from the minute to the cosmic. These changes are the events which the physicist tries to predict. When the scale is small, he can only assign probabilities of action. On a larger scale, when many units are concerned, these probabilities become virtual certainties by the operation of the statistics of larger numbers. Even in such cases, however, we are dealing in principle only with the highly probable. The rigid determinism to which all physical happenings were once held accountable is no longer tenable. In its place there now stand the shadow of probability and the shade of what is perhaps never to be known. But, as the nineteenth-century physicist, James Clerk Maxwell, observed, "It is a universal condition of the enjoyable that the mind must believe in the existence of a law and yet have a mystery to move in." THE END

Variations on a Voice

(The Echo)

By Cosette Middleton

From hill to hill
A voice is thinned
And whipped until
The final sound
May be the wind.
But underground
A voice can fill
A cave with round
Responses, twinned
And tripled, shrill
Or deep, or drowned
In distance, still
Intact—profound.

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

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John Wiley and Sons.
$5.50

Blackwood, O. H. and Others
OUTLINES OF ATOMIC PHYSICS
John Wiley & Sons
$7.50

Bohr, Niels
ATOMIC PHYSICS AND HUMAN KNOWLEDGE
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Peierls, R. E.
THE LAWS OF NATURE
Scribner
$4.50

Heisenberg, Werner
PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY
Harper & Bros.
$4.00

"See, Abby? You won't always be squinting when you ride in MY car!"
Margaret Hamilton as Prudence
Nydia Westman as Abby
:NCE: See that shaded band up there across indshield? It's a built-in sunshade.
IL: How do you mean?
:NCE: It cuts down glare, keeps your eyes from g tired. So they call this *shaded* E-Z-Eye. And ass is special colored to keep you cooler, too.
ABIGAIL: Does E-Z-Eye cost extra?
PRUDENCE: Just a little and it's worth a lot more in comfort. Course E-Z-Eye is safety PLATE glass 'cause this is a General Motors car. They use safety PLATE glass in every window of every car made in the whole U.S.A.
ABIGAIL: Thought every car had safety glass.
PRUDENCE: Didn't say "safety glass." Said "safety PLATE glass." PLATE gives you better vision than just "safety glass." Not so tiring on your eyes!
ABIGAIL: How can you tell when it's safety PLATE?
PRUDENCE: Says so right in the corner. See P-L-A-T-E. Look for that whenever you buy a car.
AFETY L·O·F PLATE in every window of every
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A Long Look at China

(Continued from Page 23)

This succession of announcements set off a whirl of speculation in the world capitals. Belgrade wondered if Mao's resignation might be due to differences with Khrushchev. New Delhi hoped that the slowdown in rural regimentation might indicate a new moderation in Peking. Nationalist leaders in Taipei even suggested that civil war on the mainland might be in the offing.

But those who study Chinese Communist economic and political policy most objectively were inclined to dismiss such explanations as products of wishful thinking. In their view the two central questions posed by recent swings of the political pendulum inside China go far deeper:

1. Can Communist economics, which forged Russia into a modern industrial state in two generations, succeed in Asia, or do the totally different conditions which exist there doom Asian Communism to failure?

2. Whether or not this program succeeds, what role is the "New China" likely to play in our future and Asia's?

These questions deserve urgent and thoughtful consideration by American policy makers of both parties. On their answers may depend in large measure the nature of tomorrow's world.

The one time a man will acknowledge his poor relations is when he is preparing his income-tax return.

DICK YIN WONG

The one fourth of mankind who live in China are among the toughest, hardest-working people on earth. By the time this year's American high-school graduates reach their thirtieth birthdays, China's population will have soared to 900,000,000 men, women and children.

Since the 1920's, most Americans have tended consistently to misjudge the strength, competence and durability of the Chinese Communist leaders who now rule this vast expanse of land and people, an error which may be explained by our bitter disapproval of their policies.

In the first years following Chiang Kai-shek's retreat to Formosa in 1949 we looked on the new government in Peking as no more and no less than one more backward satellite of the Soviet Union.

When Red China began to emerge as a world force in its own right, our official pronouncements patronizingly promoted its government to the rank of "junior partner" in the Communist hierarchy.

Recently some American observers have veered to the other extreme. When reports indicated that it was Mao's influence, in 1958, that caused Nikita Khrushchev to take a tougher position in foreign affairs, they insisted that here was proof positive that the Chinese tail was now wagging the Soviet dog.

The actual relationship between Moscow and Peking remains obscure. We can assume that the balance of influence between the two is in flux, with each partner forced in various ways to accommodate itself somewhat to the ambitions and fears of the other.

But here is the important point: Moscow and Peking view our fast-changing world from rather different perspectives, and these differences may grow.

The men in the Kremlin rule a nation blessed with plenty of living space, plenty of natural as well as human resources and—they think—plenty of time.

Their military might, industrial power and political influence have been growing with spectacular speed. They assume that Soviet power plus Communist ideology will ultimately add up to world domination.

Their task, as they see it, is to ride and exploit the revolutionary wave which they believe constitutes the future. They have Lenin's assurance that history is on their side, and they can see no reason to take chances.

In contrast, the Chinese Communists face appalling problems, which are now testing their political and economic theories under the most difficult conceivable conditions.

If the Peking Government goes through with its present plan for rapid industrialization on the Soviet model, it may place an impossible burden on the rural Chinese economy, which must feed 650,000,000 people and provide "surplus" agricultural products to help pay for critically needed imports.

If it seeks to encourage increased food production by appeasing the peasants, it will almost certainly be forced to abandon its Communist political objectives.

This, in a nutshell, is Peking's ultimate dilemma.

The system of pulling a whole nation up by its bootstraps, which worked in Russia at such heavy cost, may fail in China because the conditions there are almost totally different. The most important of these differences relate to land, food and people.

The Soviet Union sprawls for nearly 10,000 miles across two continents. Like our American West, the vast, rich expanse beyond the Urals was opened up only in the last 200 years. It is still largely underdeveloped.

Before the coming of the Communists the Russian people had rarely known hunger. Indeed, before the outbreak of World War I Czarist Russia exported some 10,000,000 tons of wheat each year.

Yet, even with this massive, built-in agricultural advantage, the Soviet experiment nearly collapsed during the 1930's for lack of food. If we are to understand the problems now facing the Communist regime in China, we must understand the reasons for this narrowly averted disaster.

During his early struggle for full control of the Kremlin, Stalin continued Lenin's relatively benevolent policies toward the peasants. With total political power securely in his hands, Stalin then turned to the speedy industrialization of the Soviet Union. This, he saw, would require the diversion of enormous quantities of food to the cities to feed the growing industrial population.

In a non-Communist country as potentially rich as Russia, this extra food production could be secured by offering the incentive of higher prices for agricultural produce and a corresponding improvement in rural living standards. But Stalin knew that he could not offer the Russian peasants this special measure of economic freedom without undermining the iron political discipline demanded by the Revolution.

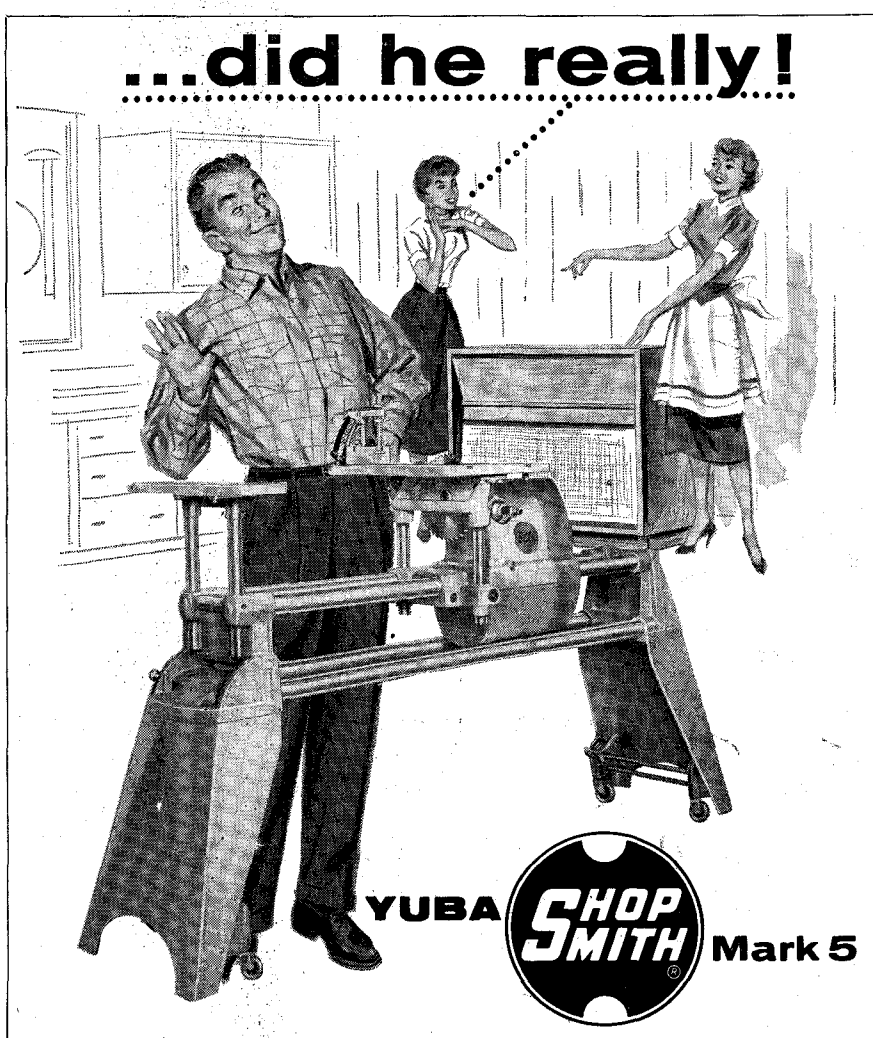
He responded to this dilemma with characteristic ruthlessness. Boldly scrapping Lenin's promises of independent land ownership and increasing opportunity for each peasant family, Stalin moved to mobilize all of rural Russia along tightly regimented political lines.

By the late 1930's almost every peasant family in Russia had been pressed into collective farms. All farm machinery was pooled. The number of dairy and meat animals was drastically reduced to save more grain for human consumption. Tightly administered controls forced the shipment of more and more agricultural produce to the cities. Although total farm production declined, the percentage reaching the industrial workers increased.

The short-term result of Stalin's rural program was an eruption into violence and repression without precedent in human history. The peasants resisted and were brutally crushed. Apparently reliable reports indicated that nearly 10,000,000 died and millions more were shipped to Siberia. In a land with an unlimited agricultural potential, food production dwindled and the already meager living standards dropped abruptly.

For more than twenty years the Russian peasants were badgered and terrorized to increase their production. By setting low prices on agricultural products at the farm and charging high prices in the government-owned retail stores,

...did he really!



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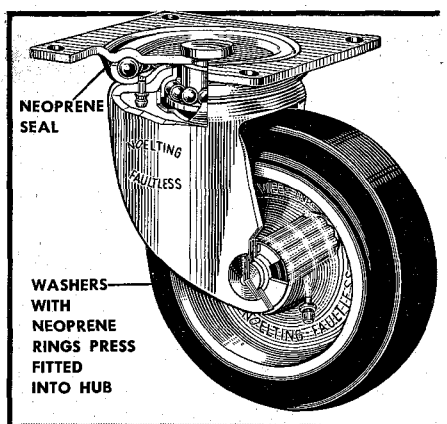

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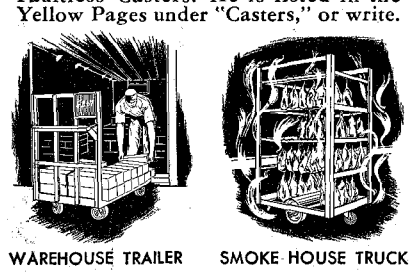

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huge profits were extracted from the peasants to produce more and still more capital for the rapid growth of industry.

Only a very small investment was made in rural development, and consumer goods were almost nonexistent. The Soviet Union lived precariously on its built-in food surplus, created not by Communism but by nature.

In long-term results, however, this fantastic gamble paid off. Although the cost in human misery was staggering, Stalin's determination and the limitless potential of the Russian land enabled the Soviet Government to create a powerful industrial state in less than two generations.

Since World War II the annual rate of Soviet economic growth has been double our own. Only now, after thirty years of ruthless exploitation, are the first economic benefits beginning to trickle down to the patient Soviet peasants whose forced sacrifices made industrialization possible.

Now it is this Stalinist program that the Peking Government adopted as a blueprint for China's development. In doing so, under the infinitely more difficult Chinese conditions, it embarked on what is by all odds the most daring economic and political gamble of all time.

Mao, like Lenin, had based his revolution on the most dramatic promise that can be offered to any peasant people: "Down with the landlords. Land to the tiller." But when the time was ripe, Mao, like Stalin, did not hesitate to repudiate this promise and to press China's peasants into an economic and political system that had no place for private land ownership.

In 1954, after long, careful preparation, a program of complete rural collectivization was announced. By 1957 practically all Chinese rural families had been organized into 740,000 collectives.

Then, in 1958, Mao, as we have seen, went one giant step further. Henceforth all farm collectives, rural industry and local militia would be consolidated into communes. This was a step so breath-takingly radical and ruthless that even Stalin had not dared to attempt it.

The objective was the total mobilization of 500,000,000 villagers into a massive human work force, the destruction of the family as a social unit and the substitution of a new disciplined loyalty to the Communist state.

Every able-bodied man and woman worker was assigned to the fields, to irrigation projects, to the small decentralized factories and blast furnaces. The organization was along military lines so that work squads, platoons, companies and battalions could be transformed overnight into military cadres.

Every hour of each individual's day was rigidly supervised. Children were to be brought up in common nurseries, workers fed in great central mess halls and the old and infirm assigned to what are described as "happiness homes."

Previous to its December-eighteenth announcement of a slowdown in the organization of this fantastic program, the Peking Government had credited it with huge increases in agricultural production and rural development.

The 1958 cotton crop and the early rice crop are said to be double that of 1957. The wheat crop is up 67 per cent. Hundreds of thousands of work teams laboring from dawn to dusk were reported to have opened up 69,000,000 acres to new irrigation. This is fifty times the irrigated areas of America's biggest river project, Grand Coulee, and six times that of India's spectacular Bhakra-Nangal on the Sutlej River in the Punjab.

This, boasted Peking, is only the beginning of an irrigation program that will set the stage for further enormous increases in agricultural production in the next few years. Next on the development agenda is the harnessing of the wild, wasted waters of the Yangtze itself.

To what extent can we separate fact from propaganda? Does the December-eighteenth announcement indicate that the system of tightly organized communes will be abandoned? Or does it suggest no more than a cautious pause for breath-catching in the "great leap forward" toward the total regimentation of Chinese society?

No one can doubt that the 10,000-word announcement, which took four hours and ten minutes to read over Radio Peking, indicates formidable opposition among China's 500,000,000 villagers.

Although it was stoutly maintained that there is to be no reversal in the program itself, some wage incentives were admitted to be necessary to encourage "labor enthusiasm." Fears that all private property was to be immediately surrendered must, it was said, be dispelled.

Every worker should be assured eight hours' sleep, with four hours' freedom for relaxation and meals, leaving twelve hours for "work and study" except at times of harvest.

Henceforth communal mess halls and children's nurseries must be better run. Parents should be allowed to take their children home occasionally. In building "residential quarters," space should be provided "suited to the living together of men and women and the aged and young of each family."

Although this suggests that the Peking Government has run into difficulty, it would be wishful thinking to assume that a change of direction is in the making. The goals of the commune program have been sturdily re-emphasized. The stress is on the need for a somewhat slower pace to educate the laggards and to restrain certain "overeager comrades."

The leaders of Communist China know that the success or failure of their efforts will be determined largely in the villages. Although the difficulties are admittedly great, they may argue persuasively that here at least they are far more experienced than were their Soviet counterparts.

The Russian Revolution was made by only 200,000 party members. They were mostly intellectuals and workers with their roots in the cities. Lenin's announcement of "all land to the tiller," skillfully timed to climax the revolutionary upheaval in Moscow and Leningrad, secured the co-operation of the Russian peasants. But they were never made to feel a part of the movement itself.

The Chinese Revolution, on the other hand, has always been deeply rooted in the villages. The 5,000,000 party members who organized the countryside as a prelude to the advance of the Red armies have now grown to 13,000,000, and most of them are of peasant stock. Under the direction of this rural-oriented Communist leadership and subleadership, many of China's 1,000,000 villages have already known two decades of evolving discipline.

Out of this intensive rural experience have evolved certain strong social and political appeals which have been tested and perfected under varying conditions. With these techniques the Communist leaders believe they can maintain a revolutionary enthusiasm which will carry China through this perilous period of development and create the capital for rapid industrialization.

In place of the uncertain but highly personal security rooted in close family relationships and ancient religious dogma, they have substituted a system that provides a dreary day-to-day sustenance in return for unswerving subservience to the will of the central government.

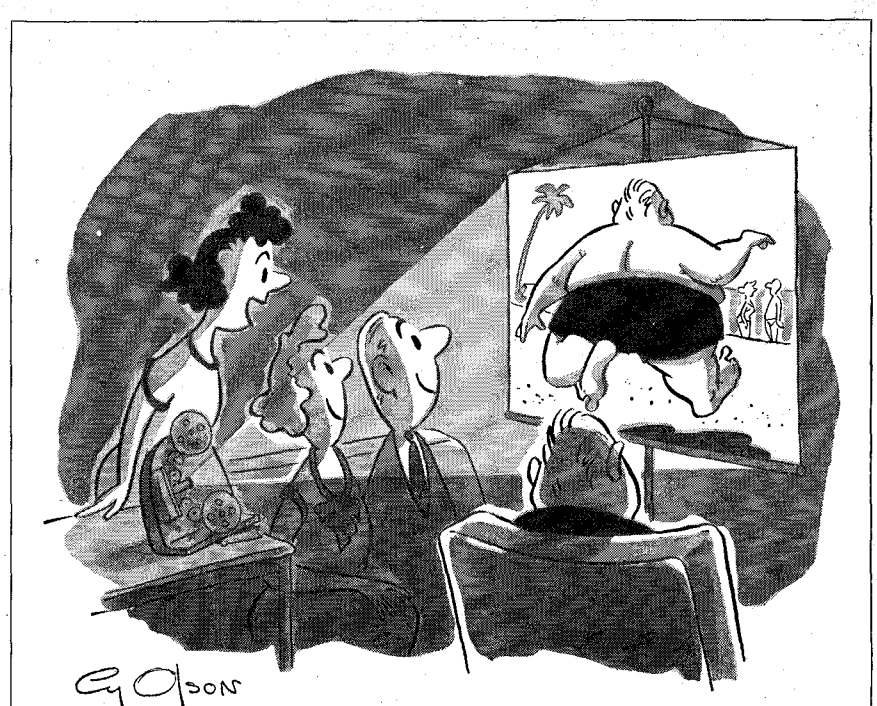
In place of the traditional economic incentive of increased consumer goods, they have substituted festivals, complete with booming brass gongs and sputtering firecrackers, dances, parades and mass condemnation of "enemies of the people."

Millions of official loud-speakers, supplemented by constant "study meetings," goad the people to greater effort, often by fanning the flames of external conflict. In this process the United States serves as a special target for vituperation unmatched even in this age of international mudslinging.

When the occasion calls for it, the Kremlin can muster thousands of angry demonstrators against the West. But the Peking Government can produce millions, as the Middle East and Quemoy crises demonstrated.

"All of China boils with wrath," proclaimed Radio Peking when the United States Marines landed in Lebanon.

"I will send all my six sons to the front again," a (*Continued on Page 111*)



"It was after I took this shot that Howard signed up for a complete body-building course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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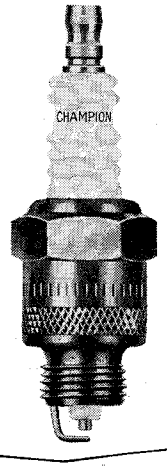

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Advertisement

What's The Truth About Reducing Products?

By WALTER BROOKS

Is one reducing product any better than another? Do they all contain drugs? How safe are they? Here is what medical research at a famous Chicago university revealed.

There are probably more reducing products available to the overweight public these days than there are calories in a cream puff. But the trouble is, some are much less effective than others. And trying to discover which one works best is what's so confusing and maddening to the 35 million adults who are looking for a safe, easy way to lose weight.

Recently, at a famous Chicago university, medical researchers conducted a series of tests to find out as much as possible about the safety and effectiveness of today's most widely used reducing substances.

The findings of this study are not only revealing – but quite astonishing. In fact, for the millions of people who have tried without success to lose as little as five pounds or as much as fifty, this news will probably be the most important and encouraging they have ever read.

For the test, seven leading weight reducing products (cellulose wafers, vitamin and mineral pills, low-calorie candy, skimmed milk tablets and drugs – including phenylpropanolamine hydrochloride and dextro-amphetamine) were selected.

Chosen as "human guinea pigs" was a group of men and women from all walks of life: students, housewives, nurses, teachers, dentists, salesmen, switchboard and punch press operators – even a priest and a nun. All were physically sound but for one thing: they *needed* to lose weight (the men weighed 185 pounds or more; the women 160 or more). Equally important, they all *wanted* to reduce, so readily agreed to co-operate for a full 8 weeks' program.

During the screening of these subjects, it was noted that their past experiences followed well-established patterns for overweight persons. Some overate as an escape, others for pleasure, still others in search of security. As one woman put it: "I just don't have any will power when it comes to eating. So, I keep trying electric vibrators, diets and drugs to reduce. But so far all this has reduced is my husband's pocketbook."

The test subjects were assigned their particular reducing products by a system of random selection. One woman rebelled, however, when she learned she was to take candy. "Can't I take something else?" she pleaded. "I really want to lose weight. And it seems to me candy's the last thing I ought to eat." Reminded that she had agreed to cooperate, she finally acquiesced and took her "medicine," as she called it—only, in this case, it was a special candy for reducing.

According to the doctor in charge, no attempt was made to control the diet of the individuals. "We were attempting to evaluate these preparations under normal conditions of use," he said. "It is our experience, that asking subjects to keep a record of caloric intake can be downright misleading."

To prove this, a few participants who were students were asked to keep daily records of caloric intake. These subjects ate at a fraternity house where, unknown to them, the amount of food given and returned to the kitchen was carefully measured.

One subject, when asked about caloric intake at the end of a day, said, "Golly, I feel so stuffed, I must have had at least 3,200 calories." The truth is he had only 2,628. Still others believed they'd consumed less than they had.

Consequently, participants were given their test substances in the original packages and simply told to follow directions. However, those on dextro-amphetamine, a prescription drug, were given typed instructions for safety's sake.

Over the 8-week period, participants were weighed weekly. At the end of the program, those on dextro-amphetamine had lost an average of only 3.8 lbs. Those on the second best product lost 4.6 lbs. Patients on one widely sold tablet lost at first, then ended up *gaining* weight. But those who ate the candy (Ayds, made by Campana, Batavia, Ill.) lost 11.5 lbs., the highest average loss of all. Some taking Ayds even lost up to 21 lbs. Interesting sidelight: The candy plan turned out to be the least expensive method.

The results of this university study corroborated what was learned in earlier tests made at a famous Boston Medical Center. There, too, this same candy proved safer and more effective. Test subjects taking the candy lost the most weight – with none of these distressing pressures: hunger pangs, sleeplessness, fatigue or jitteriness.

At the conclusion of the tests, one enigma remained as far as the participants were concerned. Just how did this low-calorie candy work?

Directions in the box state that taken before a meal as directed, it curbs the appetite, so you automatically eat less and lose weight.

The age-old truism: "Eat a sweet before a meal—spoil the appetite" was not unfamiliar to the participants. But what puzzled them, as one man put it, was this: "You say Ayds candy contains no reducing drugs. Then why won't ordinary candy work as well?"

"The answer is simple," said the director. "When you eat—say a chocolate cream, you're adding 125 calories to your intake. But with Ayds, you're taking a specially made candy of only 25 calories. What's more, it's enriched with important vitamins and minerals to maintain your health while eating less."

The director then explained that the action of this low-calorie candy is based on the theory of blood sugar levels. For instance, when a person's blood sugar is low, his craving for food is high. But when an individual's blood sugar is elevated, his desire to eat is next to nil.

In a separate study made at the university to determine the effect of the reducing products on blood sugar levels, it was found that the low-calorie candy caused the greatest elevation. This, in turn, curbed "hunger waves" among test subjects an average of 33% longer than the next best product.

For all who are encouraged by this report to try, once again, to lose weight they never could before, this fact should be kept in mind. There is no *magic* way to reduce! Layers of fat are not built up in a day. They cannot be shed overnight.

Underscoring this fact are the innumerable cases where government agencies have taken action against firms that claimed their products would produce a specific weight loss in a few days. Or that said their products were safe for fat persons when, in fact, they contained drugs that could be dangerous. Many such products have been barred from the mails.

On the other hand, the reliability of the Ayds Plan has been confirmed in a U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Here, three learned judges held, with respect to Ayds, that "one eating the candy will, according to well recognized medical principles, have less desire for food and, therefore, eat less." And doctors agree: to lose weight, eat less.

Thus, Ayds has not only been clinically proved, but the Ayds Plan has been legally recognized as one that works safely and effectively in helping people lose weight. Before reducing with this "Candy that makes you thin," see your doctor. Have him write for the Medical Journal report on Ayds.

Ayds Reducing Plan Vitamin-Mineral Candy of which there are two kinds, a regular vanilla caramel and a chocolate fudge-type, may be purchased at drug and department stores.

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(*Continued from Page 108*) "democratic mother" is reported to have said.

"Americans take care," warned a scientist in Canton, "or you will have your brains bashed out."

In Fukien, the province directly across the Formosa Strait from the Nationalist-held island, the peasants are said to have "pledged themselves to outstrip last year's production as a concrete contribution to helping our army units liberate Formosa."

A successful revolution generates its own initial enthusiasm. Through the expert use of radio, the printed word and mass organization the Chinese Revolution has surpassed most others. But the Chinese Communist leaders face an infinitely greater task, and human nature being what it is, a diet of promises, parades and propaganda, no matter how skillfully administered, ultimately may prove inadequate.

What then can be said about Chinese claims of record-breaking crops already achieved through China's "four-year campaign of suffering to build a glorious future"?

Agricultural experts who know Asia best reject the 1958 production figures as substantially beyond agricultural experience anywhere in the world. Sizable increases have undoubtedly been achieved, and more will follow.

But even with the most favorable weather and the near-total mobilization of human energies, food production in China, as elsewhere, faces certain harsh realities which cannot be exorcised by Communist slogans. The chief obstacle to the success of her effort is China's vast population, growing at the rate of 16,000,000 souls each year and crowded into her enormous but limited land area.

The present average is less than two acres for each rural family. With the exception of a few western areas, most of China's readily arable land is now under intensive cultivation. New acreage even there can be brought under cultivation only at a very high cost.

The fact that the people are already living largely on rice, wheat and vegetables means that there is little grain to be saved by reducing livestock consumption, as Stalin did. Furthermore, output per acre is already high. Long before China succumbed to Communism the peasants were using better seeds, more abundant natural fertilizers and more skilled planting and harvesting techniques than in almost any other underdeveloped country except Egypt.

Although Japanese output per acre has been almost twice as great, these levels appear beyond China's reach in the foreseeable future. Each Japanese peasant family has the incentive of working its own small farm. Equally important, the Japanese peasant can buy ample supplies of commercial fertilizers on easy credit.

If the Chinese peasants could match the Japanese use of nearly half a ton of fertilizer per acre annually, they could boost their output substantially. The massive Hwai and Yangtze River irrigation programs could increase it still further. But the building of a chemical industry that could provide fertilizer in any such quantity does not appear to be in the cards, even with substantial help from the U.S.S.R.

These, then, are the harsh social and economic realities of China's rural economy which must be considered side by side with Peking's boasts of a steel industry that will soon outproduce that of the United Kingdom, of endlessly expanding coal production, booming hydroelectric development and fast-spreading new railroad systems.

If this extraordinary totalitarian experiment succeeds in spite of these obstacles, the world Communist movement will almost certainly be centered in a vital new China with one fourth the world's population on a rapidly developing industrial base. Unless there is an unforeseen change in Chinese attitudes toward the people of America and Europe, such a development would be ominous.

But what is the most likely course of events in Asia if this breathtaking gamble fails to pay off? There are at least three possibilities on which we may speculate.

First, under such circumstances it is barely conceivable that the Peking Government would modify its external policies and become gradually easier to live with. It is not essential that each country produce all its own food. Britain, the Netherlands and Japan are among the many crowded nations with high living standards which import a major part of their food requirements. A more moderate Chinese leadership, confronted with increasing difficulty in feeding its people and eager for a period of peace, could trade its manufactured goods for rice and wheat grown elsewhere.

But such a change appears unlikely. The "New China" is driven by a doctrinaire nationalism, fiercely intent on economic self-sufficiency. As her leaders consider China's vast and rapidly growing population insecurely based on limited land resources, they may be expected to look beyond China's borders for new areas which can be brought under their control.

Second, a possible solution lies in the Soviet Union itself. With a population one third that of China, the U.S.S.R. has twice her land area. In theory, a decision by the Kremlin to allow the comradely sharing of her eastern lands with Chinese colonizers would allow China's rapid industrialization to proceed on schedule. The resulting economic, political and military colossus would include nearly one third of the world's population. Stretching in one unbroken, tightly controlled Communist federation from Berlin to Canton, it offers a chilling prospect.

Fortunately, there are some formidable physical, nationalistic and human obstacles in the way of its fulfillment. The limitations of climate and water, for instance, make Siberian agriculture a season-to-season gamble. An even greater barrier is the national pride and security of the Soviet Union itself. Economic and political integration on a scale sufficient to solve China's land hunger would be a giant step toward Chinese domination of the Soviet Union, the Communist movement and, ultimately, of the world itself. The men in the Kremlin could scarcely be expected to welcome such a development.

Finally, there remains a third possibility. The Chinese Communist leaders may look increasingly toward Southeast Asia as the solution to their economic-and-political dilemma. In terms of China's long cultural history, most of this area is newly colonized land and relatively underdeveloped. It is also fertile land, blessed, by and large, with rich soil, ample rainfall and a warm, year-round sun that normally assures two crops annually.

Although some areas, such as Java, are greatly overpopulated, nearby Sumatra could absorb 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 more people. Burma could support far more than its present population. So could the Philippines, South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand and Malaya.

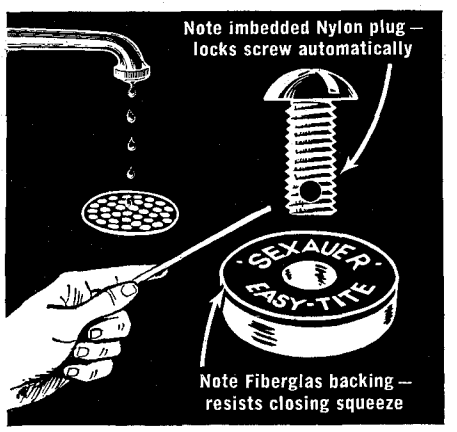
If the Chinese leadership decides further to increase its pressure into these lush lands to the south, it will be a case of history repeating itself. Down through the centuries Chinese dynasties in their glittering imperial court in Peking sent their emissaries to demand tribute from Southeast Asian princes.

In periods of aggressive strength, Chinese emperors sometimes sought to buttress this big-brother relationship both by extensive trade relations and military expeditions southward. Chinese influence was particularly strong in Vietnam, where Chinese-satellite states existed for centuries. If the Ming emperors in the mid-fifteenth century had not pulled back from the beginnings of an unprecedented national program of naval and maritime expansion, Southeast Asia might today be part of China.

Meanwhile, modern China appears already to be on the move. The Communist successors to the emperors of Peking are reasserting their traditional

"Now here's a little number that's sheer agony."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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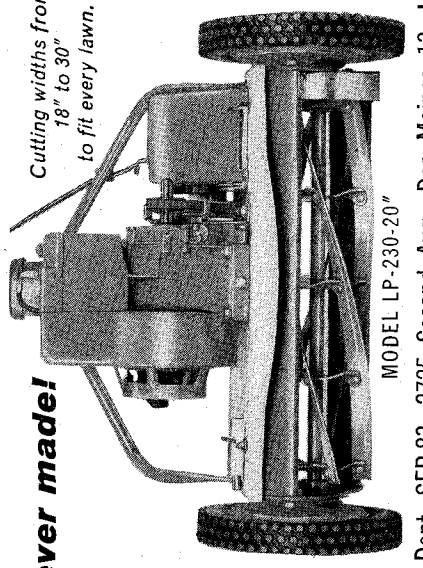

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role in this area. Chinese trade to Southeast Asia is being increased substantially. In 1949, Chinese exports were almost nonexistent. By 1955 they had risen to $209,000,000. In 1958 they were $309,000,000.

India's trade in Southeast Asia has been cut nearly 40 per cent by these new Chinese exports. Great Britain's has also been seriously hurt. Japanese goods are being undersold 10 to 15 per cent in countries on which Tokyo has been counting as an essential market and source of raw materials.

Ironically, most Chinese exports into Southeast Asia are the very consumer goods which the Peking Government denies its own people. A British bicycle in Kuala Lumpur costs thirty-five dollars. The Chinese equivalent, which sells for seventy dollars in Peking—more than a year's average income—costs the Malayans only fourteen dollars.

Although these exports fell abruptly early this year, it seems likely that the flow will again be resumed. Some observers speculate that the interruption was due to the need to meet overdue payments to the Soviet Government for heavy machinery delivered to China early in 1958.

At the same time, Peking has been stepping up its effort to win the political allegiance of the 13,000,000 Chinese who live in the larger Southeast Asian cities and who retain close cultural and linguistic ties with the Chinese heartland. Chinese maps, inherited, so Peking says, from Chiang Kai-shek, still proclaim Chinese sovereignty over sizable border sections of Burma, Bhutan and India. Radio Peking regularly asserts Chinese superiority over all "foreign barbarians."

Regardless of the success or failure of China's experiment in pure Communism, it is apparent that an explosive new force is being generated in Asia which will exert increasing influence on the world power balance.

The means by which we can help blunt this force and lay the basis for orderly and peaceful relationships are beyond the scope of this article. A few brief observations, however, may be in order:

1. Communist China will be with us for the foreseeable future. It is wishful thinking to assume that it will vanish conveniently in a peasant uprising.

2. Although the entrance of this dynamic new element into the world stage creates profound difficulties for us, it also constitutes a potential threat to the Soviet Union. The ultimate effect on relations between Moscow and Peking is impossible to foresee.

3. In order to cope effectively with the challenge, we Americans sorely need a long-term perspective and long-term plans to go with it. These plans should be rooted in the realities of Asian attitudes, economics, politics and geography. Expedient, crisis-to-crisis moves based on the illusion of American military omnipotence will almost certainly fail.

4. The principles and techniques which will work best in Southeast Asia should be fundamental to American policy throughout the underdeveloped continents. These may include a more careful selection of the men and women to represent us abroad, a revamped economic-aid program, less emphasis on regimes and more on people, some such device as a World Food Bank to distribute surplus food more effectively and a program to help stabilize the prices of raw materials.

5. Although most Southeastern Asian governments are frail and uncertain, they are increasingly aware of the danger of Chinese aggression and the brutality of Communist techniques. It is particularly reassuring that this awareness is spreading to India, which centuries ago provided the principal counterforce to Chinese expansion into Southeast Asia and may conceivably play this role in the future.

6. Once we begin to act positively within the economic and political framework of the American revolutionary tradition, we will elicit a heart-warming response from non-Communist peoples throughout the world.

In these next decisive years an awakened America, prepared to look the facts about modern Asia squarely in the face, can play a vital role in stopping the spread of Communism without war. Thoughtful men in Asia, Africa, Latin America and Europe fervently hope that we will play it.

Grand Old Man's New Career

(Continued from Page 25)

with the droll smirk that was his trademark on Broadway for more than half a century.

Anyone older than thirty finds it hard to believe that a whole generation has grown up to whom Ed's face is new. To those who saw him in vaudeville, in the Shubert Gaieties, the Ziegfeld Follies or his own musical comedies, Ed Wynn and his silly hats and his foolish grin are an imperishable part of the twentieth century.

In his most recent dramatic role, Ed plays Jan Dussel, the old dentist in the Twentieth Century-Fox motion picture, The Diary of Anne Frank. It's the longest and most difficult role he has ever attempted. George Stevens, who produced and directed the picture, is not an easy man to please. Yet after working with Ed Wynn only three days, Stevens declared, "This man, I think, is the best natural actor of our times."

The Diary of Anne Frank is a powerful film. Many people may wish to forget the merciless extermination of the Jews that Hitler planned and half carried out. Stevens, who is not Jewish, made the picture to keep us from forgetting. Besides being a goad to the conscience, The Diary of Anne Frank is a tribute to the grandeur of the inextinguishable human spirit.

It was on the Anne Frank set that I met Ed Wynn. He had just finished a scene with Millie Perkins, a newcomer to the movies who plays the title role—and who, by the way, is not at all out of place in this solidly talented cast. Ed is a six-footer whose bearing suggests a muscular youth. His greeting, when we were introduced, was old-fashioned and courtly. His conversation suggests a well-read man; he talks with much bouncy emphasis. After all those years as an actor, his face is as plastic as foam rubber. His eyesight is sharp, his hearing unimpaired. We did not have much time together that day, but later we had several long talks in his expensive Wilshire Boulevard apartment, where he lives alone, surrounded by the souvenirs of his long career in the theater, motion pictures, radio and television.

His memory is fantastic. When I mentioned the late W. C. Fields, Ed said without hesitation, "I first worked with Bill in the Ziegfeld Follies that opened September 21, 1915. Let's see—who else was in that? Ann Pennington, Justine Johnston, Bert Williams, Gladys Feldman, Mae

(Continued on Page 114)

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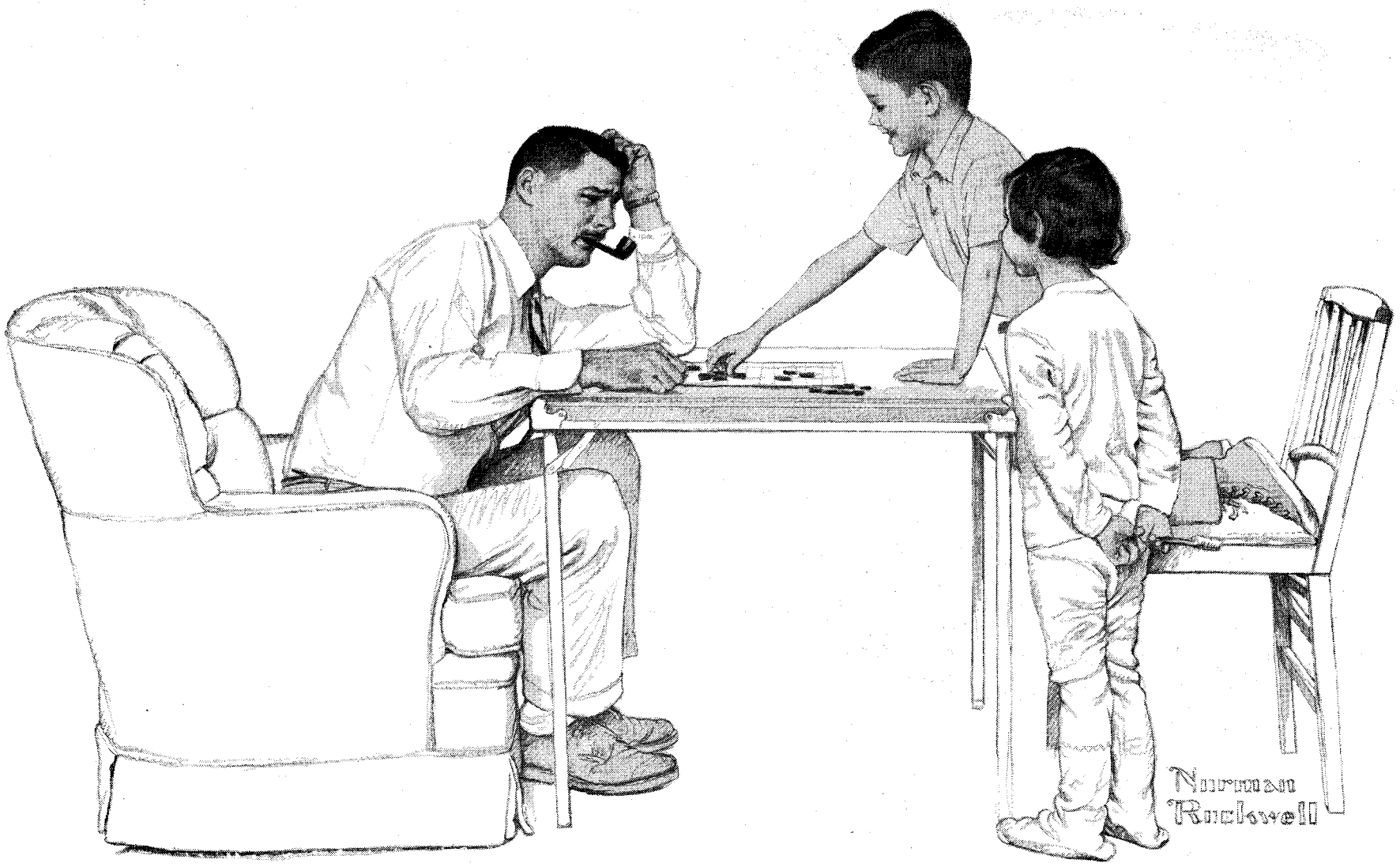

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(*Continued from Page 112*) Murray, Leon Errol, Ina Claire. . . ." There's no use looking up something like this. I did—and the show opened September 21, 1915, with these people in it.

At first meeting, Ed gives a vivid impression of deep serenity, as of a healthy, alert old gentleman enjoying a quiet, sunny old age. This is hardly the case. This nice old man started refusing work on November first last year—but only because he had reached the maximum income-tax bracket.

"It wasn't the money, but my actor's ego, that made me start over," he said. "This business of involuntary retirement is a crusade with me. What this generation is doing to people my age is a crime against humanity, and sooner or later society will pay for it!"

This is not his first crusade. Behind that air of Confucian benignity lurks the shadow of a hot-tempered fighting man. For a man whose job it was to make people laugh, Ed has spent a lot of time making many of them mad.

Ed Wynn was born Isaiah Edwin Leopold in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on November 9, 1886. As long as he can remember, he wanted to be an actor. By the time he was twelve, he was the despair of his father, a manufacturer of women's hats. Ed gave a vivid impromptu description of the elder Leopold during the shooting of a scene in The Diary of Anne Frank.

The script called for Ed to wait in the bathroom while the other refugees argued over whether to let him hide with them. It was a difficult scene, and they rehearsed it again and again, with everybody getting increasingly frustrated and angry. Suddenly the bathroom door opened, and Ed came out.

"You know," he said, smiling, "this makes a prophet of my father, God rest his soul. When I was a boy, he used to tell me, 'Go ahead, be an actor—but mark my words, you'll end up in the john!' Only he didn't say 'john.' My father was an outspoken man who could be very earthy at times. Well, here I am—right where he said I'd end up!"

It was an old-timer's trick, done deliberately to break the tension that was spoiling a day's work. It succeeded, and all those younger players got an unexpected, luminous look at other times, another century and the strong-minded man who was Ed Wynn's father.

Ed must have been as strong-minded as his father because, at fifteen, he ran off with a theatrical road company. In Maine the troupe went broke, and the boy had to ask his father for the fare home. Mr. Leopold made him promise to forget this acting foolishness and go to work.

"He made me a partner and sent me out as a salesman," Ed recalls, "but I couldn't make myself feel that selling women's hats was very important. Naturally, with this attitude, I was not a very good salesman."

Six months later the two had another collision. The scene now shifts to New York—the New York that O. Henry was even then writing about—the resplendent Gotham that was the mecca of every young artist and writer and actor in America.

When Ed went there he was a strapping youth from Philadelphia who, at sixteen, looked old for his years. Unlike most of the wide-eyed youngsters pouring into New York, he knew exactly what he wanted to do. To make sure he would not have to throw himself on his father's mercy a second time, he had foresightedly sold his millinery samples.

In a beer cellar frequented by theatrical folk, he met the man he was seeking, Jack Lewis, an experienced actor. Lewis was ten years older than Ed, but when he heard the youth's ideas, he agreed to join him in a comedy team called the Rah Rah Boys. It's worth noting that the green, runaway boy was to be the comedian, with the veteran as his straight man.

Because Ed knew his irate father would be looking for him, he could not use his real name. He split his middle name, Edwin, into Ed Wynn—temporarily, he thought. The team of Wynn and Lewis was an instantaneous hit. After only one night in a neighborhood theater, the act was booked into the Colonial, the best vaudeville theater in New York, where it ran for ninety-eight weeks.

By the time Mr. Leopold caught up with his errant son, it was too late. As Ed Wynn, he was a star—and already making more money than the family millinery factory.

There was, according to Ed, nothing mysterious about his overnight success. Most comedy teams then consisted of a funnyman in funny clothes and funny make-up, and a straight man. The funnyman was lineally descended from the Adam of all comedians, the traditional clown, who originally satirized the poor boob who has nothing but bad luck, and lots of it. But his sadly comical, misfit soul had long since been lost among sleazy costumes and stale jokes.

"We created real persons—a college freshman and a sophomore—and we played to intelligent people," Ed explained. "That's what most audiences are, and that's why the Rah Rah Boys were a success."

What Ed and Jack Lewis had done was to discover a new, authentic comedy "type," the college boy. Later, Ed created other distinctive personalities, such as The King's Jester and The Perfect Fool. Although he always used the basic tools of the clown—costumes and make-up—he was different. Humor is hard to analyze, but other comedians say that Ed's gift was his ability to draw out a simple little joke to excruciating lengths of absurdity.

One of his classics was his attempt to drive a nail into the wall headfirst. Anyone this stupid is funny, and people could not wait to see his foolish face light up when it occurred to him to turn the nail around. Other comedians might have ended it there. Ed brought his audiences up screaming when inspiration finally struck him—this nail belonged *in the opposite wall!*

This joke, which ran about three minutes, probably earned Ed $50,000; if you divide the total income of that show by the number of gags in it. Within a few years he was starring in the biggest Broadway shows and was a headliner in the finest vaudeville houses. He was the only American act on the bill when the Palace Theater opened in 1913. He was the first New York actor to own an automobile. He had an estate on Long Island and a seagoing yacht that required a crew of seven.

He had wanted to prove to his father that, in his own way, he could add luster to the family name, but "Ed Wynn" had taken permanent possession of him. To recite the roll of stars with whom that name was coupled, in top billing, is to call out names that still reverberate after a generation: Lillian Russell, Nora Bayes, Sarah Bernhardt, Eva Tanguay, Enrico Caruso, David Warfield, Nazimova, Fritzi Scheff, Weber and Fields, George M. Cohan, Frank Daniels, the Dolly Sisters. . . .

It was Ed Wynn, the star, who got two unknown young dancers their first Broadway jobs. Their names were Fred and Adele Astaire. It was Ed who first suggested to two diffident young performers that they ought to tell a few jokes along with their acts. One was a pantomimist who satirized a drunk man playing pool—the other was a trick-rope artist. Anyone thirty or older will remember them as W. C. Fields and Will Rogers.

Despite Ed's early success, the story persists that he was not a very happy man. "He was moody and quite touchy about his dignity as an actor," said the son of a man who knew him then. "He'd throw his weight around if he thought he was getting a bad deal—or if any actor was. And don't forget his feud with W. C. Fields!"

That vendetta began in the winter of 1915, when Ed hid under Fields' pool table during a performance and, by hilarious pantomime, "killed" Fields' act. Some hard words were traded after the curtain dropped, both men being earthy, blunt talkers. Friends separated them, but for years the two would not work in the same theater because of what was said that night.

There are other legends of Ed's feuds with theater managers, but Ed won't talk about them. "They're dead now, and I'm not mad any more," he says. He will reminisce readily, however, about two of his most famous crusades.

In the summer of 1919, Ed was the star of the Shubert Gaieties and the best-paid actor in New York. On the night of August sixth, when he came to work, he found J. J. Shubert waiting for him. "Ed, you're not going out, are you?" Shubert asked curtly.

"Out?" said Ed. "What do you mean—out?"

"The actors went on strike today," Shubert snapped. "You're not going out with them, are you?"

Ed knew that Actors Equity Association had been trying to negotiate a contract with the Managers Protective Association, whose twenty-seven members actually controlled the entire American theater, through their control of Broadway actors and Broadway shows. Strike talk had been circulating for a year, but the actors themselves were divided badly. Membership in Equity meant the black list, and no one really knew who belonged and who didn't.

"The idea of anyone in my position belonging was ridiculous," said Ed. "I was making seventeen hundred dollars a week—what could Equity do for me? I asked J.J. to hold the curtain while I went over to the Lambs Club to see what this was all about. He agreed."

That curtain never went up. The club was jammed with striking actors. Most of the New York shows were shut down for the summer anyway, and the actors had nothing to lose. The moment Ed appeared, a shout went up, "Ed Wynn is with us—Ed Wynn has walked out!"

Before he could stop them, they had hoisted him to their shoulders and were parading him up and down Broadway at the height of the dinner-hour rush. "I hadn't the heart to tell those poor, hopeless people that they were wrong," Ed said. "I just couldn't do it!"

So he was on strike. Once he had joined Equity, he worked hard to win the strike. Night after night he gave impromptu shows on Broadway, passing the hat for the strike fund. Thousands of dollars were raised that way. Once he and Frank Bacon, another star of the day, went to Chicago at their own expense to solicit funds from Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck and Company. Somewhat to their surprise, they came back with Rosenwald's personal check for $10,000.

The managers maintained a united front, and the prospect of a terrible winter on the black list was rapidly eroding Equity's membership when, at a mass meeting one night, Ed made a speech suggesting they affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. The disheartened actors booed him for suggesting that they line up with hod carriers and teamsters.

But Ethel and John Barrymore supported Ed with impassioned speeches. So did Marie Dressler. And so did W. C. Fields who, in a dramatic public reconciliation, brought his feud with Ed to an end.

Ed went to Washington, D.C., as a committee of one, to negotiate with Samuel Gompers, president of the AFL. He returned with a charter, and the next night, the stagehands, electricians and carpenters walked out.

Four days later the managers capitulated. The rights won by that strike are taken for granted now, but then they had a rather stunning effect on their beneficiaries. It was far more than the founders of Equity had hoped to win so soon.

As for Ed Wynn, he was black-listed but good. Managers who had been his personal friends—Florenz Ziegfeld, George M. Cohan, the Shuberts—not only refused to employ him but also pointedly walked out of the Lambs Club whenever Ed appeared.

Ed countered by producing his own show. Actors who worked for him would be black-listed too; so he went to circuses and carnivals for his talent and called the show Ed Wynn's Carnival. He pawned his wife's jewels to buy used costumes. He wrote his own music—all in B-flat. It's the only key he knows.

Then he could not get booking in a theater anywhere. For months he played one-night stands in lodge halls and auditoriums.

Organized labor publicized his show everywhere and the Carnival played to so many overflow houses that again the managers surrendered. Ed returned in triumph to New York, where the Carnival ran for 116 of the most profitable weeks of his life.

For years after that, Ed owned his own shows. He was the first to take big musical comedies on nationwide tours, traveling in an eight-car train. About this time he became friends with Gov. Alfred E. Smith, of New York, and thereby got into the second big fight of his life.

The Ku Klux Klan was then at the peak of its power, and Al Smith was one of its targets. In a burst of furious loyalty to his friend, Ed routed his shows through the Indiana and Illinois counties where the Klan was strongest, and after each show made a curtain speech denouncing the Klan. Today we're inured to seeing actors take sides in politics—no presidential campaign is complete without its entourage of stars. But in the 1920's Ed was defying tradition as well as the theater owners.

"They warned me I'd ruin myself, but I knew I could always make a living in New York," he said. "As it turned out, these tours (*Continued on Page 117*)

Compliment

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The years that got away!

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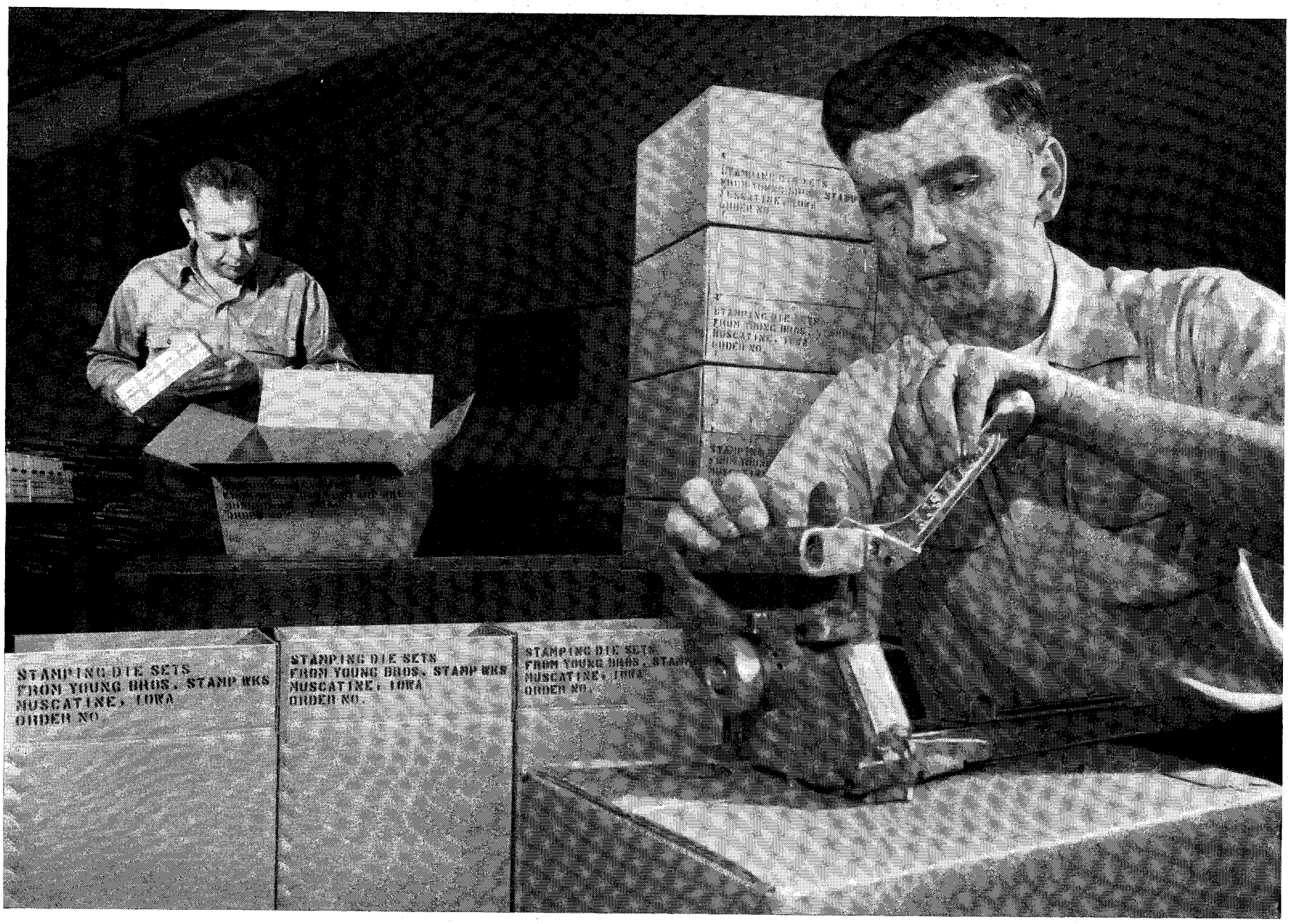

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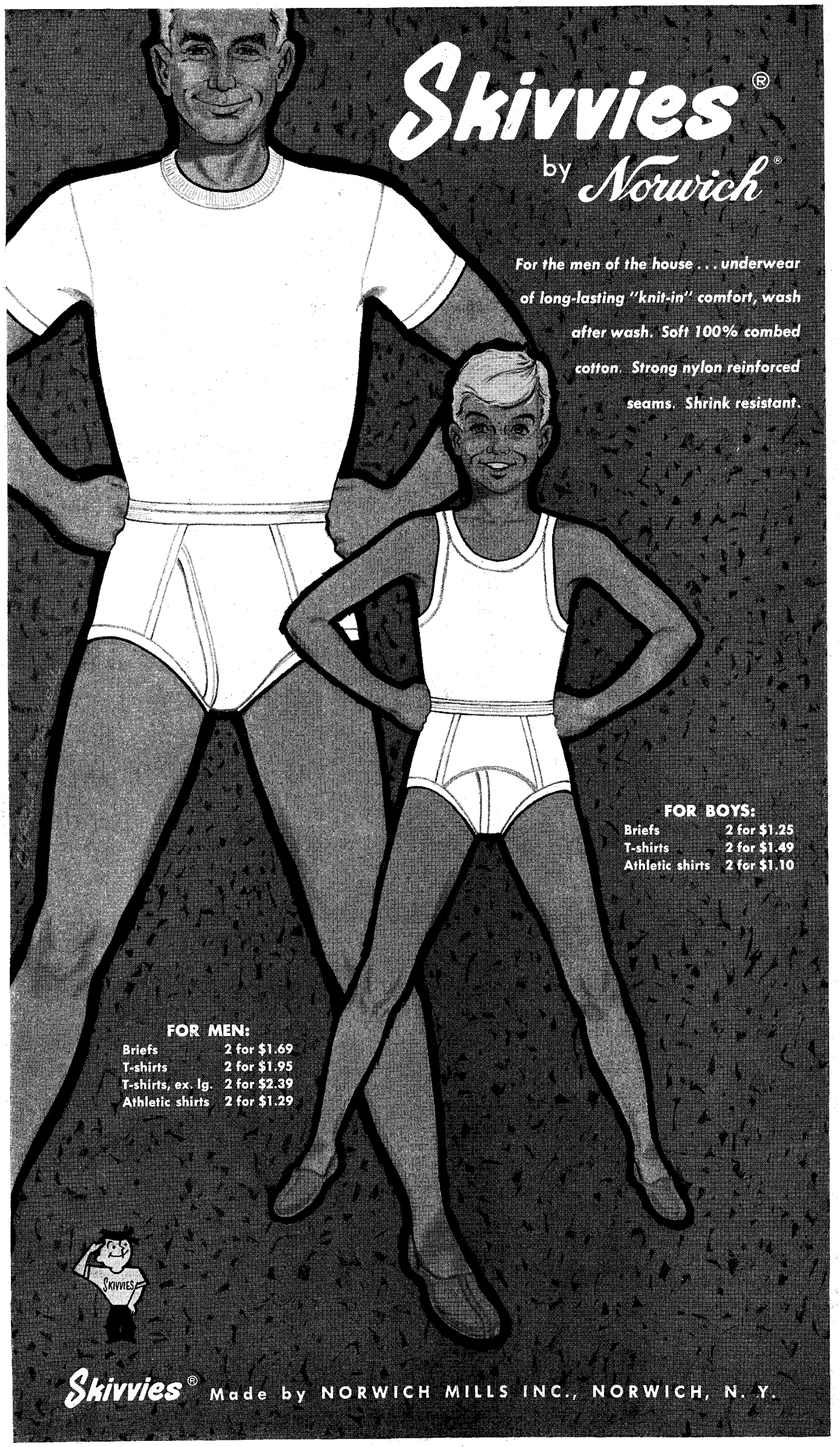
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(*Continued from Page 114*) made big money—big money! Big crowds defied the Klan everywhere to come to my shows. Now, doesn't that prove something about the American people? You don't ever want to underestimate the basic decency of human beings."

He must have had an iron constitution to stand the pace. He would come back from a hectic road trip just in time to go into rehearsal for a new Broadway show. As soon as it began to decline at the box office, he laid plans for a new road trip. Many an entertainer who was a hit with New York audiences proved to be a complete flop elsewhere in the country. Yet, in fifty years, Ed Wynn never had an unsuccessful show, either in New York or on the road.

Ed was the first radio entertainer to do his show in costume, before a live audience. His program, the Texaco Fire Chief, was among the top ten for a record-breaking eight years. During those years he continued to appear on Broadway—and he never missed a season on the road. He was the first radio star to broadcast his weekly programs from wherever he happened to be, usually from the stage of the theater in which he was playing.

Ed had made several motion pictures, had fallen out with his producers and had sworn off Hollywood. In the 1930's he lost more than $300,000 trying to organize a new radio network of his own. Partly as a result of this strain, he was sick for the first time in his life. He denies that it was a nervous breakdown, as was reported at the time. "I was just tired," he said. "I needed a rest and time to think things over."

He bought a big home in Los Angeles and went into a "retirement" that lasted all of six weeks. By the time television came along, after World War II, he had determined to live permanently in California, partly because of the climate, partly to be near his grandchildren.

The Ed Wynn Show—in 1949—was the first television program to originate on the West Coast. On it such stars as Jimmy Durante, Dinah Shore and Carmen Miranda made their TV debuts. Later, N.B.C. teamed Ed, Durante, Jack Carson and Danny Thomas in the Four Star Revue. This was the first TV show to alternate its stars, like the offensive and defensive and punting squads of a pro-football team.

It was when this show was suddenly canceled and Ed couldn't find another sponsor that he became frightened for the first time in his life. It was his first failure, and probably it was as much television's failure as Ed's. No one really knew much about this new medium, and a lot of mistakes were made.

Whoever was to blame, Ed took it hard. He was almost seventy, considered by many to be too old to work—but too healthy to die. For weeks he moped about his apartment, living in the past, refusing to see people, waiting for the call that never came from his agent. Anyone who has watched an elderly relative crack up will understand how Ed's son, Keenan, felt.

Years earlier, Ed had tried to discourage his son from becoming an actor. Now Keenan was one of the most popular actors on television, and Ed was just another broken-down comic. There were several painful interviews between the two before Keenan found the nerve to lay it on the line with his father.

"Dad, you're passé," he said, among other things. "The way you work is as dated as gaslights. Funny hats and funny shoes aren't funny today. Things have changed, and unless you change, too, you're going to be a self-pitying old has-been the rest of your life, a burden to your friends and a worse burden to yourself."

It was Keenan who, in desperation, suggested that Ed try drama. "Oh, I couldn't do that!" was Ed's quick reaction. "Why, I'm a comedian, a funnyman."

"You are?" asked Keenan. "Dad, who's laughing?"

Keenan got him the part in the movie The Great Man. Then came Requiem for a Heavyweight. The morning after the television show the ringing of his phone got him out of bed early. It kept ringing until a somewhat bewildered old man dressed and drove out into the country, all alone, to think things over. He came back to find himself a legend.

I asked Ed what he thought had gone wrong with his latest TV program, the Ed Wynn Show, which was canceled last January after only thirteen weeks on the air. In Hollywood it was said that it had been driven off the air by the competition of Zorro, which had already forced Groucho Marx to give up this same Thursday-evening hour.

The old fighting man came out swinging, eyes blazing. "There will always be good shows to beat, and we just didn't try hard enough," he said. "We just did a sunshiny situation comedy, as they're called, because sunshiny situation comedies are 'commercial'! Listen—whenever you deliberately try to be commercial, instead of being creative, you're in trouble."

Certainly the show utilized every possible cliché—a folksy, small-town atmosphere, lovable, eccentric characters, two cute young girls who deserved better—even a "laugh track." If you thought the bursts of laughter that punctuated that show came from a live studio audience, you were wrong.

Whose inspiration it was to use recorded laughter on an Ed Wynn show is not known, but surely it was unfair to Ed. No matter how far he goes as a dramatic actor, Ed Wynn will be remembered longest as a comedian. To other comedians he is the peerless original—a classic.

"Ed Wynn is the greatest of us all," George Burns told me. "Every comedian alive today has borrowed or learned something from him."

"He was always the cleanest man on the stage, too," said Jack Benny. "In more than fifty years he never used a naughty word or a suggestive line, yet he could keep you screaming for two hours and a half. The Ed Wynn shows I saw are some of the brightest memories I have."

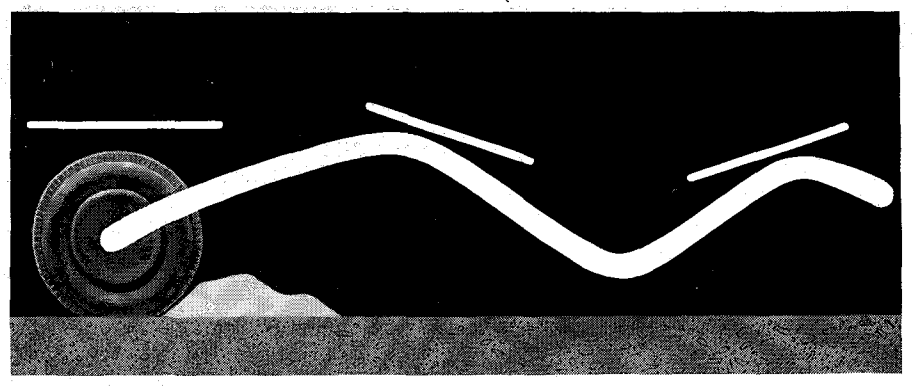
Said Red Skelton, "More than any other man, Ed Wynn has kept alive the traditions of courage and honor that make the theater great—and oh, what a funny, funny man!"

To know Ed Wynn well is not easy—not because he is unapproachable, but because there is so very much of him. Inevitably the man himself is obscured by his own towering shadow.

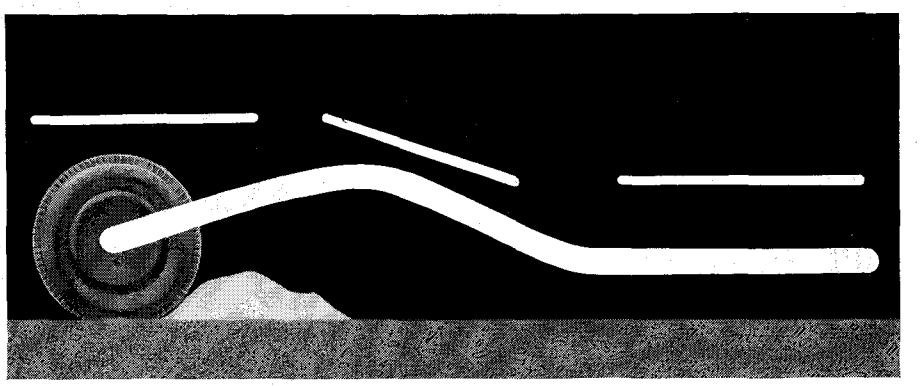
Comedian, lifelong rebel against injustice, dramatic actor, and grand old man of Hollywood—perhaps starlet Millie Perkins' description is as good as any. "Ed Wynn?" she said. "Oh, isn't he a living doll?" THE END

Most small children are so fascinated by flowers that they can't wait to see them come up—roots and all.

BOB BROWN



Here's what happens with worn shocks. Wheel hits bump, then returns to road . . . but violent spring recoil pulls it off road a second time. Meanwhile car body (indicated by plane lines) rocks severely. This causes serious loss of control, shakes up passengers, takes miles off tires.



With new Gabriel Ajustomatic shock absorbers, wheel hits bump, returns to road . . . and stays there! Spring recoil is absorbed, entire car recovers from impact almost instantly. Besides increasing safety, comfort and tire mileage, this helps prevent spring breakage, actually lengthens car life!

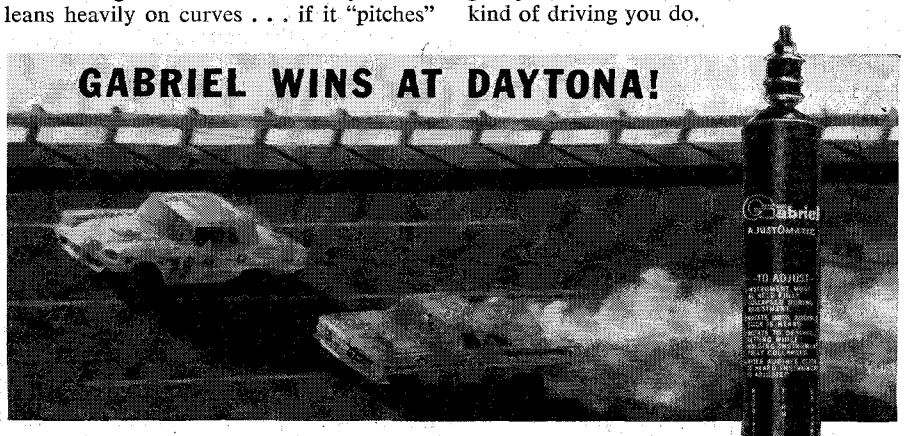
Gabriel Ajustomatic shock absorbers give greater comfort and car control

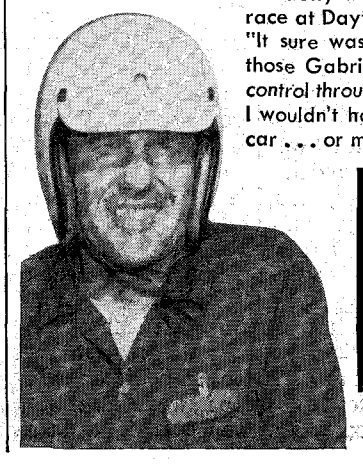
If you've gone over 20,000 miles on your present shock absorbers, chances are you need new ones.

Trouble is shocks don't go out dramatically, the way brakes and mufflers do. They just gradually fade away, and you gradually become accustomed to less comfort and harder steering . . . until one day you hit a *real* bump and wonder what happened.

What are the warning signs? If your tires are wearing out too fast . . . if your car leans heavily on curves . . . if it "pitches" after you hit a little dip or hill in the road . . . or if it does a "dip and leap" when you stop suddenly, your shocks are failing.

Ask your service station attendant or garage mechanic to inspect your shocks now . . . especially if you are planning a family trip this spring or summer. And if you *do* need new ones, tell the man you want Gabriel Ajustomatics, the modern shock absorbers that can be adjusted to give you the kind of ride you need, for the kind of driving you do.





Lee Petty won the recent 500-mile stock car race at Daytona riding on Gabriels! Lee says: "It sure was a wonderful feeling riding on those Gabriel shocks. They gave me perfect control throughout the race, even on the curves. I wouldn't have any other shocks on my race car . . . or my family car, either!"

Gabriel
ADJUSTABLE SHOCK ABSORBERS

THE GABRIEL COMPANY • Cleveland 15, Ohio

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Desert Death (Continued from Page 37)

effeminacy. Over the scissored black silhouette of the mountains a plane, westbound for Phoenix or San Diego, blinked tiny gallant stars.

A glow marked the combination gas station and trading post at which Otto sold tourists highly frangible pottery and Navajo blankets fresh from the looms of Rhode Island.

Matt, slowing, gave the siren a touch, and a lamp-lighted Otto appeared in his adobe doorway. "Still in there," he called.

The sheriff thanked him as if he brought gems: Otto was a voter. Switching on his spotlight, Matt made the turn off the highway.

"Shame to turn that on," remarked the sheriff. "Turn it on the last minute, we might git an eyeful."

Matt's own eyes were on the shoulders of the abandoned road. The odometer ticked off five miles; six. The spotlight snared a patch of color, a whitish oval.

"Oh-oh," said Sheriff Hoffner. "Dead. I kin tell from here."

Dead she was, asprawl in the brush beside the road, terror written across her immobile face—a woman in her early thirties, flamboyantly pretty, her hair bleached by a professional, in a pink-and-white-checked summer cotton that had sold for a great deal more than $12.98. Matt's flashlight, as they squatted beside her, struck glints from a diamond solitaire, a wedding ring, a gold collar. One foot was bare. On the other was a low-heeled suède moccasin, new, the sole scarcely abraded.

"Not a mark," said Hoffner.

"Look at her ankle." Matt lifted the foot that wore the moccasin. The flesh was cooling, but there was still noticeable warmth in it. On the ankle were two sets of quotation marks in small, puffy swellings.

"Well, what do you know! Got her twice. Either that or it was two snakes." The sheriff straightened. "What the heck was she doin'—walkin' back to the highway fer gas? Where's the guy?"

They stowed the body in the rear of the patrol car. Matt swept the nearby desert with the powerful light. The dead woman's footsteps, wildly erratic, were plain. "She was running. Heard the rattler, I guess."

"Or begun to run, after it hit her," suggested the sheriff. "Wouldn't have to be the snake made her run, though. Could be the guy was chasin' her. Attempted assault. Attempted rape."

They drove on, looking for the convertible. They came on it after another mile and a half, up against the brush-and-wire barrier the mining company had strung across the road when the wolframite had dwindled; a handsome, heavy 1958 model with Illinois plates. A man of forty in a tan silk suit, unconscious, lay behind the wheel, his head fallen back. Matt felt for a pulse. It was discernible, but dangerously slow—forty-four beats to the minute.

"Alive, huh?" said the sheriff. He turned on the ignition switch. "By golly, they got a full tank. The dame wasn't walkin' back fer gas."

"This fellow wasn't chasing her either. Not the shape he's in."

"Could have come back to the car after, he could, an' collapsed. Ninety today, likely a hundred an' five in the sun, an' the darned fools had the top down. Easterners!" said the sheriff with a snort. "I'll drive this job back to town; I kin prop him up with one hand."

"If he's had a coronary attack," protested Matt, "we shouldn't move him."

"I move 'em!"

If you do, thought Matt, *you've killed a dozen in your time from plain ignorance, and you're no old man either*. But Hoffner was already shoving the unconscious man over onto the right-hand seat.

With Matt running interference, the siren wailing a requiem, they made a fast trip back to Mesa Roja. The little town, as they sloped down to it, was a burnt-out citadel on a burnt-out planet, embers still faintly sparkling. They delivered their two bodies, the one dead, the other nearly, to the four-room hospital.

Monday was Matt's day off. On Tuesday, back in uniform and back on highway patrol, he stopped in at Mesa Roja for a follow-up. It was late afternoon.

"Want to know what happened to our boy, huh?" asked Hoffner, sitting at his desk with a can of beer. "Thought you'd be by, a nosy kid like you."

"Sure, I'm curious," said Matt. "What was it?"

"Shock, the doc says. Drunk an' passed out, fer my dough. Anyhow the guy come out of it. Name is Bullock. Manufactures components, whatever they are, in Elgin, Illinois. Him and his wife druv out, put up at a motel in Fort Vernon, went fer a ride. Woman ast him t' turn up the mine road, he says, to show him the bee-yoo-ti-ful view."

"How did she happen to pick that road?"

"She was out here last winter on vacation. Been deviling Bullock since to give up his business an' build a plant here. Anyhow, they turn up the mine road, stop at the dead end, set there a spell. He wasn't feeling so good, the guy says, an' that's the last he remembers. Sounds to me as if he's workin' up to cop a temporary-insanity plea."

The best way to handle children is to reason with them—provided, of course, you don't expect results.

HAL CHADWICK

"I still don't understand why the woman was walking back to Otto's. Didn't she know how to drive?"

The sheriff belched a skeptical chuckle, his paunch jouncing. "No, she didn't. I ast Bullock. You better go back to that hifalutin police school and take some more lessons, trooper. The story's as phony as a tin peso. What happened was, I figger, Bullock turned up the first empty road he seen, fer a showdown. They been scrappin' fer months, he admits. Started to choke her, or mebbe pulled a gun or a knife. She jumped out o' the car an' run fer her life, with Bullock after her. Hid in a dry wash, mebbe, or behind one o' them big saguaros or somethin'. Anyhow, she got away. Bullock couldn't find her, went back to the car, started to drink an' passed out. Fer all I know, he seen the snake hit her, doin' his killin' fer him, an' went back to his bottle to celebrate."

"There wasn't any bottle in the car. His breath didn't have liquor on it either," objected Matt. "I don't see it. Where is Bullock now?"

Hoffner clasped pudgy hands and bent forward over his desk, his small eyes twinkling as if he were about to tell a side-splitting joke. "Right back down the hall," he replied. "I'm holdin' him fer murder."

Matt could scarcely believe his ears. "Murder? Any lawyer can spring him in ten minutes! Sheriff, where's your case?"

"He ain't ast fer no lawyer," said the sheriff, "an' anyhow I don't need me no case, because I got a confession. Half a one, anyways, an' he'll confess all the way when I'm done a-sweatin' him. Guess," said Hoffner, thoroughly enjoying himself, "you really better go back to that there college, huh? Like to talk to him yourself, fer ree-search?"

"I sure would," said Matt.

Sheriff Hoffner did not keep a clean jail. It reeked. In his gray-painted cage Bullock sat on a cot, his sports shoes minus their laces, his wrinkled silk trousers down on his slim hips for lack of a belt. Evidently he had washed out his white shirt as best he could. By daylight the man had a fine commanding head, close-cropped and going gray, wide-set, alert, kindly brown eyes and a firm chin. For a man of his size and age, a man who obviously ate well, he was unusually, even remarkably thin.

"Matt Wheelock is my name," Matt introduced himself. "I was with the sheriff when he found you, Mr. Bullock. I have to turn in a separate report. Would you mind telling the whole thing again?"

"No, I don't mind," replied the prisoner apathetically, his gaze on the dirty floor. "Mrs. Bullock and I drove out and checked in last Friday at the Mesquite Motel in Fort Vernon. It was a business trip; I was looking for a place to relocate my plant."

"This was Mrs. Bullock's idea, the sheriff tells me."

"That's right. You're thinking it was weak of me to consider such a change on my wife's advice. Perhaps it was. My definition of weakness may differ from yours. I loved my wife very much. And in any case I had another reason. With Lynn dead it doesn't seem important. It has no connection with this ghastly thing that's happened, so I don't think it would interest you."

"It might."

Bullock shrugged dispiritedly. "I'm interested in juvenile delinquents," he said. "For a good reason: I was one myself when I was in my teens. Two weeks one summer at a charity camp—just two weeks!—cured me. I've had the idea, ever since Lynn first mentioned coming out here, I might buy a ranch and turn it into a reclamation center for tough kids from city slums. Those that wanted to stay out west I could give jobs in my plant. But, as I say, this has no connection. I'll get back to the facts you want for your report."

"All right."

"Saturday, Lynn showed me around town. On Sunday morning she said she wanted me to see the desert. I thought we were just going for a ride, but we drove all day—here, there, I don't remember the names of the towns. Along toward evening we passed through this place—Mesa Roja, is it?—on our way back to Fort Vernon. Lynn said it would be an experience to watch the sunset from the open desert. I was a bit tired—we'd had a picnic lunch at noon, but Lynn forgot the vacuum jug and we hadn't stopped since lunchtime—but we turned off on a side road. We drove in toward the mountains, climbing, and parked. I was feeling a little dizzy by then—just thirsty, I guess, or else too much sun. I told Lynn I thought we ought to go back to Fort Vernon, but she kept saying, 'Just five minutes more.' Then I must have fainted."

"It was more than a faint," said Matt. "The doctor says they worked on you half the night at the hospital. They were afraid you were gone. Do you have a chronic ailment of some kind—diabetes, or anything like that?"

"No."

"You couldn't accidentally have taken an overdose of medication of any kind?"

"Once or twice a week I take a pill to trim down my weight, but that's all."

"You see what I'm driving at, sir. It's important to establish that your loss of consciousness was real, not faked."

Bullock's head sank to his chest. "Son," he said, gazing into his open palms, "I know perfectly well this cowboy sheriff would like to see me convicted of

(Continued on Page 122)

Proved way...

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Gum deposits can reduce your gasoline mileage by as much as 10%. At today's prices that costs you about three cents a gallon.

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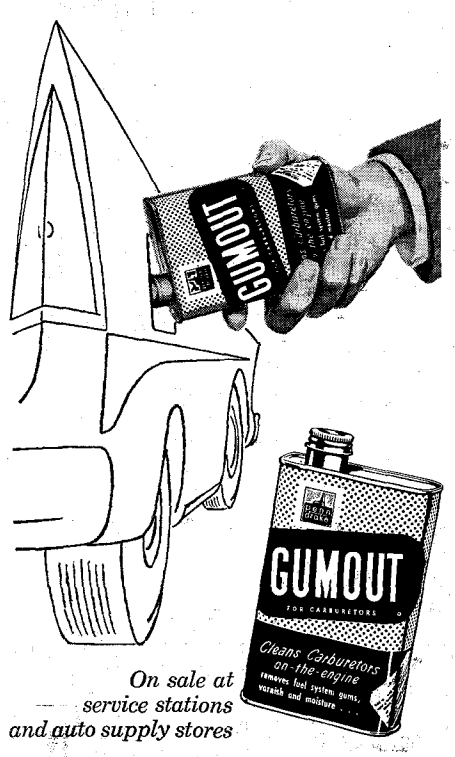
Ask your serviceman to add Gumout to your gas tank now. Then use Gumout every two or three months. Your carburetor will stay clean and you will get more miles per gas dollar.



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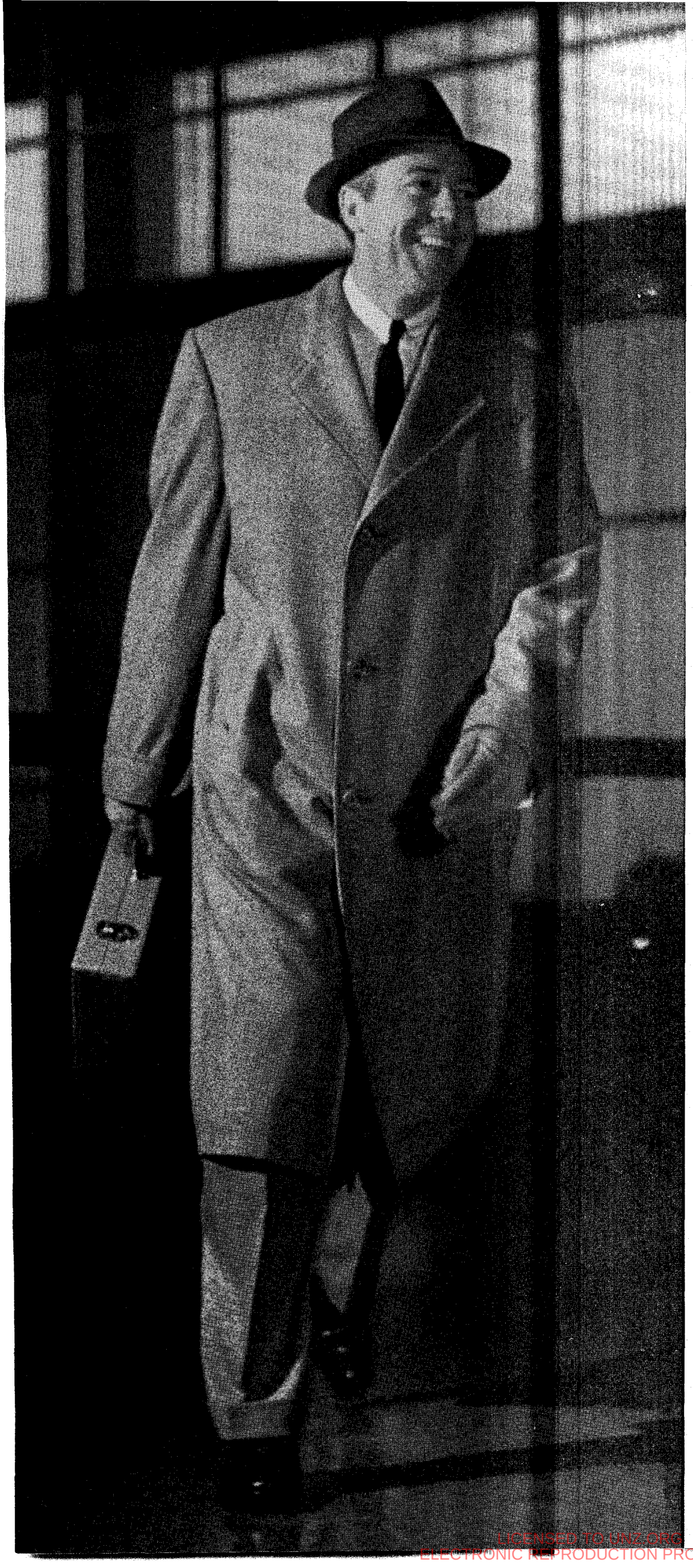

This Man Will Live Longer

He has trimmed off excess pounds and is keeping in shape. He knows that doctors warn against the dangers of overweight, and insurance statistics show that excess pounds can subtract years from a man's life.

The overweight man of 35 to 50 years is caught in a dilemma. He finds it easier than ever to put on extra pounds and twice as hard to take them off.

For him, fat is a new and formidable enemy. He must battle it constantly or give in to it. And, ironically, his own daily routine works against him. He puts in long, tension-filled hours. Social and business demands make it easy to overeat. And he seldom seems to have the time or energy to exercise as he should.

The problem is no mere matter of personal appearance. Excess weight is dangerous. Medical authorities consistently warn against it. And insurance company statistics show cold, factual proof that excess pounds can subtract years from a man's life.

What is the answer? How can a busy man trim down to the right weight and the right dimensions? How can he get essential exercise without drastically changing his habits or neglecting his business demands?

The answer, as many men are just now discovering, is the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. Yes, the same Stauffer Plan that is famous for reducing thousands of women across America.

The heart of the Stauffer Home Plan is the famous "Magic Couch." It does your exercising for you—without effort, without fatigue. Easy to use—you just relax and let the couch do all the work. Combined with the type of sensible calorie reduction doctors advise, it helps melt away inches of unsightly fat and flab. It also tones up muscles,

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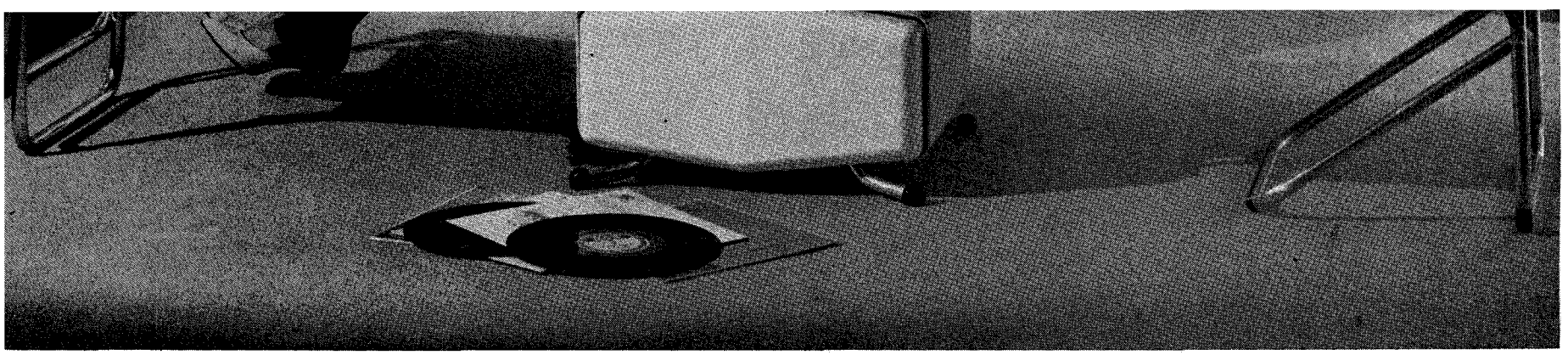

The "Magic Couch" helps trim inches off waist, thighs, hips . . . wherever you need to lose. It tones muscles, firms you up and gives exercise while you relax—the kind of regular exercise essential to good health. After a hectic business day, a few minutes on the Magic Couch are pleasantly relaxing—help ease away normal tensions. The couch is lightweight and portable, easily stored at home or office. Now available in a new budget-priced model, at the lowest price ever. To learn what the Stauffer Home Plan can mean to you and your family, write now to: Stauffer, Dept. S-49, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, California. No obligation.

provides the daily exercise you need to get back in shape and stay that way.

With Stauffer, there's no starvation dieting and no back-breaking exercise. The Stauffer Home Plan is the ideal way for a busy man to reduce. You'll look better than you have in years. You'll have a buoyant new outlook—be easier to live with and work with.

And most important of all, you'll escape the dangerous—and now needless—burden of overweight.

Many a thoughtful man realizes there is no finer investment for the whole family than the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. For the husband it means escape from the risks of overweight. For the wife it means a slimmer, more youthful figure—and with it, new zest and enthusiasm, a new attitude towards life.

To date, over five million people have reduced the Stauffer way. The Stauffer Home Plan outsells all others and has an unmatched record of results. And Stauffer's Magic Couch (Posture-Rest®) is in a class by itself. "Look-alike" couches have imitated its appearance. But most of them are mere vibrators which can't provide real exercise. The Magic Couch gives you controlled, rhythmic exercise—the kind you need to help you reduce.

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STAUFFER HOME REDUCING PLAN

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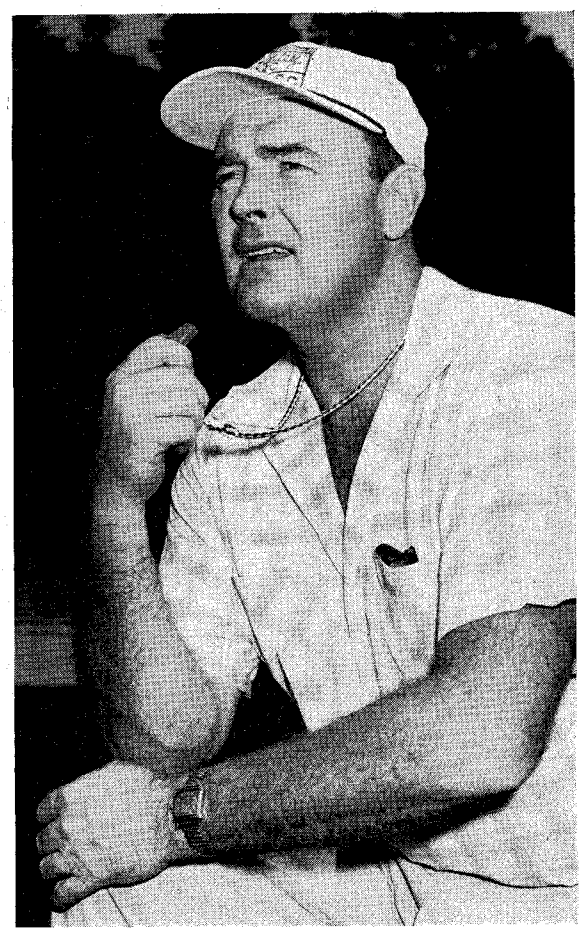
Jim Tatum, famous University of North Carolina football coach, says:

"I do not think we ever outgrow the need for exercise. There comes a time in our lives when we slow down a little bit. We may still exercise some of our body muscles, but we are not getting the proper kind of exercise to get an entire, overall body 'workout.' In this modern age, I have found a way to get this essential daily exercise. I use the Stauffer Magic Couch. Not only does it very gently exercise the entire body, but it is so relaxing that I can actually go to sleep on the machine. It is also wonderful for relieving tension.

"The first month I used the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan I lost five pounds and trimmed 1½ inches from my waistline.

"After a long hard day or after a business trip, the Stauffer Magic Couch is really a lifesaver for me. With my busy schedule, I take very little time to relax. Now I can relax and get the exercise necessary to stay in good physical condition all at the same time.

"My whole family enjoys using the Magic Couch. And I think the Stauffer program is a physical fitness plan that will benefit your family, too."



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Prices may vary slightly up or down, depending on geographic location.

(*Continued from Page 118*) murder or manslaughter. And why not? The fact is I did kill my wife, horribly. We were quarreling about parking, we'd been bickering for months, although as God is my judge I don't know why. I angered Lynn so much she must have left the car when I fainted ——"

"Wouldn't that be a pretty heartless thing for her to do?" interrupted Matt.

"Maybe she thought I was faking, just the way the sheriff does; or maybe she was so angry with me that she didn't care; Lynn was an emotional, impulsive woman. At any rate, she started to trudge back to the highway, probably crying her poor eyes out, and a vile snake killed her. She died in agony. Whose fault? Mine! Too many people dodge responsibility."

"Lots of married couples quarrel. An accident after a quarrel is still only that—a piece of bad luck," Matt pointed out. "You aren't guilty of murder, but if you keep on saying you are, Mr. Bullock, there are literal-minded people who are going to take you at your word. You're in danger. You should have a lawyer."

"My attorney is in Europe," said Bullock. His chin, in a sudden tremor, twitched from side to side like that of a man with palsy. "On his first vacation in ten years," he added needlessly. It was an answer from a brain so dulled by grief and shock that it was not working.

"You wouldn't go into a business deal without legal counsel," said Matt. "You're in a serious position. Let me send you a lawyer from Fort Vernon."

"All right, do that," agreed Bullock. "I appreciate what you're doing. But, counsel or no counsel," he went on stubbornly, "I'm morally guilty of a death, and I'll say so in court."

If he had tried to kill the woman, and she had got away from him—said Matt to himself—she would have been trying to get back to Otto's after dark, all right, to ask for protection. But Bullock would have known that. He would have done his best to cut her off and take another crack at murdering her, if only to shut her up. The last thing in the world he'd have done would be to go back to the car and just sit there. Faking a collapse wouldn't gain anything for him either; it would be without point. No, the collapse was real. Had he gulped down a handful of sleeping pills and tried to commit suicide, out of hopelessness for his marriage or out of remorse? The hospital didn't find any evidence of a suicide attempt, and he was in bed there all of Sunday night, all of yesterday and all of last night. Remorse fitted in with the way he was acting now, it was true. But did that mean he was a killer? . . . *I'm never going to make a good policeman if I let my personal likes and dislikes affect my judgment, but I'll give odds this is just a good guy in deep trouble*, Matt concluded.

"Maybe you are morally guilty, Mr. Bullock," he said aloud. "Maybe you're legally guilty on top of it, for all I know. But when I took this job they said, 'Here's your badge, here's your gun, now go out and protect life and property.' So I give tickets to fools driving eighty miles an hour on red-hot concrete, to keep them from ending up with a slice of windshield in their skulls. But you have a life, too, and I figure it's up to me to protect it. What do you remember? . . . The sheriff thinks the reason Mrs. Bullock lost one of her moccasins was that you were chasing after her with a knife or a gun. Before you passed out, do you remember anything—an Indian, a steer, a buzzard—that might have given her a scare and made her run?"

For the first time, Bullock roused from his daze. "Moccasins?" he asked.

"One of her feet was bare when we found her."

"But she wasn't wearing moccasins," said Bullock, puzzled. "She was wearing slippers with little rosebuds on them."

"Slippers?"

"Shoes. Evening shoes, I think they are, actually, but some women wear them in the daytime. Transparent plastic, with high heels. Her clothes were another thing we quarreled about. Lynn had a tendency to dress"—Bullock hesitated—"a bit gaudily."

"Well," decided Matt, "it doesn't seem to tell us anything, but that's the kind of thing I want you to dig out of your memory." He tore a couple of sheets from his notebook and handed them over, with a pencil. "Write down anything else that comes to you. I'll be back tomorrow. Oh—one more thing. Do you have a photograph of your wife?"

"Yes; in my wallet. I—I don't like to part with it."

"I'll bring it back."

Matt left.

Hoffner grinned at him on his way through the office. "Am I right," he asked sardonically, "or am I right?"

"If that man is a murderer," replied Matt, "what this country needs is more murderers."

Hoffner jeered. "Sold you, did he, sucker? He's a pigeon! An' I'm a guy with a (*Continued on Page 125*)

"I wouldn't go sniffing around that next one if I were you."

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"Bone hunger!" cried the Shaggy Dog
"That's what troubled me
"But since they gave me Milk-Bone
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For example, the last line might be:

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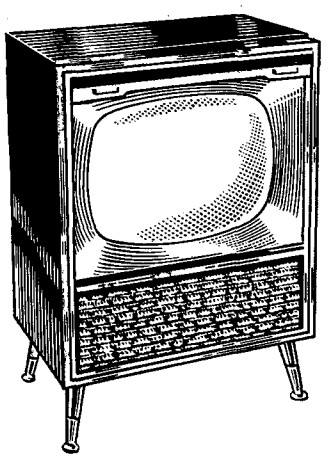

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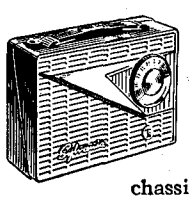

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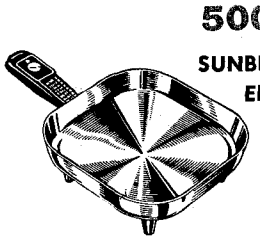

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Follow the simple contest rules for submitting your entry on coupon below. Be sure to include a Milk-Bone box top with each entry.

1. Print or write plainly your last line for the Milk-Bone "Shaggy Dog" Jingle to rhyme with "me." Use the entry blank below or use plain paper or get additional entry blanks at your grocer's.
2. Submit as many entries as you wish. However, each entry must be accompanied by one Milk-Bone Dog Biscuit box top.
3. Mail entries to Milk-Bone Contest, P. O. Box 212, New York 46, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than May 31, 1959, and received no later than June 12, 1959.
4. The contest will be judged by the Bruce Richards Corporation, an independent judging organization, on the basis of originality and aptness of thought and interest, sincerity and excellence of composition including lyrical qualities, rhyme and meter. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Decision of the judges is final. Entries must be original in all respects with the contestant submitting them. All entries become the property of National Biscuit Company and may be used by it for advertising or promotional purposes without compensation to sender.
5. Contest open to residents of continental U. S. except employees of the National Biscuit Company or its advertising agencies or members of their immediate families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local Laws and Regulations. Void wherever taxed, prohibited or restricted.
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"Bone hunger!" cried the Shaggy Dog
"That's what troubled me
"But since they gave me Milk-Bone
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(INSERT LAST LINE HERE)

I enclose a Milk-Bone Dog Biscuit box top.

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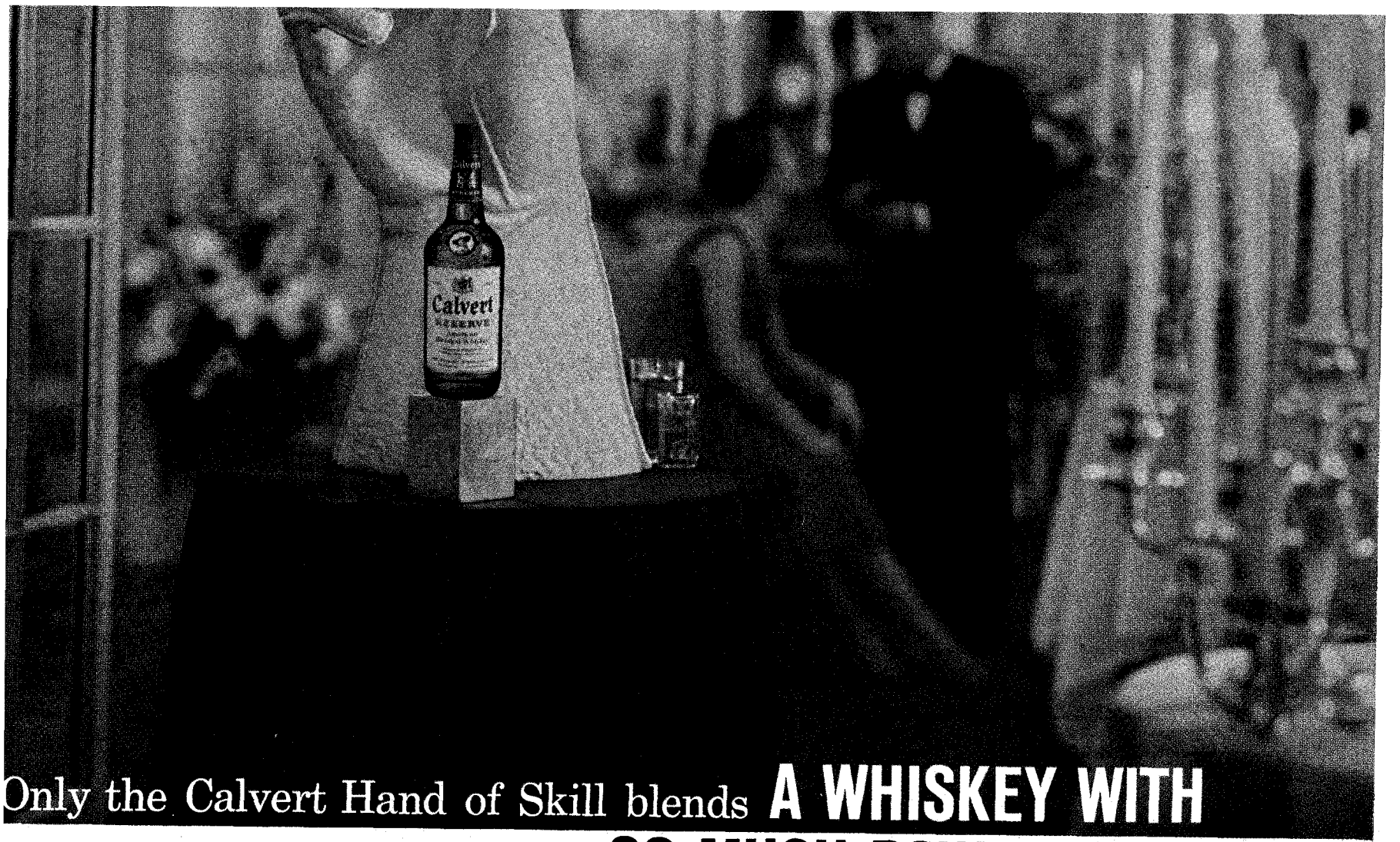

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(*Continued from Page 122*) twelve-gauge automatic. *Bang.* Feathers!" Hoffner, clearly, was already reading imaginary headlines of the local-boy-makes-good variety: COUNTRY SHERIFF NABS RATTLESNAKE MURDERER.

"Don't be too sure," said Matt.

"Take a word of advice," replied Hoffner. "Go on back to the highway and tell the old ladies which way is up, on their maps. You fool around with my pigeon, bub, an' I'll have your captain burn your tail fer you!"

Matt went off duty at eight. Instead of turning in the patrol car at the barracks, however, he drove to the municipal police station in Fort Vernon. In the detectives' room there, playing five-and-dime poker with three other plain-clothes men, sat Ed Carridine, whom he knew. For the hundredth time Matt wondered why plain-clothes men always dressed like old-time barbershop sports. Their trouser creases carried cutting edges; their shoeshines had the gleam of cherries. Maybe they disliked the word "plain."

"Ed," asked Matt, "can I bust up your game for a minute?"

"Wait till I draw to this pair of deuces," growled big Ed, aromatic of bay rum.

... ...

Sad-Libber

With my ready wit,
I've always been one
To end a silence—
Or begin one.

Sheldon White

... ...

"I'm going to turn them into four of a kind, just watch me now."

A pair of deuces won the pot, but they were not in Ed Carridine's hand.

"I'm trying for a make on this," said Matt, placing the snapshot head of Lynn Bullock on the table.

"I know her," said the redheaded man who had held the deuces, without a second's pause. "So do you guys. Sure you do. Strictly a six-dollar-steak girl. She was all over town last winter with that chiseler from Rimrock Dude Ranch, that pretty boy that drives the white sports car with the gold hubcaps."

"If she went out with Charley Masuso," added another man, "she paid for the steaks. I bet she bought him the car too. That's how Charley makes it, conning the babes."

"Like us to bring him in, Matt?" asked Ed. "It'd be a joy and a privilege." He tapped the photo with a broad finger tip. "Who's the doll, a stick-girl from Vegas?"

"Lynn Bullock, her name was. She's over in the morgue right now, but your pal Masuso didn't kill her. A snake did."

"Same family," said Ed.

"I guess I don't want him," decided Matt. "Now I know the angle, I don't need him. Thanks anyway."

He went to bed wondering if he would ever have the courage, himself, to marry. Anybody who glanced at Lynn Bullock's picture saw what she was, immediately. Yet to her husband—a knowledgeable man and, in business, no doubt a shrewd one—she had been above suspicion. It must be old Mother Nature who kept love blindfolded. Otherwise, the race might perish from the earth. . . . Not that the Lynns of the earth ever increased the race. They were too fearful of damaging their most valuable asset, their figures.

In the morning, bathed and shaved and trim in a fresh uniform, Matt was rounding the turn by Otto's trading post by seven o'clock. The night's mist still lay on the desert. As he watched, the sun began to peel it away. With infant dust-devils chasing him, he drove at a good clip for five miles, then slowed, looking for the cairn of three balanced rocks with which he had marked the spot.

Leaving the car beside the cairn, he followed Lynn Bullock's sole prints onto the sand. A four-year-old in an Indian suit could have done it. The lost suède moccasin lay in the open, on its side. Picking it up, he slipped it into a pocket of his tunic. When the woman had heard the buzz of rattles in the darkness she had rushed terror-stricken into the brush—straight for the fangs, it could easily have been. The tracks, twenty yards farther along, led back to the road.

It was the road shoulder—probably the west one, because, given a choice, most people automatically turned right rather than left—that he must bank on. Slowly Matt prowled it. "Soon, now," he kept saying to himself, but he was almost at the road's end, where the makeshift barrier closed it off, before he picked up the prints once more. This time they left the shoulder (or returned to it, actually, since he was backtracking) at a sharp angle. The young lady had known exactly where she was, exactly what she was doing. Fifty yards out in the sagebrush it looked as if Mrs. Bullock had met a girl chum for a chat beside a tall saguaro cactus; a girl chum who, for her nighttime strolls among the Joshua trees, wore dainty, metal-tipped spike heels. Under three inches of smoothed sand at the foot of the saguaro Matt found and pocketed the translucent plastic slippers with the rosebuds. Bullock was no liar.

Matt had intended to pick up a lawyer on his way back through Fort Vernon, but, sure now that he did not need him, he drove instead directly to Mesa Roja. Mesa Roja was enjoying a temperature of 92. It was a relief to step into the small, air-cooled cottage hospital. Matt spoke briefly with the crew-cut physician, whose age was even tenderer than his own. Then, leaving the car in a feathery splotch of magenta shade under a pepper tree, he walked down the dusty side street to the sheriff's office.

Hoffner and his pockmarked deputy, Pablo, had Bullock handcuffed to a chair. A plaited rawhide quirt lay on the desk—for effect, possibly. Possibly.

"You admit you an' the Mrs. was fightin'," the sheriff was saying. He looked up as Matt entered, gave him a raking glance of enmity, and continued: "Now, here's a smart young college gradgit that's been nosin' around in what ain't his business, fergettin' I got friends of my own on the police force. He'll tell you why you an' the Mrs. was fightin', Bullock. You found out she was a-playin' around with a slicker by the name o' Masuso, that's why. There's your motive. You didn't have the guts to tangle with Masuso, so you drove your wife up the mine road. Mighty fine place t' bury a body, yes-sirree."

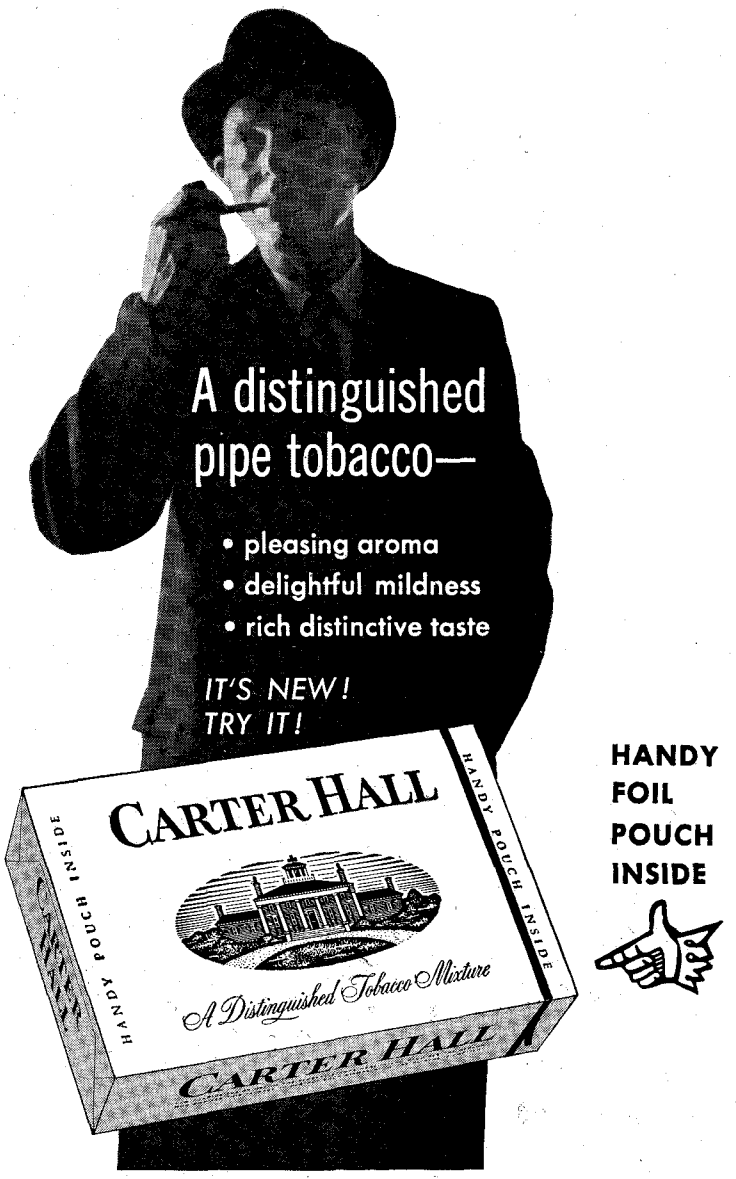
"I'm responsible for Lynn's death," returned Bullock, who looked exhausted, "but you'll never make me admit I raised a hand against her. As for her playing around, I don't believe it."

"You meant to kill her an' you done your best, man. Admit it! Sign a confession and make it easier fer all of us!"

"Sheriff Hoffner," asked Matt formally, "may I question the prisoner?"

"You kin," replied the sheriff grudgingly, his glance threatening, "ef you watch yer mouth."

"Mr. Bullock," said Matt, "it was Mrs. Bullock who wanted you to come west, you say, and it was her idea to go sight-seeing last Sunday. She didn't take



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along your vacuum jug. You were thirsty—didn't you stop anywhere for a drink?"

"Lynn went into a roadside stand, yes, and asked for water. She came out making a face. She said the water was alkali, wasn't fit to drink."

"Didn't you try anywhere else?"

"We went into another place, yes, and tried to buy beer or soda. They didn't have any."

"That time, too, it was Mrs. Bullock who went in and asked. She had you wait in the car?"

"Yes. I was tired."

"It was your wife who insisted you drive with the top down?"

"On account of the scenery."

"And it was Mrs. Bullock who suggested turning up the mine road? Is that right?"

"Officer, I don't see ——"

"Only one more question. It was Mrs. Bullock, sir, who told you she thought you were overweight several months ago, and got you a prescription for diuretic tablets? Dry-out pills, boxers and jockeys call them."

Bullock was pale. "What are you getting at?" he demanded. "What is all this?"

"That's what I want to know," exclaimed Sheriff Hoffner angrily.

"Mr. Bullock," said Matt, "at the dude ranch last winter your wife became—well, infatuated with one of these types that hang around luxury resorts looking for women with money. I suppose he talked marriage to her. But he made it clear that other women were after him and high bid would win. So, I'm sorry to say, your Lynn decided it would be helpful if you'd die and leave her your insurance. A man in your position carries pretty heavy ——"

"Sheriff," said Bullock, his face furrowed with pain, "take me back to my cell. I don't have to sit here and listen to this."

"Now, now," drawled the sheriff, "you set here an' listen, friend. It's a reg'lar TV show."

"Last winter," went on Matt, "we had a tragedy out this way. A family of four—father, mother and two kids—were driving on a back road down by the border. They had a blowout. They weren't carrying a spare, so they waited in their car for help. A trooper found them that night, hands folded on their laps, smiles on their faces, dead of dehydration. It doesn't happen much any more because we've licked the desert with drilled wells, but ask the old-timers about dehydration. There's no warning. You just drowse off. The item about the family was in the papers last February. Your wife read it, I think, Mr. Bullock. That's when she laid out her plan—located the abandoned road, decided to nag you into coming out, even thought of starting you taking dry-out pills just to make sure. Women know about reducing pills."

Neither Bullock nor the sheriff spoke.

"Your body tissues were screaming for liquids," continued Matt, "and you drove around all day Sunday in the sun in an open car. Your wife drank water wherever you stopped, secretly, telling you there wasn't any. She had you turn up the road she'd picked out. She kept you there until you went into a coma. Then she changed into a pair of walking shoes she had in the trunk—I imagine she had a bottle of water stashed away there too—and started back to Otto's. She figured the walk would take about four hours. By that time you'd be good and dead. She planned to tell the people at Otto's you'd collapsed, she didn't know why. They'd bring in your body, and that would be that. Who would suspect a brave woman who'd walked eight miles of desert at night to try to save her husband's life?"

Matt, looking at Bullock's face, hoped he would never see another compressed by such agony. *He's known the truth all along*, he said to himself, *or at least suspected it. What he's been dreading was that somebody would confirm it. This was a good fighter hanging on the ropes, and I've clubbed him down.*

"Wheelock," said the sheriff, calling Matt by name for the first time, "I may be hard, but I'm fair. It could be like you say. But where's your proof?"

"Here," said Matt, laying the plastic slippers on the desk. "She buried these."

Hoffner pulled his nose, pondering it. "Could be a gun buried out there too. Mebbe Bullock thought he winged her, buried these shoes, figgered on buryin' the body after, got a sunstroke 'fore he could."

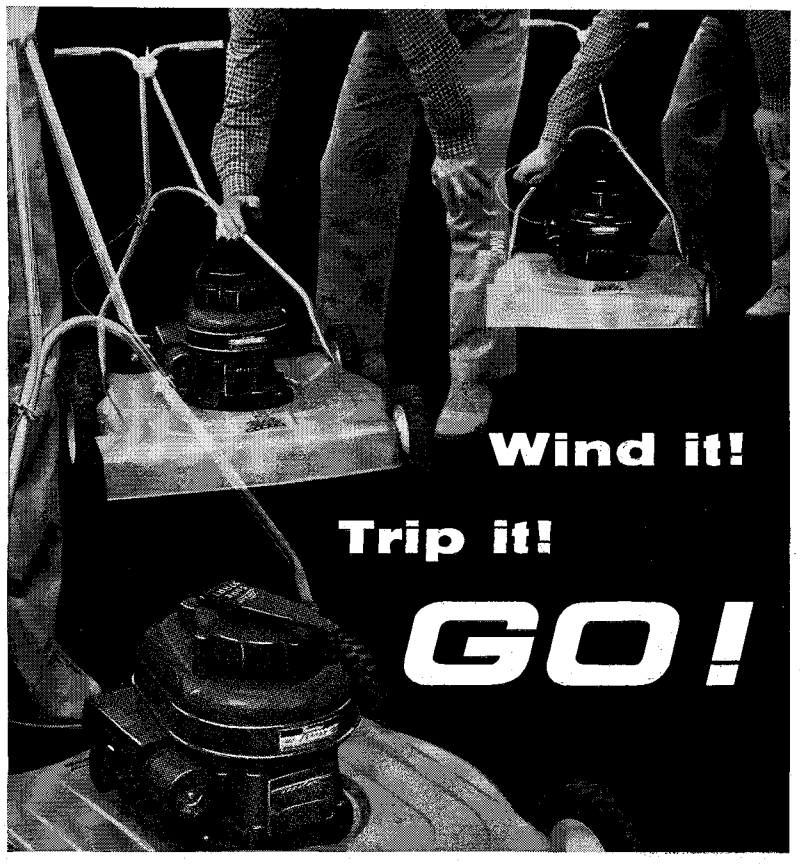
"It was Bullock who told me about the shoes."

"O.K., so I'll go along with you, so it looks like the wife buried 'em. Proving what?"

"They open a window into her mind and let us see in," explained Matt. "An innocent woman going for help, suddenly remembering she had a pair of moccasins in the car that would help her to walk faster, would have simply chucked her high heels into the trunk or onto the seat or the floor. Only a woman who'd been scheming murder, scheming it right down to changing the shoes she was too vain to take off her pretty feet until she had to do it with an eight-mile hike ahead of her, would think the pair left in the car might arouse suspicion. She didn't need to bury them at all. Why? For what reason? Only a guilty woman would do it. And Lynn Bullock did it. Her guilt did it."

Sheriff Hoffner's keys jingled softly in the sweltering little room as he took them from a desk drawer.

"Well," he philosophized, "like they say, I guess facts is facts. The little lady had it figgered out real good. Only one thing she didn't figger. Bein' an Easterner, guess she didn't know. Them rattlers hunt at night." THE END



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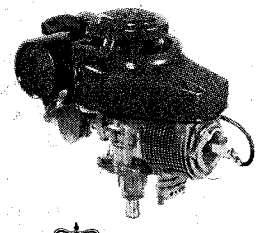

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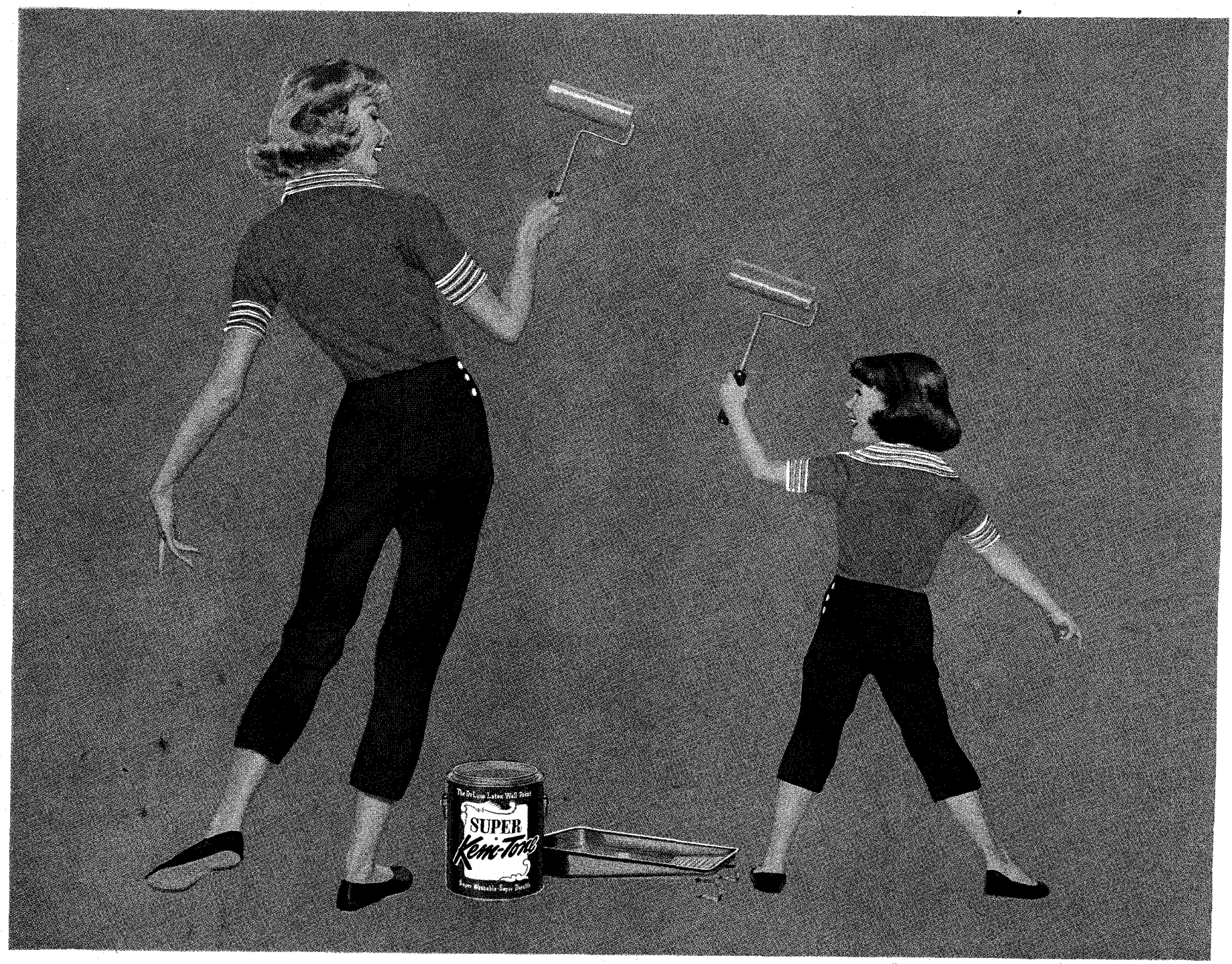

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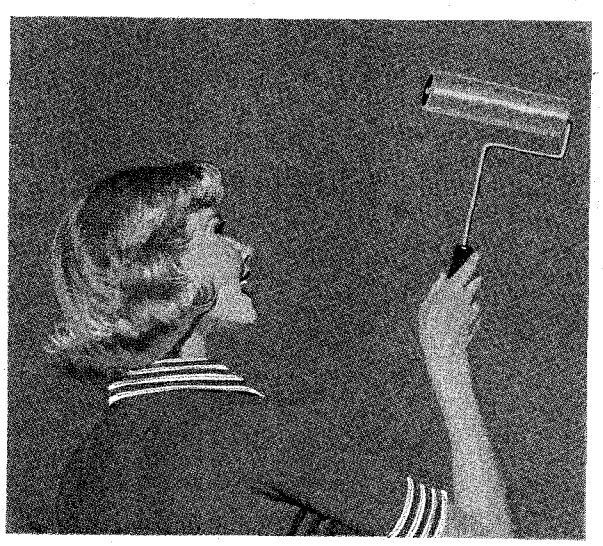

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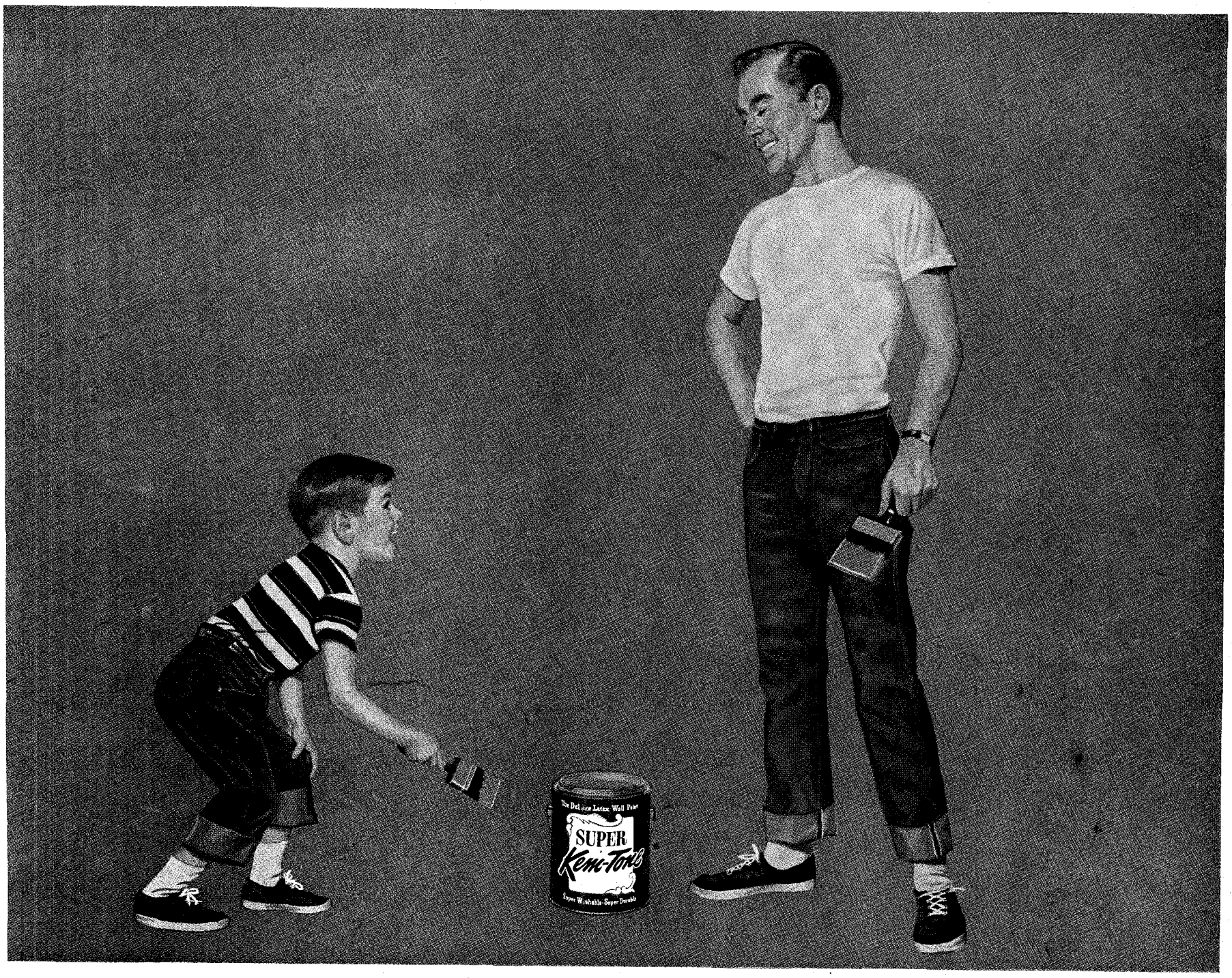

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CRACKER BARREL BRAND — THE FINEST OF NATURAL CHEDDAR BY KRAFT

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A Neglected Island Comes to Life

(Continued from Page 47)

exaggeration, but nowhere else have relations between civilians and military personnel been so equable. There have been incidents, but authorities on both sides of the reservation fence have acted with promptness and understanding.

Cynics may attribute this "era of good feeling" to the money pumped into the island economy by the United States, and that is, of course, a factor. American capital expenditure in Newfoundland probably totals $1,000,000,000. Our installations are still a major industry. Last year at Pepperell Air Base alone the civilian payroll was $5,000,000, and $4,000,000 was spent for supplies and services. In addition, military personnel spent an estimated $13,000,000 locally. Total: $22,000,000. It is literally true that the war boom and American money brought the island out of bankruptcy.

Newfoundland has had a strange, sometimes tragic history. It was the first British possession in North America; John Cabot, who claimed this territorial find for the crown in 1497, reported multitudes of fish in coastal waters. Three years later most of the east coast had been explored and European fishermen already were sheltering in its harbors. More than a century later began what has been called "Britain's greatest experiment in retarded colonization." Seafaring men and English merchants persuaded the crown to impose restrictions on settlement to isolate the area as a fishing preserve.

Legal authority was lodged in "fishing admirals," the first captains to arrive in the various harbors each spring. But, one way or another, colonists continued to arrive. They had no legal rights. No one could achieve a lawful title to his home or get permission to have his own garden. The fishing admirals went home every autumn; the Newfoundlanders were able to exist by a happy, illicit trade of salt cod and fish oil for sugar, flour, molasses, woolens and rum from New England. As late as 1789 a British naval commander in Newfoundland ordered destroyed every building which had a chimney. Not until 1811 was the right to hold property confirmed, and not until 1855 was self-government granted.

The road of self-government was rough. Newfoundland was a poor country with only one industry—fishing. Just before the turn of the century, leaders hoped to join Canada as a province, but union fell through when a parsimonious Canada refused to shoulder $5,000,000 of Newfoundland's public debt. After a brief prosperity during World War I came complete disaster in 1932. One fourth of the population was on relief; the national credit was exhausted. Newfoundland turned to Britain, and a royal commission established a kind of receivership. Six commissioners—three from Britain and three from Newfoundland—and a British governor ruled the island; elections were abandoned.

When the new regime took over, there was not a mile of paved road in Newfoundland, and health and welfare services were almost nonexistent. While the commissioners' primary concern seems to have been sound bookkeeping—expenditures were guided by cautious civil servants in England—they did create the framework of a public-health service. They built cottage hospitals at strategic points and established nursing services to succor isolated communities. The dole rate, however, was kept at six cents a day in food orders and the old-age pension at fifty dollars a year.

This guarded tinkering with the economy brought no outstanding results. It was World War II which put Newfoundland back in business, and piled up a surplus in its treasury. As in all receiverships, there was an escape clause, and in 1947 a national convention of some forty-five men met to consider the island's future. Some wanted to continue the commission, some wanted to return to dominion status, some preferred annexation by the United States, others argued for confederation with Canada.

It took Newfoundland two years to make up its mind, and the bitternesses are not yet dead. Families split down the middle, brothers refused to shake hands. Out of the tumult arose Newfoundland's still-dominant political figure—Joseph R. Smallwood. It was Smallwood who, almost singlehanded, brought Newfoundland into confederation with Canada. Probably only Smallwood could have turned the trick. In a first referendum there was no clear majority; in the second, confederation just sneaked by with 52 per cent of the vote.

Smallwood has been premier of Newfoundland since 1949 and is now one of only two Liberal Party provincial premiers—the other is in tiny Prince Edward Island—who have survived the big wind blown up in Canada by the triumphs of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and his Progressive Conservative cohorts. A feverish orator, a pitiless adversary, a master of political sleight of hand, Smallwood has sometimes been compared by his enemies to that American archetype of demagoguery, the late Huey Long. The comparison is inexact, but there are resemblances. The premier has, as did Long in Louisiana, the complete loyalty of humbler householders. ("Joey will take care of us," is a spoken word of faith in countless fishing villages.) Self-confidence, impatience with slower-moving minds, a desire for one-man power are also common characteristics. And, occasionally, a suave ability to compromise when intrepidity fails.

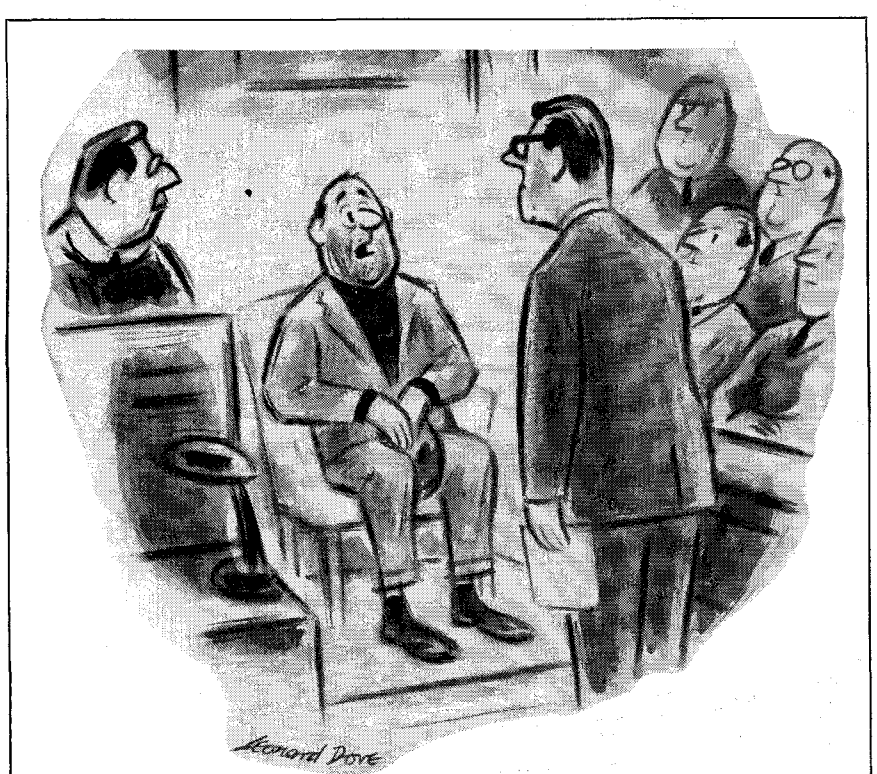
Joey Smallwood is now fifty-eight, not quite the dynamo of energy he was ten years ago, but still the unchallenged boss of Newfoundland. He stands five feet, four inches tall, weighs perhaps 140 pounds, wears horn-rimmed spectacles and, when he smiles a dimpled smile, rather startlingly resembles Harry S. Truman. His horn-rimmed glasses, bow tie and his cigarette holder once were political trade-marks; the bow tie survives, but the premier has given up tobacco.

The premier was born in Gambo, on the island's northeast coast, the eldest of thirteen children. His father was a woodsman and lumber surveyor. Joey was a bright, rebellious boy with a taste for adventure and reading. Newfoundland has no public schools in the American tradition. The village school grew out of the village church, and primary and secondary education, supported in part by government grants, still is directed by the various religious denominations.

Smallwood attended school in the city of St. John's, sampling Methodist, Catholic and Church of England varieties of learning. In one of the three interviews I had with him, he told me he achieved this first window on the world at Bishop Feilds College—actually an Anglican high school. There he read H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, the Fabian socialists, and led two student strikes. While still at Bishop Feilds he became a printer's devil, then a reporter, and at eighteen was the acting editor of the St. John's Telegram. "I romanticized my profession," he said to me. "Newspapering was not just a job; it was an adventure."

To make it more of an adventure, Smallwood left home. He worked nine months on the old Halifax Herald, moved on to the Boston Herald, and free-lanced in New York City. He was fascinated by politics and—although not a United States citizen—campaigned for Sen. Bob LaFollette for President in 1924 on a third-party ticket. He recalls that at one open-air rally he spoke in competition with a Democratic stumper named Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and still thinks he came off rather better.

When Smallwood returned to the island he fell under the influence of Sir William Coaker, who organized the first fishermen's protective union, and whose biography he later wrote. The premier has written five books on Newfoundland and hopes eventually to return to his typewriter to tell his own story. During the late 1920's he organized the Pulp Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers' union



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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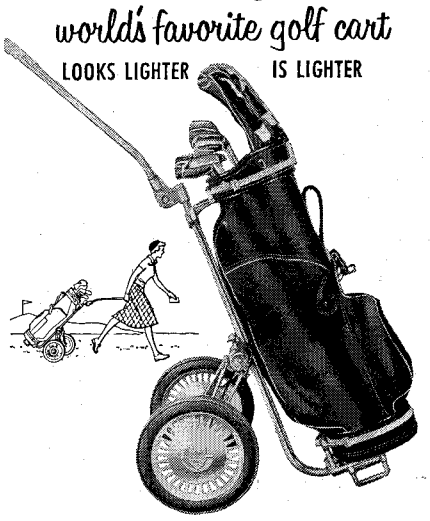

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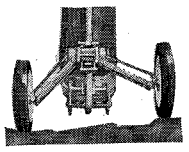

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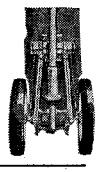

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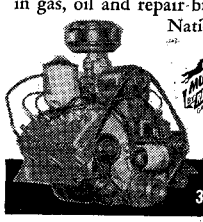

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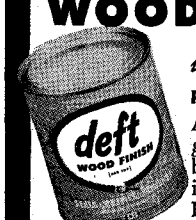

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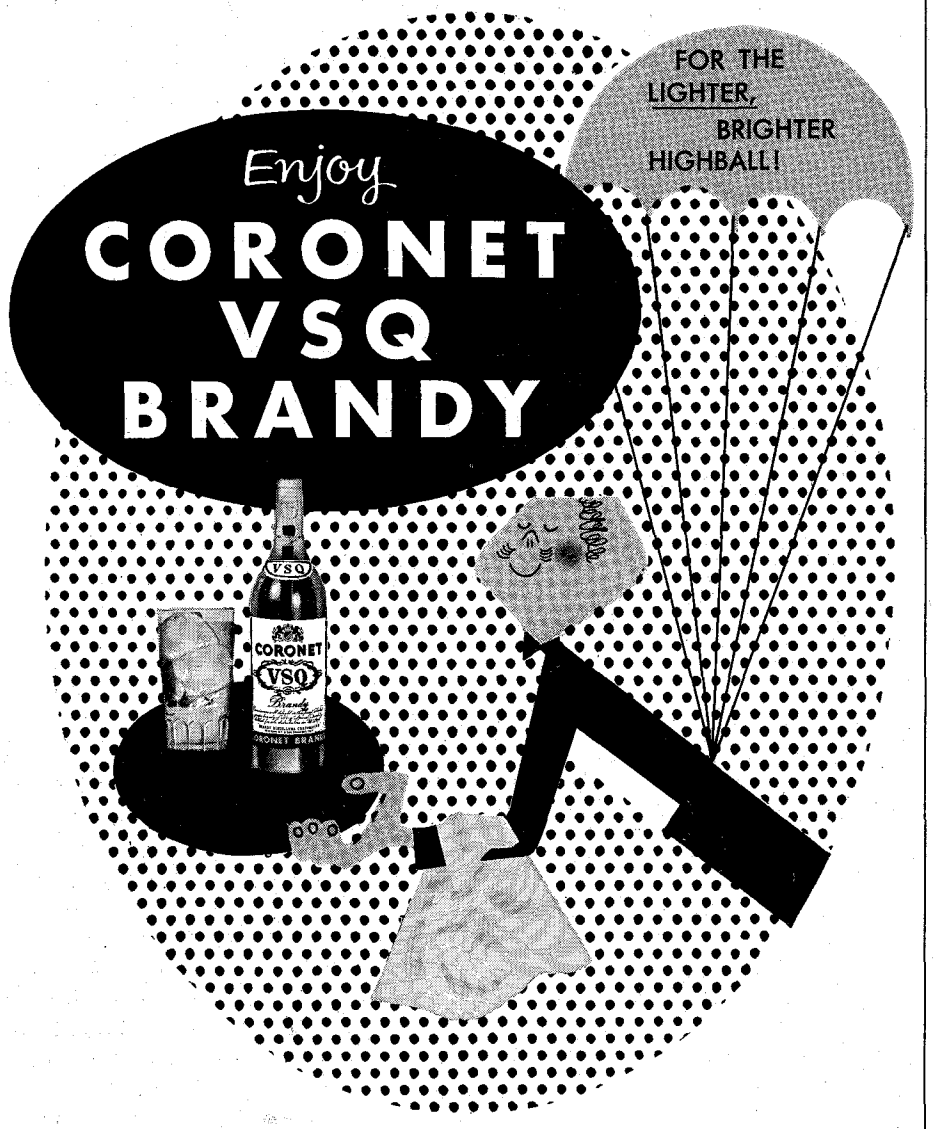

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at Corner Brook, site of one of the world's largest pulp and paper mills, served as campaign manager for Sir Richard Squires, Liberal prime minister of Newfoundland, and took a solitary 700-mile walk which carried him from one end of the island to the other by the longest way around.

The purpose of this jaunt was to organize railroad section men against a two-and-one-half-cent cut in their twenty-five-cent hourly wage, and it was successful. Smallwood says the walk took "three months, three pairs of shoes and twenty pounds of flesh."

The premier's solid, prosperous enemies on Water Street, the mercantile center of St. John's, like to recall patronizingly that he was a pig farmer at Gander during World War II. That is true; he raised pigs near the airfield and supplied pork to the Royal Canadian Air Force. But it was earlier, during the depression days, that he won the personal following that ultimately beat Water Street with ballots. For four years, captain and cook of a forty-foot boat, he sailed in and out of the coves and harbors of the northeast coast, as an organizer for the fishermen's union. Then began a seven-year career in radio which made his name and his voice perhaps the best known in Newfoundland.

Smallwood called himself The Barrelman, a term well known to the people of the outports, for a barrelman is the lookout on a sealing vessel. His daily program, he told me, "was frankly designed to glorify Newfoundlanders to themselves." In a time of distress and short rations, of bankruptcy and lost democracy, of emigration to the United States by the vigorous young, it was heartening to hear brave tales of the past, of heroic sea rescues, of wars with the French and the Dutch. Smallwood was already a knowledgeable collector of island folklore; letters from listeners brought fresh stories, the words of old ballads lost to the printed page, evidence of a growing pride in the island's really heroic tradition. An elderly merchant in one small town—he now dislikes the premier—told me that he and his family never failed to tune in on The Barrelman. "If our friends didn't have a radio, we invited them to our house to listen."

Some people, this long after, find a wry amusement in the fact that The Barrelman's original commercial sponsor was a wealthy St. John's importer who was later to be his bitter political opponent. The importance of radio in Newfoundland is hard to overestimate. There are daily newspapers in only three cities—St. John's, Corner Brook and Grand Falls; the great Bowater company owns the paper mill at Corner Brook, and the Anglo-Newfoundland company owns the one at Grand Falls. But in the 1300 outports along 6000 miles of ragged coast, there are few daily newspaper readers. The outports get their news over the air.

Election to the national convention of 1947 opened for Smallwood the road which led from pig farm to premiership. He was secretary of the delegation which went to Ottawa to arrange the terms for confederation; then he barnstormed the island by seaplane to persuade the people to vote for union with Canada. Politics had been in abeyance during commissions government; the political parties had fallen apart. "It was very simple," a reporter told me. "Joey was the man they knew."

It is almost ten years since confederation. How has Newfoundland fared? I called on John G. Higgins, a St. John's lawyer who, when Newfoundland became a part of Canada on April 1, 1949, wore a black tie, flew a black flag at half staff outside his house, put crape on the door and drew the blinds. Higgins still thinks confederation was a mistake.

"But it is obviously silly to blame Canada for what has happened to Newfoundland," he said. "We went into confederation with a fifty-million-dollar surplus and now we are greatly in debt. Smallwood, with his hypnotic power over the people, has ruined his country."

There are other anticonfederationists who do not take such a positive point of view. They do not think the final score of the game is in yet. Smallwood promised economic development and social security. Social security was to come from alliance with Canada's welfare state, and economic development from a bold policy of government-sponsored expansion of industry and trade. Smallwood brought to the job the boldness of the born gambler, the gall and enterprise of a commercial traveler, and the authentic dream of a (*Continued on Page 136*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's something basically good about you, Esther, that's probably going to make the evening pretty dull."

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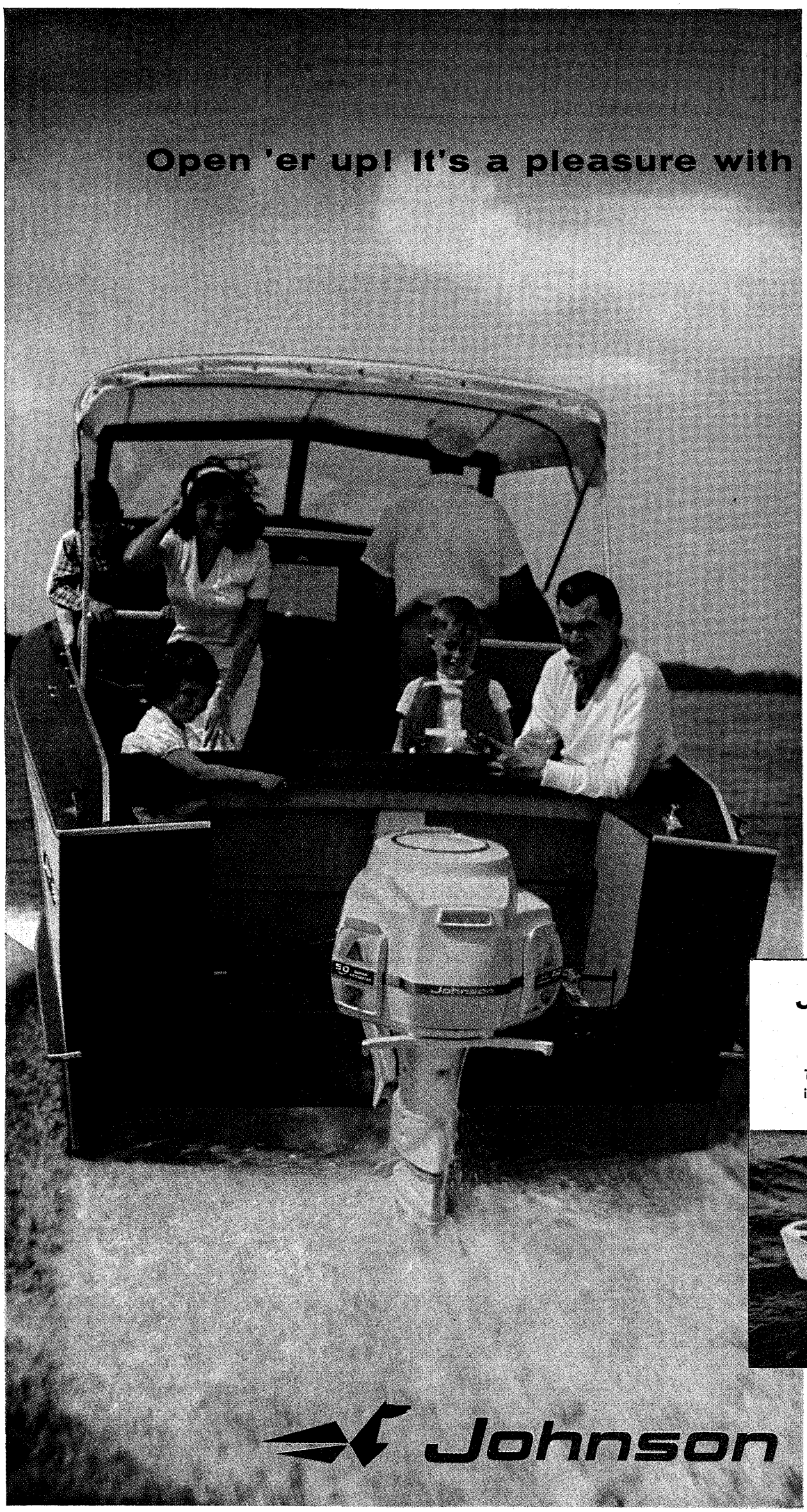
Open 'er up! It's a pleasure with a '59 Sea-Horse!



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You'll sense it the moment you cast off . . . a smooth, solid surge of power answers the throttle of a Sea-Horse . . . so quiet-running that you're pleasantly surprised at how much muscle is there when you open her up. This is the feel of a new Sea-Horse with Dynautical Design—a thrill you will not soon forget.

No wonder Johnson Sea-Horses were chosen to power the first outboard cruiser to cross the North Atlantic. (See inset)

And no wonder more people buy Sea-Horses than any other make of outboard motor. Only Johnson gives you Dynautical Design — new beauty, new quietness, new stamina. You'll find it in every model, from the 5½ to the mighty V-50. Full forward-neutral-reverse gearshift, too. Convenient electric starting is available in 50, 35 and 18 hp classes.

Let your Johnson dealer show you this new pleasure power. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. Johnson prices start as low as $160 for 1959—the year of the two-millionth Sea-Horse!

FREE 1959 SEA-HORSE CATALOG!
Write Johnson Motors, 521 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. In Canada, Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario

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Twin V-50s power 22-foot cruiser for 3433 miles in world's first outboard ocean crossing.

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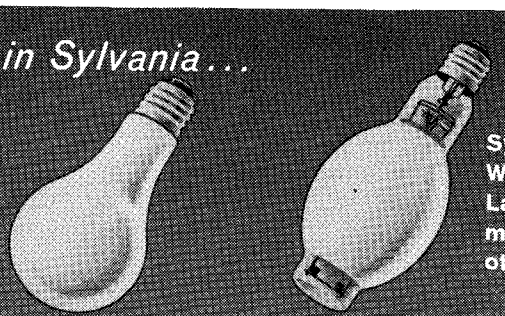
Sylvania light bulbs for the home are made by the company that pioneered many firsts in lighting.



Sylvania Silver White Mercury Lamps give you 16% more light than other types.

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From the most famous name in shaving—

"To keep America looking sharp— we shave our factory costs with Sylvania fluorescent lighting"

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Gillette's Number One position in the shaving field is based on the quality of its products. An important means of maintaining that quality is fluorescent factory lighting by Sylvania—the leader in lighting.

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You'll discover the same kind of superiority in Sylvania mercury lamps for streets, highways, airports and in Sylvania incandescent light bulbs for home and industry.

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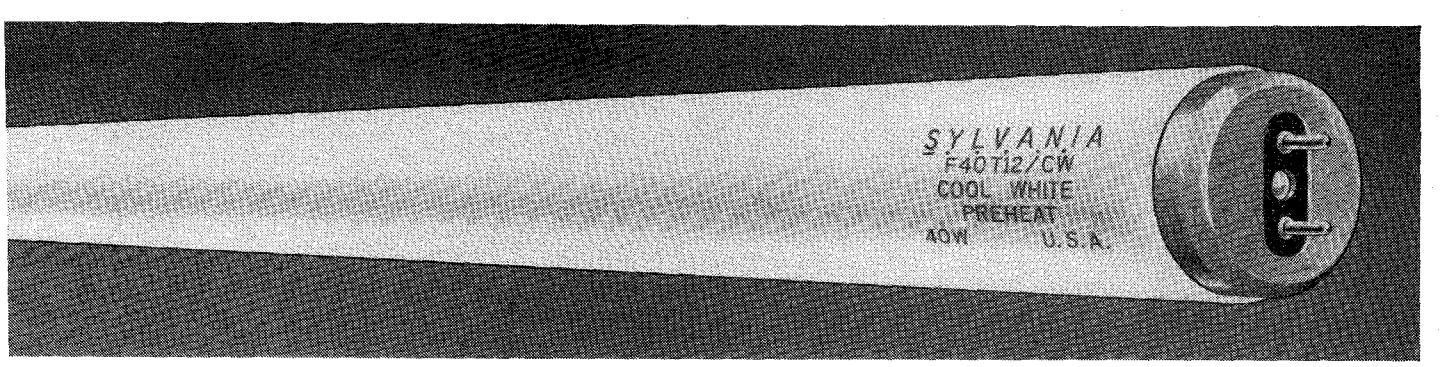

Sylvania Fluorescent lamps maintain more than 7% greater output throughout useful lamp life.

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(*Continued from Page 132*) remade Newfoundland which would be prosperous enough to offer even its humblest citizens the opportunity to better themselves.

Although Newfoundland's treasury had a $50,000,000 surplus in 1949, the island was still backward in many ways. When I first interviewed Premier Smallwood, he told me that Newfoundland had spent more in nine years on public health than had been spent there in the previous seventy-five years. The results are spectacular. At one time the island had the highest death rate of all Canadian provinces; now it has the lowest. In 1948 the mortality rate from tuberculosis was 104 per 100,000 population—one of the worst in the white man's world. In 1957 it was nineteen per 100,000. Recruitment has raised the number of practicing physicians from 144 to 258, and the number of nurses—mostly in government service—from 260 to 739. Infant and maternal mortality have been greatly decreased. Aircraft ambulances and helicopters are used to transport the gravely ill from isolated communities to the hospitals. Three hospital ships—the Sir Robert Bond, the Sir William Whiteway and the Dr. William Carson—call regularly at coastal settlements all around the island, ready to yank a tooth or an appendix, X-ray chests, or inoculate babies against once-fearsome childhood diseases.

The story of progress in education also can be told by statistics. Nine years ago the province was spending $3,500,000 a year for schools. Now the appropriation is $15,000,000. No other province in Canada can match this acceleration. The number of teachers has increased from 2400 to 3600; a thousand new classrooms have been built. Government scholarships for gifted or needy students have been raised in nine years from five to 1700. During most of its history, the island was innocent of higher education; children of the wealthy went to the United States, to Canada or to England. In 1949 a two-year college at St. John's was expanded into Memorial University, now attended by some 1200 students.

A census of motorcars often furnishes an index of the money in people's pockets. At confederation there were 14,000 cars, trucks, buses and motorcycles owned by Newfoundland people. Today there are 49,000. There are, however, precise figures on the national income. It was $93,000,000 in 1949, and it had grown to $334,000,000 in 1957. The 1958 figures are not available, but, for the first time in nine years, there will certainly be a downward dip. On the screen of a neighboring economy the United States recession made larger images than at home.

By confederation Newfoundland got, as Smallwood promised, (1) family allowances, (2) old-age pensions and (3) unemployment insurance. The family-allowance plan is usually called, in Canada, the "baby bonus"; for every child under the age of sixteen, the family receives a monthly check for six dollars or more, based on the children's ages. This added up to about $15,000,000 in Newfoundland last year. Under the commission government, Newfoundland had an old-age pension; it was six dollars a month. Now all persons over seventy receive fifty-five dollars a month. "This," the premier told me, "has taken some of the bite out of poverty." The current annual disbursement is about $11,000,000. Family allowances, pensions and unemployment insurance—$16,000,000 last year—come out of the federal treasury. There is also "old-age assistance" for those in actual need between the ages of sixty-five and seventy. This costs an annual total of $3,350,000, of which the province and the federal government each pays half.

Smallwood likes to compare the small lump sum Newfoundland spent on services and improvements for its people during the decade before confederation with the handsome total that has accumulated since confederation. His figures, excluding grants and payments by the Canadian federal government: $77,000,000 before; $343,000,000 since.

Few of Joey Smallwood's critics quarrel with his dream of making life more agreeable for the island people. And most of them are now convinced that union with Canada was inevitable. But many of them are convinced that Smallwood has paid too high a price. "Joey believes what he wants to believe," said a Stephenville merchant who first knew Smallwood when he was walking the railroad. "And what he wants to believe too often isn't true. Result? The province of Newfoundland now is in debt to the tune of eighty-six million dollars."

The debt figure is accurate. And the premier has made some conspicuous blunders. "They were errors of the head and not of the heart," Smallwood told me himself one afternoon as we rode from St. John's to his farm at Roaches Run. Smallwood's official car is a big, middle-aged, black American make which he always drives himself.

The premier's farm of 400 acres—and this may give American farmers some clue to Newfoundland's food problem—is the largest cleared area in the whole province. There was a time when Smallwood thought that pigs, then sheep, could nibble a living off Newfoundland's anemic grasses. Now he has put his faith in Aberdeen Angus cattle, imported grasses, chickens and mink raising. The farm, RussWood, is owned by a family corporation. His daughter, Clara; her husband, Edward Russell; and his son Ramsay, who studied poultry raising at Michigan State, make their homes there. His other son, William, is a St. John's lawyer and a member of the provincial parliament. Mrs. Smallwood, a plump, friendly woman, looks after her five grandchildren and the riotous flower planting on the place.

> One of the first things a man finds out after he gets married is that intelligence is no match for intuition.
>
> DAN BENNETT

The farm is an ambitious undertaking employing twenty to thirty people, and nowadays the premier spends his happiest hours there. But there are tragic memories also. Several years ago an aviation company sent a helicopter there to give a demonstration. Ramsay Smallwood and his young American wife went aloft. The helicopter struck telephone wires just after the take-off and crashed. The pilot was killed, Mrs. Smallwood died of burns and Ramsay himself was so badly burned that he still is undergoing plastic surgery.

Since confederation had been so largely his own project, Smallwood had the responsibility for making it successful. A prime danger, once the old immigration bars were down, was that the islanders in great numbers would move to Canada for better jobs and opportunities. To meet this hazard the Smallwood government engaged in a sweeping campaign to bring in industry and to create payrolls in communities where none existed. The government built or subsidized the building of many of the plants and factories, and (*Continued on Page 138*)

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"Union Pacific Domeliners certainly are the answer to the modern conception of luxury travel. I find they offer a wonderful opportunity to relax while enjoying service as superb as the surroundings."

"Dome dining? That's for me! It's one of the extras I can enjoy on a Domeliner. Another thing—I like my comfort. Take the new Pullman accommodations, for example. For six footers like me, the wide long-length beds assure a good night's rest. And, during the day, I have a 'private room' where I can study scripts or just take it easy, as though I were home."

"The relaxing moments in beautiful lounge cars, the leisurely enjoyment of the trip and the thoughtful service all add up to my being such an enthusiastic Domeliner fan."

Mr. Reagan is a frequent guest on the "City of Los Angeles" Domeliner. The "City of Portland" Domeliner, in service between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest, provides the same attractive Dome cars and modern Pullman equipment. Ride Union Pacific Domeliners and we feel sure that you, too, will become an ardent Domeliner traveler.

UNION PACIFIC Railroad
Omaha 2, Nebraska

DEPENDABLE PASSENGER AND FREIGHT SERVICE

(*Continued from Page 136*) Smallwood admitted publicly that this kind of spending was a gamble, but one he intended to take.

Since that time, such varied enterprises as cement plants, gypsum mills, a glove factory, a rubber factory, knitting mills, a shoe factory, a tannery, a cotton mill, a textile plant, even a chocolate-candy plant, have come to Newfoundland. Some of these were obviously ill-conceived; raw materials had to be brought in from the outside. Some plants never opened, others opened and closed. Some are successful and some are marginal. Newfoundland's largest industrial payrolls are still the great paper mills—the Bowater plant (founded in the 1920's), at Corner Brook, and the Anglo-Newfoundland Development plant (founded in 1906), at Grand Falls. Also there is the rich iron mine at Bell Island—recently modernized at a cost of $10,000,000—which extends four miles under the sea, a lead-copper-zinc mine at Buchans and two fluorspar mines at St. Lawrence, on the south coast. The fisheries remain the mainstay of the economy, and the government has actively assisted private companies in the construction of up-to-date processing plants for fresh and frozen cod.

Newfoundland, as many Americans who fly in there every summer know, is a sportsman's paradise. Hundreds of lakes and streams provide the angler a chance to tangle with the fighting Atlantic salmon and trout. For three successive seasons tuna taken from Conception Bay have set a world's record for that particular year. But thus far the development board at St. John's has issued no voluptuous appeals to American and Canadian tourists. They do not want to risk disillusionment. Sportsmen are rugged fellows, but most of the tourists would be motorists used to sleek, manicured highways. The truth is that, except for about 125 miles of pavement, the Newfoundland roads are, by American standards, execrable. It is now possible to drive across the island, but no one does it for love of travel. Smallwood has announced a four-year, $56,000,000 road-building program, but road building comes high in difficult terrain, and there will be need for eating places and comfortable night accommodations if the pampered American is to be satisfied.

What kind of land is Newfoundland? It is so many kinds of land that it is hard to give a true answer. With an area of 156,000 square miles, it is a land of great beauty, noble spruce forests—and trackless miles of bogs and wastes. Its northern peninsula, like Labrador, is frozen-in for many months. But the east coast a year ago had a milder winter than Washington, D.C. Thousands of travelers on seventeen international airlines are filtered through the airport at Gander every month, and the Canadian Department of Transport has built there in the barrens a completely new town, housing 8000 people. Such industrial centers as Corner Brook on the west coast (population 24,000) and Grand Falls (population 6000) in the center of the island are as modern as, and indeed resemble, Wilmington, Delaware. Even the tailoring among business executives is the same. Each town has its golf course and country club, its service clubs, such as Rotary and Kiwanis, neon signs, and, I suspect, a feeling of isolation and loneliness. The roads out of town lead nowhere very much.

St. John's—with a population of 80,000 of the province's 450,000—is something else again. It calls itself the oldest city in North America, but there are few relics of ancient days; the town has burned down too often. Viewed even from the eminence of Signal Hill, where Marconi's first transatlantic wireless message was received, it is not a beautiful city nor even a quaint one. Yet the moldering, leaning houses on some of its climbing streets are nostalgically reminiscent of Dickensian London. The headquarters on Water and Duckworth streets of its generations-old mercantile firms—Harvey's, Bowring, Ayre, Winter and many more—are tucked into modest two-story buildings flanked often by cheap-jack stores. The fishing fleets of the world have been harbored at St. John's and nearby ports over the centuries; in keeping with tradition, seventy Spanish and Portuguese fishing vessels were sheltered at St. John's when they and I waited out Hurricane Helene last fall.

The flamboyance of Joey Smallwood has never appealed to the conservative men of Water Street, but they have not been able to shake his political dominance. In the last two elections the premier has not even bothered to campaign in his own constituency of Bonavista North. That he is fanatically loyal to his friends and sometimes blind to their shortcomings is generally agreed. A case in point is the scandal involving Dr. Alfred Valdmanis, his trusted director of economic development. Valdmanis went to prison in 1954 for fraud, charged with collecting $470,000 in kickbacks from German companies selling machinery to the province. The premier himself had Valdmanis arrested, and his government survived the scandal. The present setup in the legislature is overwhelmingly pro-Smallwood: thirty-two Liberals and four Progressive Conservatives.

Currently, Newfoundland's economic situation is not rosy, and it looks toward Ottawa for help. When union with Canada was negotiated, a saving clause in the terms provided that after eight years a royal commission would review the financial situation and, if necessary, recommend the additional assistance for Newfoundland to continue its public services at an agreed standard. A Newfoundland commission, after four years of study, recommended an annual grant of $17,000,000. The royal commission set the figure at $8,000,000.

Albert B. Perlin, a St. John's newspaper editor and businessman, has pointed out that Canada, as well as Newfoundland, profited by union. "Since we produce virtually nothing we consume," he told the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, "almost ninety cents of every additional dollar earned since union by Newfoundlanders goes to pay for goods and services provided by the Canadian mainland. We are a captive market. Before union our purchases from Canada were about fifty million dollars a year. Now they are five times that amount. We rank next after Britain and America as a Canadian export market."

Newfoundland, the newest Canadian province, like Alaska, our brand-new state, faces a continuing problem—wilderness and a lack of capital for development. Both burn with a believable dream, mineral wealth and wealth by water power. Until Smallwood came along with his wasp's-sting energy, no one had made an adequate survey of Newfoundland's and Labrador's resources. When Smallwood the salesman took the results of the surveys to England, he interested the Rothschild banking firm. The British-Newfoundland Corporation—Brinco—stock is now shared by most of England's greatest investment companies. Brinco has found iron, uranium, copper and illimitable water power in Labrador, and has vouchsafed its interest by spending millions more in exploration. It may be that the Smallwood dream—extravagant always—will literally come true.

THE END

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When a Negro Moves Next Door

(Continued from Page 32)

measure of success. Enough of us, in enough "changing neighborhoods," are fighting the all-white, all-black concept to bring the topic soberly out in the open, in the press and over the air, rather than have it confined to bitter words about "the black tide" or about segregation, voiced by one race or the other.

The battle in our neighborhood, known as Ashburton, began with a young lawyer and myself. We and our wives—who got us together in the first place—were not content to sit, like birds mesmerized by a snake, and watch our hopes and homes wrecked, not by Negroes, but by block-busting real-estate agents and speculators. Block-busting, incidentally, in its simplest form consists of placing on a street a family whose class or race excites fear or prejudice in the neighbors, and then deliberately exploiting this prejudice to create panic and to depress real-estate values. It had become almost epidemic when we called a score of our neighbors together, organized the Ashburton Area Association, the first local association avowedly open to both races, and invited the rest of the community to join. Two letters, mailed early in 1958 to about 1100 homes, enrolled 400 members.

Our meetings have been confined to small groups, covering Ashburton block by block. We had a typical evening gathering just a few months ago only two streets from my house. About twenty men and women met in the large living room of our block leader's home. They were a fair cross section of any substantial middle-class neighborhood. Two of the men were doctors; one was a lawyer. One of the businessmen was reputed to be a millionaire. Most had school-age children. There was a widow in her early fifties.

"If you want to protect your home and your way of life," they were told, "a simple solution lies open to you. You don't have to join the Army and face death on foreign soil. You don't even have to risk bodily injury. All you have to do is to continue living in your own home."

The speaker was a Negro. Intelligent, soft-spoken, articulate, but a Negro, and the only one in the group.

"Don't think you can escape the problem simply by putting your house up for sale and running away," Otho P. Pinkett said. Pinkett lives in Ashburton and manages an 815-unit public-housing project in another part of the city. "Times are changing faster than most of us realize. Even if you move far out in the suburbs, I can virtually guarantee that by the time you finish paying off your next mortgage—and it will be a lot higher than the one you have now—you'll face the same situation. There will be Negroes living near you.

"As a matter of fact," he added with a smile, "if this area turns all Negro, I plan to move out to the suburbs with you."

I think Otho Pinkett is right, and so apparently did some of my neighbors by the time that meeting was over. Two families who had indicated they intended to move said they would hold on for the time being.

Pinkett is a vice president of the association which I serve as president. He is the big gun in the arsenal we have mustered either to change or to reinforce our neighbors' attitudes. It is shock treatment, as a rule, when a Negro walks into a supposedly all-white meeting—and the shock, in turn, heightens the subsequent realization that Mr. Pinkett's intelligence, sense of values, desires and plans for the community are no different from those of others in the room.

Melvin J. Sykes, the young lawyer I mentioned, and I also spoke to the block group, explaining our association's campaign through the press, radio and TV against block-busting and our successes, as well as failures, in selling homes in the area to white families.

I have participated in almost thirty of these block meetings in the past year. Two years ago I only vaguely knew the meaning of the term "changing neighborhood." I had come from Hartford, Connecticut, to a public-relations job in Baltimore. The high percentage of Negroes living within the city limits was obvious—the figure is close to 30 per cent today—and my first impression of a "changing neighborhood" was that of a slum, or near slum, old and deteriorating.

My wife and I, at the time we purchased our home, just couldn't relate what we had seen elsewhere to Ashburton. It is a suburban-type neighborhood only fifteen minutes' drive from downtown. Tall trees line the streets. The houses, built twenty to twenty-five years ago, are almost all single-family, detached dwellings, well kept, with ample lawns and gardens. Our home is one of the few "semidetached," or twin, houses.

We had spent months in house hunting, much of the time in the newly bulldozed developments in the suburbs beyond the city limits, known in Baltimore as "in the counties." Our goal was a house of three bedrooms for the two children—a boy seven and a girl four—and ourselves, at around $20,000. We went from one sprawl of look-alike ranchers and split-levels to another. The prices usually inched a thousand or two above our figure; the travel time to my office was at least a half hour and generally more; the schools were mostly on double shifts; and life with only one car looked rough.

We kept returning to Ashburton. It was, we felt, a handsome, mature neighborhood. The lots were larger, the houses more substantial and in no sense, other than their two-story height, out of date. We have, for instance, two full baths and two half baths in our home. And prices were about a third less than those asked for new homes with the same amount of space.

No one pretended that Ashburton was still "fashionable." Built as an exclusive "restricted" community originally, it saw a large influx of well-to-do Jewish families after World War II. In recent years, many began seeking newer, but certainly no greener, pastures. Ashburton today includes families of all faiths and ages. The business of finding and transporting baby sitters is no problem in an older community of this sort. The schools are uncrowded. And there are fine shopping centers just five minutes away.

So we bought in Ashburton. We bought despite the warning of old-time Baltimoreans. "Didn't we know," they asked in astonishment, "that Ashburton was gone, and that some of the blocks were already broken?" No white person in his right mind would buy there. It was a shame that such a thing should happen to a nice place like Ashburton, they added, "but what could anyone do?"

Their lament for Ashburton was better founded than we realized. The first Negro in the area—a high-school principal—had bought a pleasant brick home in 1956. Within twelve months, more than a score of Negroes, almost all professional people, had moved in. In the past year, another forty to fifty families have migrated to what the Negro community now refers to as "the Gold Coast." This includes, in addition to our central-Ashburton area, another 900 dwellings—or 2000 in all. The 110 colored families who now own homes in Ashburton are only 5 per cent of the neighborhood, but by normal Baltimore patterns a complete change-over should be only a question of two to five years more, maybe a little longer if a recession intervenes.

By the time we got into our home late in 1957, the process of change was increasingly apparent. Dozens of For Sale signs dotted the lawns, and two houses were rumored to be for sale for every one clearly marked. Many of these homes, it was said, were to be shown to Negro prospects only at night. Our new neighbors greeted us with more than usual enthusiasm, but almost from the first day wondered audibly how long they could hold out against the situation, even though they "loved the neighborhood."

The process was almost painful to watch. As soon as one house on a block was sold to a Negro, swarms of agents went on a house-to-house campaign, spreading the news and warning residents to put their houses up for sale "while you can still get the price." In adjoining blocks the salesmen we called the Paul Revere type would begin a doorbell campaign, or often telephone, with the information, "They're coming, they're coming." Some brokers, when they got listings, refused to show the homes to white prospects. Specialists in Negro housing, obviously aware of the panic value, put up "sold" signs on homes which had not really been sold.

A few speculators purchased homes in strategic areas and moved in low-income Negro families on a weekly-rental basis. Other overambitious Negro families were persuaded to buy under contract agreements requiring no down payment and monthly installments "just like rent." The terms of these contracts, in most instances, made it almost impossible for the hard-pressed family to build up any

NEXT WEEK

MEDICINE'S LEGAL NIGHTMARE

By MILTON SILVERMAN

Malpractice Suits: Yearly Cost to Doctors, Hospitals—and Patients—$50,000,000

LOOKING FOR THE PROMISED LAND

The Puerto Rican Migration to Our Big Cities

IN COLOR:

THE CAPITOL'S NEW FACE

D DAY

OMAHA BEACH

By DAVID HOWARTH

THE DARK ROAD

A New Serial of Adventure Behind the Iron Curtain

By JAMES CROSS

RYNE DUREN OF THE YANKEES

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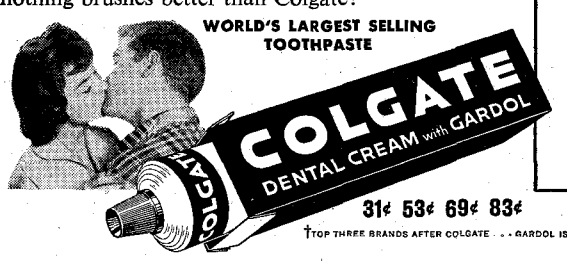
Brushing with Colgate helps give the surest protection all day long!*
BAD BREATH
TOOTH DECAY
COLGATE WITH GARDOL FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY

STOP BAD BREATH WITH COLGATE WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

*Brushing for brushing, it's the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste! Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!

Colgate with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,† only Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day. Colgate stops mouth odor all day for most people, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And remember! Nothing takes the place of brushing—and nothing brushes better than Colgate!



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- New Aerosol Container!
- New Finger-Tip Ease!
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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

equity or to put money aside for proper maintenance and repair of the property.

The ads in the real-estate section of the newspapers openly proclaimed, "Ashburton—Colored," even though our neighborhood was still more than 95 per cent white.

The neighbors merely shrugged. It was inevitable, they figured, that Negroes would continue to buy in Ashburton. It was inevitable that the whites would move out and that within a few years Ashburton would be just another part of the expanding Negro core wrapping itself around the heart of Baltimore. And nothing could be done about it "because you can't change people. You can't make them live where they don't want to."

We had no quarrel with that statement. But some of us began to ask, "Why, if we wanted to live here, should we be pushed out?" Were inertia, panic and flight the only solution? Mrs. Sykes and my wife, who met through the League of Women Voters, brought the four of us together one evening at the Sykes' home to discuss our dilemma. The Sykeses had moved to Ashburton in 1954.

As Mel Sykes said, "I first thought the acceptance of Negro neighbors was an individual problem each resident had to settle for himself. We made the decision, you did, and I am sure many of our neighbors feel as we do. But this is not enough. The change we're prepared to accept has become a destructive rout. Our problem is essentially one of timing. The battle is not to maintain the status quo, but to eliminate the forces that produce disorder."

We found help right next door, in Windsor Hills. This community, which is older than Ashburton, contains a greater variety of homes, with a few apartments, built on winding lanes on a hillside, only minutes from the Hillsdale Golf Course. Its problems as a changing neighborhood had begun about a year before ours, and a long-dormant civic organization, the Windsor Hills Improvement Association, had been revived to tackle them. Sidney Hollander, Jr., president of the group, recommended block meetings and active solicitation of white families to buy homes.

"You can't afford ideology in your program," Hollander told us. "The most ardent liberal will find that your association must discriminate, not against Negroes, but in favor of white buyers. There is no other choice under the pressures that exist."

We laid this philosophy on the line in our first letter, asking for members and financial help. "We welcome all good neighbors," it said, "regardless of race, creed or color. But we understand, as we trust everyone will, that experience shows that the key to keeping up the quality of this or any neighborhood is to attract a sufficient number of new white homeowner families."

We began a series of newspaper ads to sell the advantages of Ashburton—until our money ran out. Mostly, however, we were busy fighting the blockbuster, calming our neighbors in meeting after meeting, steering them to decent, reliable real-estate agents, seeking ways and means to put an end to obviously shady practices.

The neighborhood, as a whole, has pulled back from the edge of panic. Fifteen sales have been made to white families in the past six months, while Negroes bought perhaps twice that number in the same time. About fifty properties are listed for sale, which is an average of less than one to the block. Prices, which in some blocks had become completely demoralized, are back on a steady, though still depressed, level.

Several homeowners began to take direct action against block-busting. They filed complaints against one real-estate firm, asking the Real Estate Commission of Maryland to revoke its broker's license for "misleading and untruthful advertising."

"They put a Sold sign on a house on our block on June twentieth, but they were still showing people the house in August," said one complainant. "The purpose was to frighten the neighbors into the belief that Negroes had moved into the block, to obtain additional listings for sale to Negroes." The complaint was backed up by the sworn statement of a Negro witness, who inquired about the property. "I asked the agent about the Sold sign on the house," the witness said, "and he said not to worry about this—that the house was definitely not sold. If it had been sold he certainly would not show it." This was on August twenty-seventh, more than two months after the Sold sign first appeared.

The Sold notice—usually a luminous, orange-red sticker pasted over For Sale signs—was as effective as a quarantine poster in spreading panic through a block. I use the past tense because our association, working with Windsor Hills and other areas, called on the city to enforce that part of its zoning ordinance which prohibits advertising signs in residential neighborhoods. The city solicitor

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ruled the Sold By signs illegal, and as complaints poured into the Bureau of Building Inspection, notices of violations went out and the signs disappeared. The local Real Estate Board co-operated by instructing its members—which did not as a rule include the firms we objected to—to comply, but at the same time called for the drafting of an ordinance which would make Sold signs legal. The city council, as this is written, has not taken action.

The most striking effect of the ban on Sold signs occurred in one block in which fifteen of twenty-three properties were posted as either For Sale or Sold. Two weeks after the city took action there were just six houses marked for sale.

Windsor Hills has taken a step which our association has been hesitant to follow, but which now seems inevitable. Their real-estate committee has appointed a resident agent to represent them and to promote sales and rentals. The average outside agent is unwilling either to recommend the area to white buyers, or to risk his time on an obviously difficult, lengthy sale.

"A sale to a white family takes endless discussions," Mrs. Estelle Sachs, the agent, told me. "Most people who look in our area are liberal-minded, but their liberalism has to be strengthened. The person I am most afraid of is the one who says, 'Oh, this wouldn't affect me at all.' This person almost always comes up later with an excuse that he doesn't mind living next to Negroes, but his wife opposes, or his children are too young.

"When you sell to one person, his friends become our best prospects. I am thinking of one couple who wanted to live in Windsor Hills because it was close to where they worked. The couple did not mind the situation, but the wife's family was dead set against it. They were Eastern Shore people and told me many times, 'They used to lynch Negroes there,' and they did not want their daughter living anywhere near them.

"But the couple finally bought a house. That was three years ago, and the wife's parents just recently came to ask if I could find a home for another member of their family. From that one sale, I had six other people who looked in the area and settled there."

Mrs. Sachs has helped sell twenty-five Windsor Hills homes to white buyers in the past three years, and has rented thirty others. "I have not been able to sell homes next door to a Negro," she says, "although I can rent them."

The change has taken strange turns in Windsor Hills. Between fifty and sixty of its 600 dwelling units are now occupied by Negroes. One fair-sized home, which had been converted into three apartments by the white owner, was sold to a Negro buyer who promptly restored the house to single occupancy for his young family. The Windsor Hills Improvement Association has several Negro members. Sidney Hollander went to see the first who applied for membership, to explain the association policy of encouraging white buyers. Sidney's Negro neighbor said that was all right with him. As a matter of fact, he said, the day they moved into their home a big van also arrived next door. "I took a look and then called my wife," he told Hollander. "'Honey,' I said, 'it's a white man moving in.'"

Just as we in Ashburton are following Windsor Hills' lead in selecting a real-estate salesman, Windsor Hills is considering formation of a corporation to purchase distressed properties in strategic locations for rehabilitation, if necessary, and for resale. They have a model in the operations of Bolton Hill, Inc., formed by members of the Mount Royal Improvement Association five years ago. Mount Royal, 400 acres on the rim of the city's central, commercial heart, has a great variety of dwellings as well as commercial districts.

The Bolton Hill corporation has bought eighteen properties, usually in deteriorating blocks to prevent slums. They are large dwellings, as a rule, and the corporation has converted most of them from shabby rooming houses to middle-income apartment use. The aim is to attract and hold substantial, permanent residents instead of drifters.

Low-income whites and rapacious landlords have been more of an economic threat than Negroes in many blocks. Seven of the Bolton Hill properties have been improved and sold, and eleven are operated for rentals.

"We had a seven-unit rental property in one block, where the property next door recently was sold for Negro occupancy. No one moved out of our refurbished house," said John P. Mollett, president of the Mount Royal group—which is now biracial—and a Bolton Hill director. "We have found that if our association holds block meetings, and the corporation starts operations in a block early enough, a substantial number of the original owners will remain."

John Mollett's comment was made at a day-long meeting, on the problems of changing neighborhoods, which the Greater Baltimore Committee helped sponsor late this past year. Real-estate brokers, bankers, city officials, civic leaders and representatives of nearly every neighborhood "protective" and "improvement" group in the city were brought together. Die-hard segregationists and liberal do-gooders eyed one another with suspicion, but heard the facts out.

We—and I speak now for at least a dozen Baltimore neighborhoods which feel, as we do, that flight is not the answer—considered the meeting a major step forward. The city-wide agency that is growing out of it, backed by the G.B.C., the Baltimore Urban League and the Citizens Planning and Housing Council, means that we are not going to be left in isolated neighborhoods to fight the battle alone.

We campaigned openly for this recognition. Our process of self-education in Ashburton was only a few months old when two points became clear. The first was that neighborhoods do not have to deteriorate when Negroes move in—if panic does not take hold. Dozens of families who are remaining can testify to this. But if the block-busters succeed, speculators sooner or later convert houses to multifamily rental units or open the door to downgrading by placing properties in eager but ill-equipped hands. The garbage collections that were sufficient for a single-family area become inadequate for the greatly increased number of families. The neighborhood ceases to oppose zoning changes that bring service stations, machine shops and other commercial establishments. Change and violations alike go unchecked under the city's loosely written and poorly enforced zoning laws.

The second point we learned was that no neighborhood association can solve the problems of change alone. The basic problem is that of attitudes—the attitude of the present homeowners, the attitude of the banks and mortgage lenders, the attitude of real-estate salesmen and, most importantly, the attitude of potential white purchasers. To change these attitudes, and to perform the educational job necessary to reverse tradition and prejudice, was beyond our scope.

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For most motorists, this is spring change-over time. With the severe winter just past, it's a time when your car needs a checkup from a true specialist.

The MoPar man in your community—your dealer in Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial cars—is that type of specialist. He has what it takes. He works with MoPar products, precisely engineered for your car by Chrysler Corporation, and with the latest, factory-approved equipment.

Because he knows your car so well, the MoPar man saves you money. His keen eye spots trouble *before* it can develop into a major repair bill. He uses all his experience and skill to keep your car operating safely, efficiently and at low cost.

Your confidence is well placed in the MoPar man. He's your car's best friend in the spring—and all the year around!

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The one organization in Baltimore that in our opinion was both forceful enough to take action toward a meaningful solution and had good reason to do so was the Greater Baltimore Committee. Only a few months earlier the committee had proposed a bold, imaginative $127,000,000 Charles Center, for the most part privately financed, which promises a major overhaul of the downtown business district of the city.

The future of such a center, if ringed by miles of deteriorated neighborhoods in a city of low-income families, would seem open to question. I think, in this connection, of a comment by L. E. Larsen, president of the Allendale-Lyndhurst Improvement Association, on the attitude of residents in his area, which is primarily one of row houses. "Acceptance of Negro families would be much easier for our people," he said, "if we had less commuting to and from work by car. You have to drive through deteriorated districts where the residents are one hundred per cent Negro. This sorry picture is hard to shake, even though the family a few doors down the street has no relation to it, other than the color of their skin."

Both history and forecasts, however, point to no letup in the pressures which create such scenes. Baltimore's Negro population, from 1940 to 1957, grew from 165,000 to about 280,000. In that time only 6000 new dwelling units open to Negro occupancy were built, mostly public housing. Estimates show that, while the population of Baltimore city proper will not increase substantially in the next few years, the numbers of Negroes will grow by about 10,000 a year. The big population growth is forecast for the metropolitan area, outside the city limits, where only a few Negroes have been able to buy homes.

The skeptics told us that G.B.C.'s hard-headed businessmen would never consider a problem as controversial, complex and seemingly unsolvable as that of changing neighborhoods. But we figured we had nothing to lose by approaching them. Even if we were turned down, the publicity would be beneficial.

Our approach stressed not only the economic effect of neighborhood change on the city's cultural, educational and social life but also the need for higher-income families to support downtown rehabilitation and renewal. We asked G.B.C. to consider the opening of additional areas of new and old housing to the Negro residents; a stimulation of public awareness of the practices that cause disorderly change, and to seek ways and means to enlist the cooperation of real-estate brokers in preserving the city.

The reaction of the businessmen was as surprising as it was prompt. The G.B.C. first agreed to investigate "to decide what role, if any, we might play in solving this problem," moved then to eliminate the words "if any," and wound up with the recommendation that an agency be formed, in which G.B.C. would participate, to advance the measures we had suggested. They added to the list "providing special assistance, financial and otherwise," necessary to stimulate renewed interest on the part of white purchasers in areas within the city.

"This is not just a racial problem," said the committee, "but an economic one also." As mortgage banker and urban renewal expert James W. Rouse explained, speaking as chairman of the meeting where our "changing neighborhood" agency was born, "The root of the problem is fear—and experience is the only effective deterrent."

If I were asked to write a recipe for other cities, on the basis of our experience in Ashburton and Baltimore, the first item would be more housing available to Negroes of all income levels. If new developments in the suburbs were all on an open-occupancy basis, for instance, the pressure on any one would be small. The demand for middle- and higher-income Negro housing is going to grow, but is still relatively light. I also know that older neighborhoods must be protected with strong zoning laws and active enforcement. If multifamily conversions are prohibited, and neglect prevented, speculation and profiteering will not be so attractive.

Certainly more must be done to encourage white families to buy in the city. FHA mortgage insurance, for instance, has been almost exclusively used to make it easy to purchase a newly built home in the suburbs. Nothing comparable is offered the buyer of an older home in town. We need both education and inducement to sell the advantages of in-town living, which are many and becoming more apparent as suburbia continues to spread. Block-busting and related unscrupulous real-estate practices have to be fought. And neighborhood rehabilitation must be stepped up, simply because the conservation of existing homes is, in the long run, less costly than slum clearance. City government has neglected this field, both in encouraging rehabilitation and in protecting neighborhoods with code enforcement.

The dilemma was well put by the person who said, "To save the city from the Negro is against my principles; to save the city for the Negro—I have no enthusiasm for." We hope in Baltimore to save the city for everyone—which I am sure is the only way it can be done.

My Ambition is to Quit (Continued from Page 31)

can't make the kind of money I make, but at least he can stay in one place all the time.

It's the money—and nothing but the money—that keeps me in baseball today. I have no desire to die in harness. I'm like a boxer who lives for the time he can hang up his gloves, but can't afford to do it yet. He can't earn as much doing anything else, and neither can I.

I don't need anywhere near as much as I make to live on. But I do need what's left over to provide a measure of future security for my family. Until that's pretty well assured, I've got to keep going. Then I'll get out of baseball—and I mean totally out. I don't want to be a manager, scout, coach, farm director, general manager, traveling secretary, league president, commissioner or batboy. My ambition is to be a fan, with the privilege of going to a ball game because I feel like it, not because it's my business. I'll have some good baseball years left when I do hang up my spikes. I'll always envy Al Rosen, the Cleveland Indians' slugger, who quit in 1955 at the age of thirty, long before he had reached the end of the trail. When I first heard he intended to get out, I didn't believe it because I didn't think anyone else in baseball felt the way I did.

"I've had it," he told me one day in 1955. "I'm going to retire at the end of the season."

"I'll beat you to it," I said. "You'll still be playing long after I'm through."

I meant it. I really thought he would. But Rosen stuck to his decision. I'm still waiting for the time when I can do the same, and settle down to a normal family life with my wife and children.

My wife is the former Zoe Ann Olsen, who was famous in her own right as an Olympic diving star when I married her in 1949. I'd known her since she was a leggy little kid of thirteen, fooling around a pool in Oakland, California, where I was a lifeguard. We have two children—Jan, who's eight, and five-year-old Jon.

The best time of the year for us is the winter. We're all together then, and I never travel farther away from our home at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, than Oakland. There's nothing normal about the life I lead during the rest of the year. For seven months, I spend less than half my time with the people I love most in the world. For three of those seven months I don't see them at all.

I've missed the kind of thrills that other people take for granted. When my oldest child was born, I was playing baseball 2000 miles away. A few days after my second one arrived, I had to leave town. My wife has had to handle most household crises all by herself. Practically every time one came up, I was away.

She's forever keeping bad news from me because she's afraid it'll affect my play on the ball field. A couple of years ago, for instance, I called Zoe from Kansas City, and her voice was so indistinct I thought we had a bad connection.

"I can't hear you, honey," I said. "I'll tell the operator to put in the call again on a better line."

She cleared her throat. Then, in a stronger voice, she said, "Is this better?"

"Much," I said. We talked for a few minutes, and I hung up.

I was home a week later, and a few days after that I ran into a neighbor. "How's Zoe?" she asked.

"Fine," I said.

"That's good," the woman remarked. "We were all worried about her."

"Why?"

"She had pneumonia. Didn't you know?"

Then there was the time I called home in the spring of 1957 and a neighbor answered the phone. "Where's Zoe?" I asked.

"She's in the hospital."

"What happened?"

"She broke her ankle skiing," the lady said.

It was the same old story. All the bad news had to come from the neighbors. So did all the help. I don't know what we'd have done without them.

The only time Zoe ever told me about anything that went wrong was last year, and then I had to pry it out of her. I phoned her from Cleveland, where we had just begun a western trip. Her voice sounded odd.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

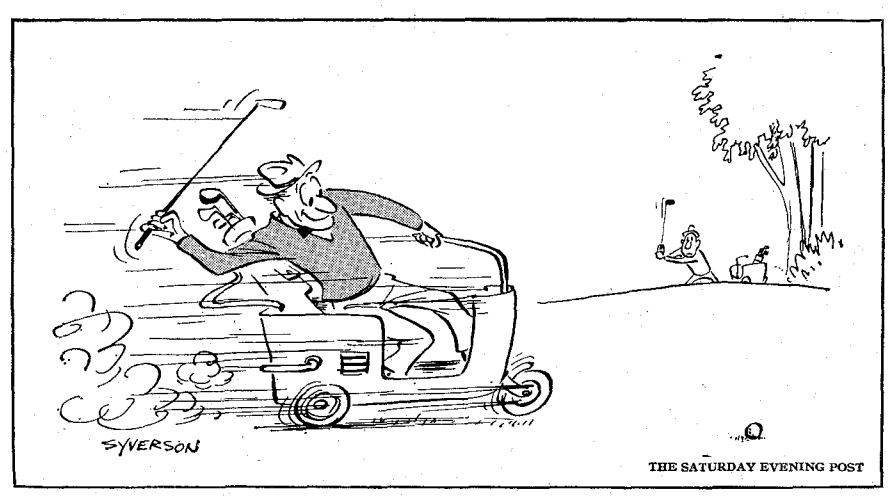
"I'm all right," she said.

"You don't sound right."

"Well, I *am*," she insisted.

Two weeks later she met me at Boston's Back Bay station. Her face was pale and she looked thin. "You look as if you had pneumonia again," I said.

She nodded.



"And it was worse than the last time, wasn't it?"

"Much worse," she murmured.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I demanded.

"I knew it would be over before you got home," she said, "and I didn't want to worry you."

When I first started out in baseball, I never foresaw this sort of thing. All I thought about was what a great thing it must be to win fame and fortune as a big-league ballplayer, like my idol, Joe DiMaggio, who had played for the San Francisco Seals when I was a kid.

Well, I've got a little measure of fame and a certain amount of fortune, and I'm still not satisfied. Baseball, I've discovered, is no game for devoted family men. I was a bachelor when I began and it all looked like a great, big wonderful adventure. It still looked that way for a time after I got married.

The world was all ours then. Zoe was the beautiful, blond Olympic heroine and I was Jackie Jensen—All-American fullback at the University of California, Rose Bowl star, bonus boy and glamour-puss New York Yankees' rookie. I knew big-league baseball was no pushover, but everything else had come so easily to me that I wasn't worried.

I first reported to the Yankees at their spring-training headquarters in St. Petersburg, Florida, in 1950. Zoe and I, married only a few months and looking, I suppose, like a dream couple out of the storybooks, pulled up in front of the Hotel Soreno in our yellow Cadillac convertible. Some guy who saw us drive up remarked, "Well, well, if it isn't Golden Boy himself." I've been stuck with the name ever since.

I may have looked and acted and even felt like Golden Boy, but it didn't take me long to learn that I was just another cocky kid trying to break into baseball's toughest line-up. The Yankees neither greeted me with open arms nor ignored me. They just let me sputter along for a couple of years. I not only got nowhere but even went down to their Kansas City farm club for a couple of months in 1951. I'm

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sure it would have been longer if the rules at the time hadn't prohibited a big-league team from keeping a bonus player in the minors more than a full year. I'd already put in two thirds of a season at Oakland in the Pacific Coast League.

When we came north from Florida in1952, Manager Casey Stengel called us all together one day and said, "Now, don't none of you guys be taking any rent leases in New York. You're liable to be traded, and you'll be stuck with the lease."

I told Zoe that night, "He means me." He did too. In May I went to the Washington Senators in the deal that brought Irv Noren to New York.

The shift didn't bother me half as much as a drastic cut in my income at the beginning of the season. This was in accordance with terms I had agreed to when the Yankees bought my contract from Oakland at the end of the 1949 season.

I had joined the Oakland club in June of 1949 after my junior year at California. I had another season of football eligibility left, but I purposely threw it out the window. The game had given me all the thrills I could expect from it, and there was no purpose in forcing my luck. With a baseball future ahead, I didn't want to take any chances of getting hurt on the football field.

I signed a contract with Oakland, calling for a total of $75,000 to be paid over a three-year period at the rate of $25,000 a year. The Yankees and the Pittsburgh Pirates both made me exactly the same offer, but wanted me to wait until the following spring to report. I wanted to get married before then. I accepted the Oakland offer because it was effective immediately. As a little sweetening, the club threw in the yellow Cadillac convertible.

When the Yankees bought my contract at the end of the season, George Weiss, their general manager, phoned me and said, "We'll continue to pay you $25,000 a year for the next two years. We're earmarking fifteen thousand of that as a bonus and the rest as salary."

I said "O.K." without thinking and hung up, happy to be a Yankee rookie.

Later I realized that the stars in my eyes had blinded me. I should have insisted on the reverse of Weiss' arrangement, so that when my contract ran out in 1952, my salary would have continued at $15,000. Instead, it reverted to $10,000. Furthermore, I was wide open for a further cut the next season, in case I had a bad year in 1952. According to baseball law, I could be slashed 25 per cent. That would leave me with 75 per cent of $10,000 instead of 75 per cent of $15,000.

But I didn't have a bad 1952 season at Washington. I was so glad to be playing regularly that I didn't even mind Griffith Stadium's long left-field foul line, which then measured 405 feet. I'm a right-handed hitter, and all my pulling power is to left. Plenty of long smashes of mine were routine outs, but even so I hit .280. The Senators gave me a raise at the end of the season—based on my $10,000 salary. The boost was welcome, but I still kicked myself for having been a chump when Weiss called me that time.

Then I hit bottom in 1953. I had such a poor year that I decided to throw in the towel. My batting average was .266, and the best I could hope for was that the Senators wouldn't cut me back. I figured that if I couldn't do any better than that, after four years in baseball, I should try something else.

"When we get home," I told Zoe, "I'm going to look for a job."

She said nothing, which meant she was leaving it up to me.

I spent the whole fall searching around San Francisco and Oakland, but couldn't find anything worth giving up baseball for. I was pretty discouraged. I may have been a golden boy at twenty-three, but at twenty-six I was just a journeyman outfielder on a perennial second-division ball club, with a wife and two children to support and no prospects of approaching the annual income I'd started with.

There was one ray of hope. A California football teammate of mine named Boots Erb had come to me with the idea of opening a restaurant. I had known Boots since the fourth grade, and he was one of my closest friends. I didn't know anything about the restaurant business, but he did. All he needed was a little capital and a place to operate.

I agreed to go in with him, and we began looking around for something within our budget. I think part of my discouragement that year was due to our failure to find anything right away. It wasn't until the spring of 1954 that we bought the Bow and Bell, in Jack London Square in Oakland. Thousands of servicemen who passed through

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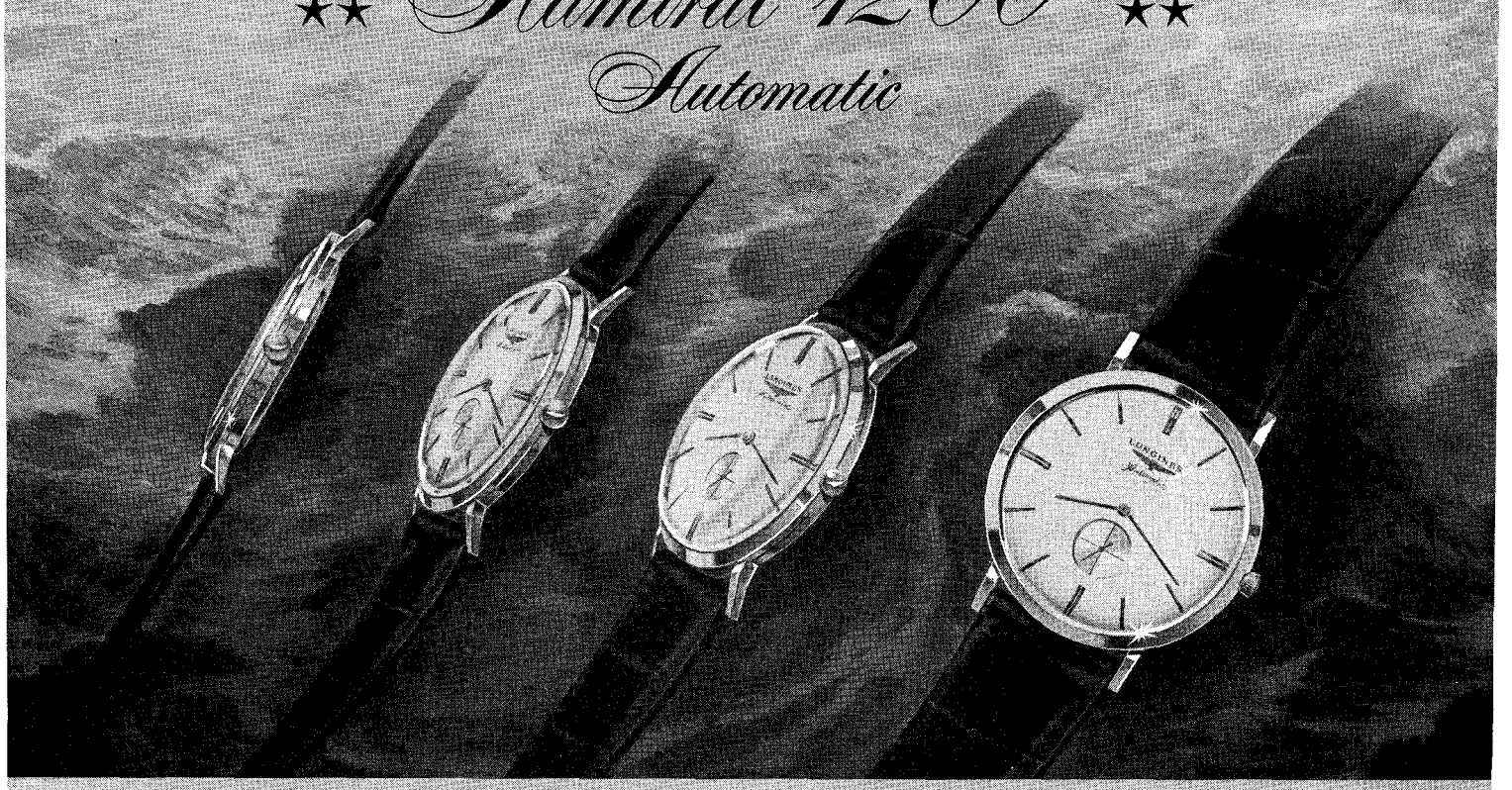

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the San Francisco Bay area during World War II may remember the place as Planter's Dock. The Bow and Bell has done very well since we took it over, thanks to Erb's excellent management.

The winter before we got the Bow and Bell I was traded to Boston. That gave me a big lift, because the Red Sox were a contending team with a reputation for generosity to ballplayers who did well for them. On top of that, Fenway Park, with its 315-foot left-field wall, was ideal for me. I gave up the idea of finding a job. Both Zoe and I faced the 1954 season optimistically, even though we knew it would mean the usual long periods of separation when I had to go on the road.

The four of us—Jan was three and a half and Jon an infant—drove to Florida in the spring. We took a motel apartment on the beach at Sarasota, where the Red Sox trained, and had a most enjoyable stay. It was the first of the two happiest years of my baseball life. I had my family with me all spring, and we made several new and lasting friends.

On the field, I took my first long strides toward becoming a star. Although I set a major-league record by hitting into thirty-two double plays, I had a good over-all season in 1954. I followed it with another in 1955.

From the standpoint of figures, those years were nearly identical. I hit twenty-five homers in 1954; a year later I had twenty-six. My 1954 batting average was .276; it was .275 the next season. I drove in 117 runs in 1954, my high until last year; in 1955, I had 116 RBI's, which tied me with Ray Boone, of the Detroit Tigers, for the leadership of the league. Incidentally, I've driven in more runs over the last six years (639) than any other player in the American League.

The Red Sox gave me substantial raises after both 1954 and 1955, and I finally got over that $15,000 barrier. By the end of the 1955 season I should have been as happy as a clam. Instead, I was miserable, partly because of a suddenly developed phobia about airplanes, but mostly because I had a bleak, lonely spring to look forward to. Jan now was old enough to go to school, and that meant the family wouldn't be with me from the time I left for spring training in late February until the following June in Boston.

My flying phobia resulted from a thirty-day trip to the Orient with Eddie Lopat's All-Stars after the 1954 season. Up to then, flying had never bothered me, and I spent as much time in the air as the average traveler.

I accepted Lopat's invitation for two reasons. One was that Zoe would be with me nearly half the time I was gone—she went as far as Hawaii. The other was that I couldn't think of a better way to make 4000 bucks in a month.

Everything was fine until just before we left Japan. We were coming down for a routine landing one day at Fukuoka, when the pilot suddenly gunned the motor and we zoomed up like a rocket. I caught a look at another airplane so close that I thought we were going to collide. I'll never know why we didn't. All I know is that, as we climbed, I broke into a terrified sweat. I was soaked through when we landed.

"Close shave," somebody said.

"Too close for me," I wheezed, in a thin, shaky voice.

Later I asked Lopat when we were due in Tokyo.

"We're flying there after the game tonight," he said.

"Without me," I told him. "I'll take the train and meet you."

"O.K."

"And believe me, Eddie, they'll never get me inside an airplane again."

Lopat grinned. "Mind telling me how you're planning to get home?" he asked.

"The best time of the year for us is the winter," says Boston Red Sox star Jackie Jensen. "We're all together then." Here he is with his wife Zoe Ann at their Lake Tahoe, Nevada, home.

I hadn't thought of that. We were going to the Philippines, then flying back to California.

"I suppose I'll have to fly home," I said, "but I don't have to fly to Tokyo."

The rest of the trip was a nightmare. I took sleeping pills and tranquilizers before every take-off, and after I arrived home I swore never to fly again.

I've tried to lick this unreasonable horror of the air in the years since, and have even flown a few times, although only when absolutely necessary. But I'm still terrified and have to dope myself up first. Maybe hypnosis would fix me up, as it supposedly did Don Newcombe last year in the National League. Anyway, in our league, distances are shorter, and we don't have to do so much flying.

The Red Sox have always been very nice about making things as easy as possible for me. One spring they gave me special permission to work with the San Francisco Seals at Anaheim, California, instead of making me go all the way to Sarasota. The club was winding up its training on the West Coast that year, so I was allowed to stay there. Otherwise I'd have spent more time on trains than in training.

It was when Jan entered school in the fall of 1955 that the whole pattern of our lives changed. Zoe and I had toyed with the idea of taking her out of school so that the family could go to Florida with me as before, but then we would have had to do it again when the club went from Sarasota to Boston. Two schools a year for the child might not have been unreasonable; three certainly would have done her more harm than good.

A week or so before I left for spring training in 1956, I had to go to Oakland for a couple of days. When I got home, Jon's head was all bandaged up.

"What happened?" I asked.

"He got bitten by a dog this afternoon," Zoe said. "They had to take sixteen stitches."

"Who got him home?"

"One of the neighbors," she replied.

Here we go again, I thought. *I can't be home in emergencies even when I'm not playing ball. Why can't I stay home more?*

But I couldn't stay home. I had to go to Sarasota to join the ball club. When I started out, I was bluer than ever. We were facing the longest separation of our married life, and it was only the beginning. By the time I saw Jon again, so much time had gone by that he didn't even have a scar from the dogbite.

In 1957, the year the Red Sox went to the West Coast, I saw Zoe and the children for a few days during training. The club didn't go west last year, so I was alone again until after June first. The situation was a little better this spring, because we trained in Arizona. This meant that I could at least get a look or two at the family before we headed for Boston. That's better than nothing.

No matter how unhappy I may get about such things, I think of nothing but baseball while I'm on the field. This is a hard, demanding game, and it can't be half played. It requires complete concentration. Once a game starts, I'm lost in it. I forget everything else until it's over. My personal affairs never affect my play.

Zoe had been in bed three days with a virus last June when I hit two home runs against the Chicago White Sox at Fenway Park. The second one, off Billy Pierce, came in the tenth inning and broke up the ball game. But in September, when everything was fine at home, I had a hitless streak that lasted nearly a week.

In the immediate future I can expect more money than I ever got in the past, so for a while it may be a case of my crying all the way to the bank. This is no time for me to quit, with the chance to build a real nest egg for the future. I'd be doing Zoe and the children an injustice if I got out now.

I guess I appreciate my family more than most people, because I never had much family life when I was growing up. I was born in San Francisco on March 9, 1927, the youngest of three boys. One of my brothers is a schoolteacher and a very accomplished artist. He has won much local recognition on the West Coast. My other brother is a salesman.

We moved to Oakland when I was an infant, and we must have led a fairly normal life until I was five. Then my parents were divorced. My mother went to work in a warehouse, and I only saw her evenings and Sundays. She left the house at six in the morning and didn't get home until six at night. I still remember watching her drag herself in after a long day's work, then go about getting dinner ready for us kids.

It was a tough life for her, and it left us all missing the parental supervision that we needed. Since I was the youngest, I missed it more than the others. I've grown up determined that, no matter what happened, my children would have the benefit of the home life I couldn't have.

During my childhood we always had a financial problem, too, but I don't believe we ever really wanted for much. There was nothing fancy about the food we ate, but we never starved. We did have trouble paying the rent. Up to the time I was seventeen years old, we had lived in sixteen different places. We jumped from house to house, usually with the sheriff one jump behind us.

Still, my childhood was happy enough. The only thing that marred it was my envy of other kids, because they lived in one place and their mothers were home all day and their fathers came home at night. I used to dream of the day when I'd have a family of my own and a place I could really call home. Now that the dream has come true, I think it's understandable that I want more time to enjoy it.

In talking about the end of my professional baseball career, I've avoided the use of the word "retire." I know it's customary to say that an athlete "retires" when he gets out of competitive sport. They said my wife "retired" when we got married. She didn't retire; she simply changed from a diver to a housewife.

When I get out of baseball, I won't be retiring; I'll just be changing jobs. Right now I'm a ballplayer. When I quit being that, I'll become something else. If I keep my health, I don't expect to retire for many years. People don't retire until they're too old to work.

Zoe won't say so in so many words, but I know she wants me to give up baseball. She's been hit just as hard as I have, and in some ways harder, by these long separations. But she'll accept them as long as I ask her to. A little while ago I said to her, "Honey, when you tell me to quit playing ball, I'll quit."

"That's your decision," she said.

"What does that mean?"

"I'll never ask you to quit," she replied.

I know she never will. And she knows she won't have to. When the time comes, I'll quit. It won't be long now.

THE END

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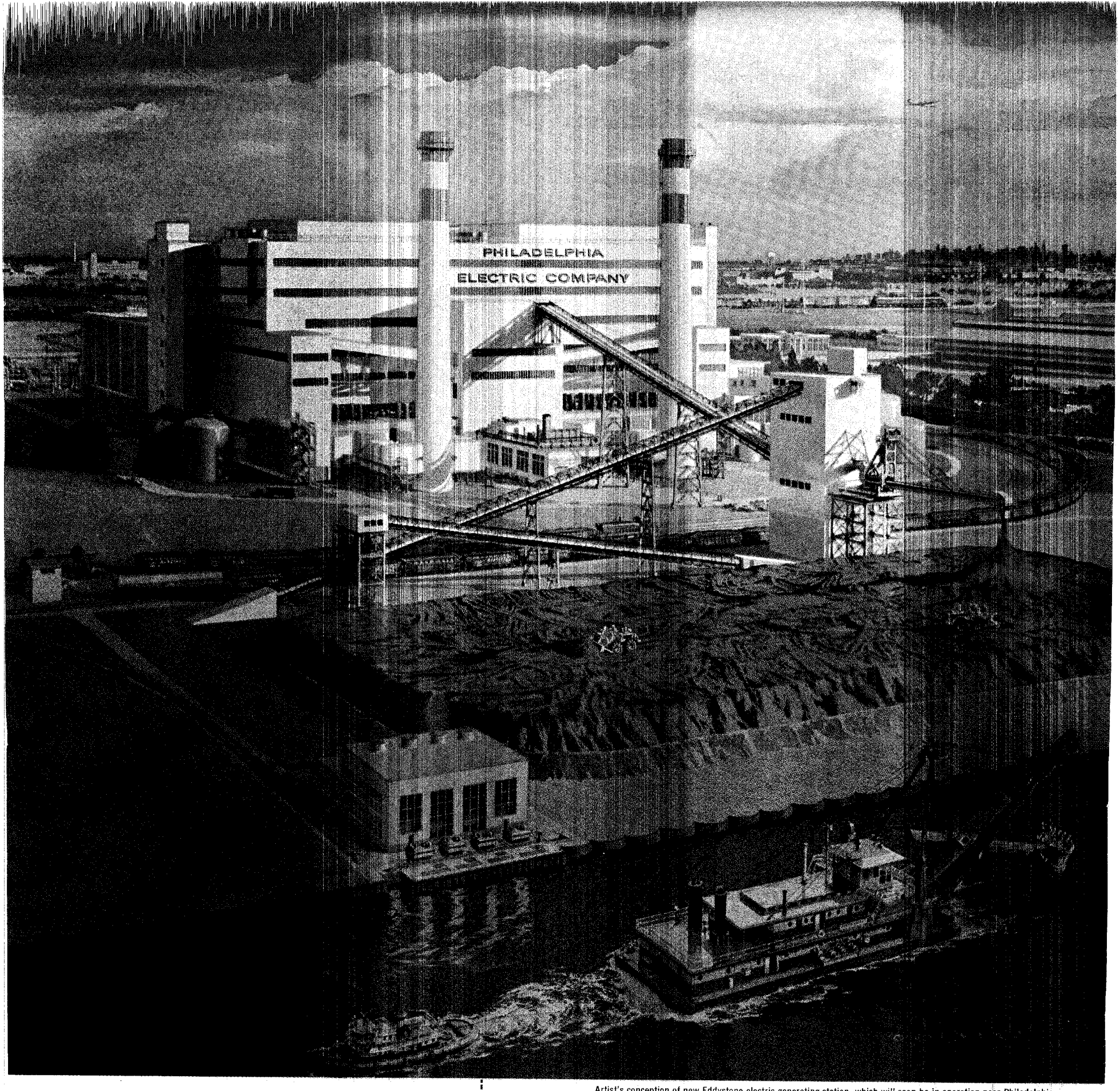

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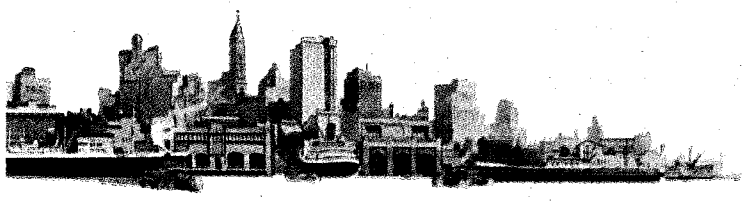

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Dangerous Intruders (Continued from Page 30)

"He won't be," said the smaller man. "Now, about a tavern. A tavern called the Spanish Drum. Where is it?"

"I don't know," said Larkin.

"So you're a blacksmith," said the man in the cape. "We shall see. I was a blacksmith once myself. How would you spring-temper a knife blade, and how would you case-harden a gunlock?"

"Those are two secrets of the trade, and I am sworn not to pass them on, but I can tell you this. The secret of the spring temper is rubbing the blade with tallow, and heating it in such a fashion, so many times. For your gunlock, you must first burn some old boots to embers, and pound the embers to dust. This dust you put in a tin box, and your gunlock in the dust. Then comes the secret, the heating of this box; but I will tell you this much, you dare not blow the forge."

"I'll allow that," said the big man bleakly. "Now forget you've ever seen us. Never cross our path again."

Then they were gone, and Larkin was alone.

Once more he moved his mare southward, along the trail. By midafternoon, the rain stopped. At sunset, he rounded a salient of young hickories and came suddenly upon an inn.

It was old and shabby, of squared logs, with a clapboard roof. In the clearing around it, kidney beans grew among dead cornstalks. Before the door was a fine carriage with a girl in it; she was serene and exquisite, in soft blue velvet, and Larkin judged her age at eighteen.

He tied his mare and entered the inn. An elderly man, coming out, shoved briskly past, and made no apology. The carriage drove away.

An amiable innkeeper came forward.

"That was Captain Avery, from his plantation down at Black Oak Crossing," he explained. "He don't mean to be uncivil. He settled here as a boy, clean back when the Trace was known as the Chickasaw Trail. He don't care for what he calls outsiders. He figures nine out of every ten is outlaws."

Larkin nodded, and glanced about him. Inside, it was a nice-looking inn. The puncheon floor was scrubbed and clean. Three sperm-oil lanterns, unlighted as yet, swung from the rafters. Along one wall was a sort of shop—pig iron, crockery, rope; near another was a long trestle table, the dining room. Two men sat at the far end of the table, killing time, chatting. From the kitchen came the aroma of roasting meat.

"Can I afford you?" asked Larkin.

"We accommodate all purses."

"What's the name of this tavern?"

"Pilgrim's Peace," said the innkeeper proudly.

Larkin joined the two men at the end of the table, and they included him in their group pleasantly.

One was a stocky, middle-aged man in fine black broadcloth and a snowy cambric shirt. There was power in the way he held himself, and intelligence in the way he talked. He had a big brown head, as ugly as a potato, and the skin of his face was crisscrossed with a network of threadlike wrinkles. He looked mighty like the man described to Larkin by the cutthroats on the trail, but Larkin, naturally cautious, waited. He was addressed as Mr. Dawson.

The second man seemed simply a typical wayfarer. He was dressed in drab tweed and was apparently, from his conversation, a wandering schoolmaster. He was courteously interested in Mr. Dawson, but uninterested in Larkin. At six o'clock, the landlord laid the supper on the table.

Before Mr. Dawson, with a flourish, he laid a bullock's tongue, roast duck, potatoes, oatcakes, raisins, prunes, peach brandy and rum. Before Larkin, he laid salt beef, potatoes, onions and tapioca. Before the schoolmaster, he laid simply a big bowl of mush, flavored with bear oil and sweetened with sugar water. This, Larkin knew, was the supper of a very poor man. They ate from tin basins, with iron forks and spoons. Mr. Dawson offered earnestly to share his meal, but the offer was politely declined.

When the meal was finished, the landlord cleared the table. Outside, the wilderness dusk darkened the clearing and the landlord lighted the lanterns. Mr. Dawson, blinking from the illumination, put on a spidery pair of blue-glass spectacles. There was no longer any doubt about it; this was the man.

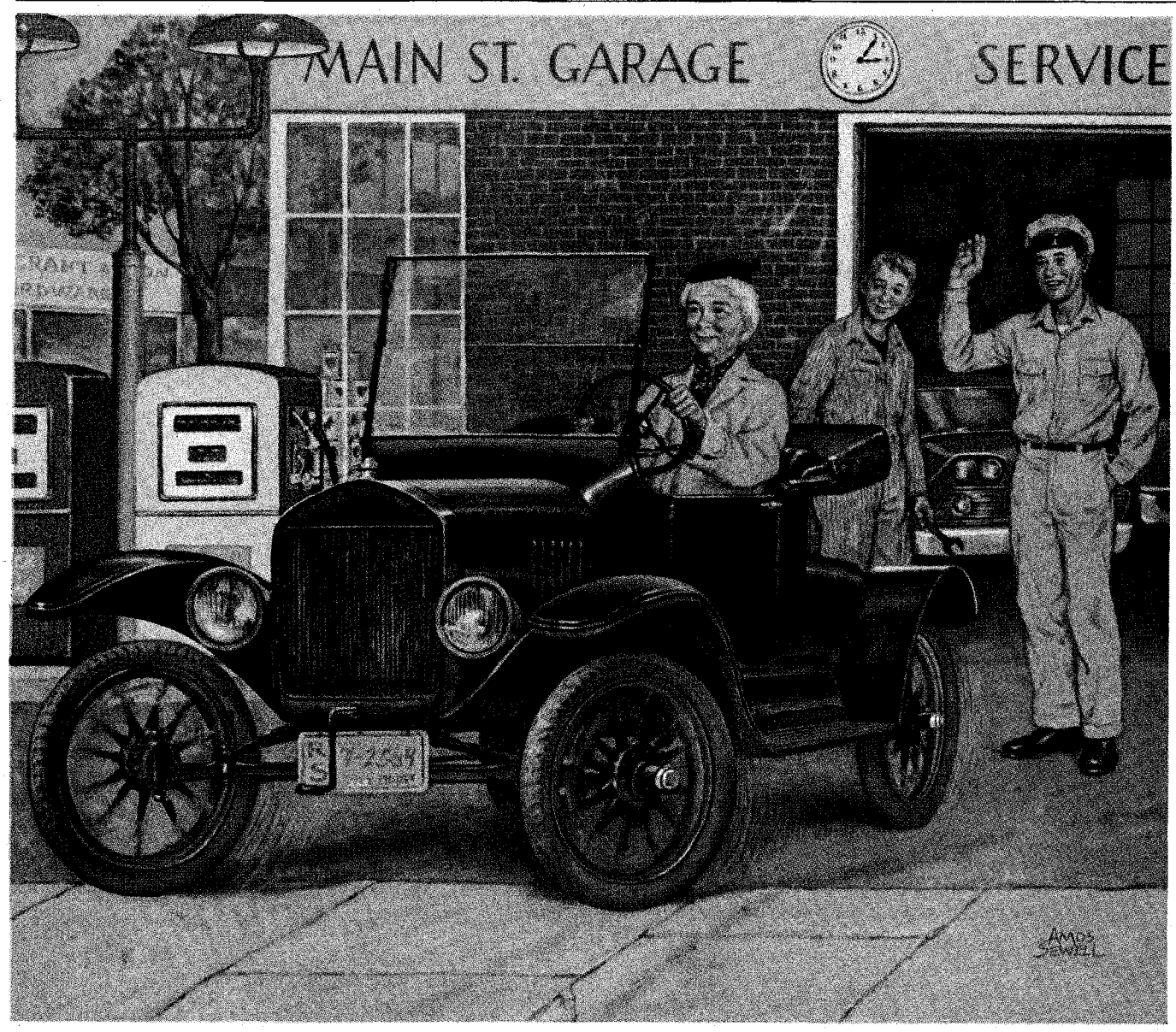
After a bit, the innkeeper asked their permission, joined their circle, and sighed contentedly, lighting a churchwarden.

Larkin said, "I met two men this afternoon, and I can't get them out of my mind. One had long yellow hair, and the other was a big fellow, with a gold-wire earring. Are they known hereabouts?"

The inkeeper looked startled. "They're known, but by reputation only. The Trace isn't their territory. Where did you see them?"

"About seven miles up the road," said Larkin.

"The worst bandit the Trace ever had," said the innkeeper, "was Tom Puckett,



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Burned oil. Made kind of a racket. Left Grandma sitting 'way behind when the light turned green. Well, anybody who knew Grandma knew she wouldn't put up with *that* for long!

So, sure as anything, one day she showed up at Bill's Garage. "Fix it, young man," she said, "if you can still get the pieces."

Well, Bill watched it smoke and listened to it growl . . . checked it out from radiator to rear axle. The things he looked at hardest were the engine bearings, because that's where sluggishness, noise, and oil-waste often start. Worn out . . . *too many miles!*

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So, anyway, Grandma got overhauled; and, thanks to a skilled mechanic, she took off in a car that was nearly as good as new. If your engine has "too many miles," you can, too. *Ask your mechanic!*

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called the Turtle, now hanged. I ain't got the stomach to sit here and tell you how he ravished and robbed and burned. Finally the folks up and down the road banded together, hunted him down, and took him down to Natchez and turned him over to the gallows."

When no one spoke, the innkeeper continued. "There were four Puckett brothers—the Turtle, Sam, Joseph and Bundy. The Turtle was the oldest and most terrible. Only the Turtle worked the Trace. Sam works the Hatchie Swamp, up in Tennessee. It was Sam you saw with the earring. Joseph works the Tombigbee Swamp, over in Alabama. The other one you saw, the one with the long yellow hair, was certainly Joseph. Did you see the third one, Bundy?"

"There was no third one," said Larkin.

"Some," said the innkeeper, "claims Bundy is the worst of the lot. Even brainier and bloodier than the Turtle. Few knows him by sight."

"You figure Bundy's with them?" asked Larkin.

"I'd say so, yes," said the innkeeper. "They're up to something."

The schoolmaster looked distressed.

"Now the Pucketts are on the Trace, all of them," said the innkeeper. "Now comes the real hell." His voice dropped to a shocked whisper.

When the schoolmaster had gone to bed, and the landlord to his kitchen, Larkin said, "Mr. Dawson, shall we get some air? I've got some bad news for you."

Mr. Dawson seemed unsurprised. He nodded gravely.

Outside, they seated themselves on the bench by the door, in the clammy darkness. Around them were the night noises of the forest.

"Those Pucketts are looking for you," Larkin said. "They told me."

Mr. Dawson sat Indian-still.

"I know," he said at last. "It's been nip and tuck for weeks. But they're much closer than I thought."

"You mean they're chasing you?"

"I mean they're trying to catch me. There's a slight difference."

"But why?"

"To rob me. I'm carrying something very valuable."

What? wondered Larkin.

"But how do they know you're carrying it?" he asked. "This thing?"

"Bundy learned it, I suppose. Bundy has sources of information. They came on my trail at Columbia, Tennessee. Days southward, at Colbert's Ferry, I almost had a brush with the two you mention, Sam and Joseph."

"But not Bundy?"

"Not Bundy. In my business, I have to know a little about people like the Pucketts. I know them all by sight, all but Bundy. I've never laid eyes on Bundy." Grimly he added, "Yet."

"What are you going to do?" asked Larkin.

"I'm going to sit here a bit and think," said Mr. Dawson. "Good night."

The dormitory was a log wing by the kitchen. The innkeeper lighted Larkin to his bed, and, in the brief moment before he withdrew with his lantern, Larkin saw neat whitewashed walls and four beds, on one of which sprawled the sleeping schoolmaster. The floor had been sprinkled with vinegar, in the best style, to give a fresh odor for slumber. Soon Larkin, too, was asleep.

Sunlight through the bubble-glass window awoke him. The schoolmaster was gone from the room. Mr. Dawson was sitting on a stool by Larkin's bedside. He had been staring at Larkin in his sleep. He smiled.

"I must get this over very quickly," he said. "Right or wrong, I've made up my mind. Did you see the very poor supper our schoolmaster friend ordered last evening?"

"Yes," said Larkin, dressing.

"And did you smell the expensive tobacco he smoked afterward? Cheap supper, costly tobacco."

"Bundy Puckett?" asked Larkin calmly, shaving.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dawson. "He's about Bundy's age, that I do know. There's too much at stake, and something tells me not to take a chance. I've got a feeling, that's all. You're headed south?"

Larkin wiped his razor, and put it in its case. "Yes," he said.

From under his waistcoat, Mr. Dawson produced a leather pouch, about a foot long and thick as a man's wrist. Its knotted drawstring was sealed with red

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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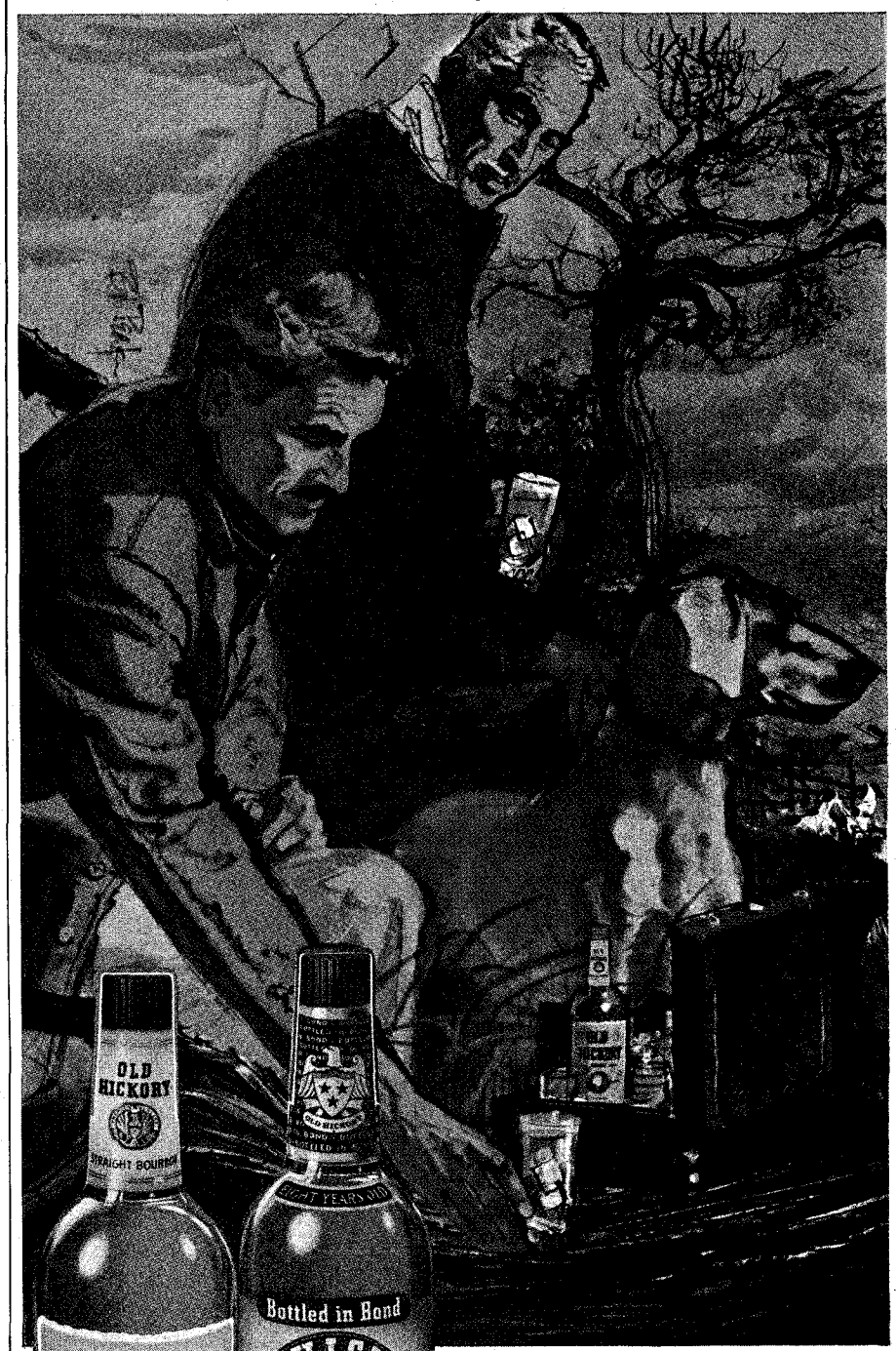

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wax. He handed it to Larkin; it was quite heavy.

"I want you to carry this south for me," said Mr. Dawson. "You have an honest face, and modest clothes, and should be safe." He tossed a ten-dollar gold piece on the bedclothes. "And this will be for your trouble."

"South to where?" asked Larkin.

"Just south. I'll be behind you, and somewhere along the trail I'll reclaim it."

"I could use ten dollars," said Larkin. "But I don't much like the responsibility. What if you never get through?"

"Then deliver it to Jacques Vaquier, Jeweler, New Orleans."

"Anything else?" asked Larkin.

"Yes," said Mr. Dawson. "If I trust you, I must trust you completely. You are carrying a pouchful of uncut Mexican sapphires."

They left the dormitory and entered the dining room. The schoolmaster was finishing a frugal breakfast of fried mush and gunpowder tea. He arose, murmured farewell to all, and departed the inn.

Mr. Dawson ate and, shortly after, said good-by and also left.

Alone with the innkeeper, Larkin settled his account. "This is a nice inn," he said. "You should see some of the places I've put up in."

"I know," said the innkeeper, pleased.

"Is there an inn around here named the Spanish Drum?" asked Larkin.

"Why, this is the Spanish Drum," said the innkeeper. "The old Spanish Drum. When I bought it a couple of months ago, I changed its name. It used to be a well-known robber tavern. But now that I've cleaned it up, nothing happens here any more. Come again to Pilgrim's Peace, my friend."

"Thank you," said Larkin. "And good-by."

Southward he rode, through the golden morning. He moved his mare at a leisurely pace, for there was no necessity of speed. The necessity, if there was any necessity whatever, was simply common sense and caution. He looked occasionally at the washed sky. This, he knew, was the season of violent weather: sudden inky ghost clouds, writhing lightning and lashing wind. The road skirted a canebreak, passed through a lonesome marsh unbelievably swarming and popping with swamp rabbits, and edged acre upon acre of shadowy black water, filmed brokenly with iridescent green scum and floating with the pads of yellow water lilies. Sometimes, in glossed mud, he would see the print of deer, or raccoon, or bobcat. At noon, he ate his customary traveler's lunch of cold cornbread and dried beef.

Now the terrain began to dry, and the road began a gentle climb. About four o'clock, he topped a low ridge and descended a sun-entombed, breathless forest. The trail flattened once more, and he came through a tunnel of enormous black oaks to a creek. Beyond it was a ribbon of bottomland so fertile as to make him smile slowly in reverence.

The creek, wide and shallow, ran directly across the road. Larkin allowed his mare to drink, rested a moment, and crossed. He had just emerged on the farther bank when a musket blasted out from the dense underbrush, and he slammed from his saddle to the earth.

In a fog of pain and shock, he lay with his cheekbone in the dust, the fetlock of his docile mare a few inches from his curled fingers. It was then, throbbing with agony, he decided it had been a musket, and that it had come from the underbrush.

Now a voice began to yell in furious indignation, and an old man, an old man vaguely familiar, was bending over him, slashing his blouse from his shoulder, padding the wound with a fine linen handkerchief.

Larkin spread his lips to speak, but no sound came. He lapsed into unconsciousness.

When consciousness returned to him, he was lying on a bed, sumptuous in its softness, with a silken coverlet. His shoulder hurt, but not so badly. He moved his head to see the room. It was a small room, and lavish. Its walls were wood-paneled, coffee-brown, and highly waxed; the rug was turkey-red. The furniture was the same cool brown, glinting pleasantly with touches of silver—knobs, hinges, keyholes. By his pillow was a graceful bed table; on it was a small hand bell.

Bells are for ringing, he thought. He rang it. It twittered icily.

Two people came into the room; the old man—now Larkin remembered him, being jostled by him at Pilgrim's Peace—and a girl, the girl Larkin had seen in the carriage. She was dressed in dark blue taffeta and carried a tray; on the tray was a mutton chop, a bowl of broth, hot buttered biscuits, and tapioca—which he later discovered had been boiled in wine. Her eyes were very large with curiosity, but otherwise her face was expressionless.

"Put the tray on the table, Belinda," said the old man. To Larkin he said, "I hope you're feeling better, sir. Can you feed yourself, or shall I assist?"

"I can feed myself, I think," said Larkin. However, using his best manners, he held off until he had introduced himself. "I am Americus Larkin, from Ohio, a master blacksmith, on my way to New Orleans."

"I am Captain Avery," said the old man. "This is Miss Avery, my daughter. You are in my house, at Black Oak Crossing."

"I have a feeling you saved my life," said Larkin. "I have a feeling they would have come out of that brush and cut my throat. What happened?"

"I heard the shot and came up," said Captain Avery. "They know me of old, and fear me, for I have respectable planters behind me and have cleaned up this territory before. They must have seen me, and decamped," he spoke quietly and casually.

Now Belinda Avery said, "What do you seek in New Orleans? Work?"

"Not work," said Larkin. "Knowledge. I had plenty of work in Ohio. Iron is beautiful. I want to truly learn about it."

"But you said you are a master," said the girl.

"In Ohio. In New Orleans, at the forge of an artist, I will be a child."

"You'll be healed in a month," said Captain Avery. "But you can travel before that, of course; say, in ten days."

Larkin's gray eyes grew steady. He waited.

"Here is the situation," said Captain Avery. "I never permit a traveler, any traveler, to cross my threshold. You were an uncontrollable exception. This is a road of pillage and atrocity, and no strangers are welcome here."

"And that includes me," said Larkin.

"It does indeed," said Captain Avery.

Larkin had eaten the broth, and the biscuits, and the chop, and was eating the tapioca. He had just put a heaping spoonful into his mouth. It tasted delicious. Now he dropped this mouthful into the palm of his hand, and laid it neatly and precisely on the edge of a plate.

"Then I will not eat your food," he said mildly. "What I've already eaten I will pay for. I cannot pay you for saving

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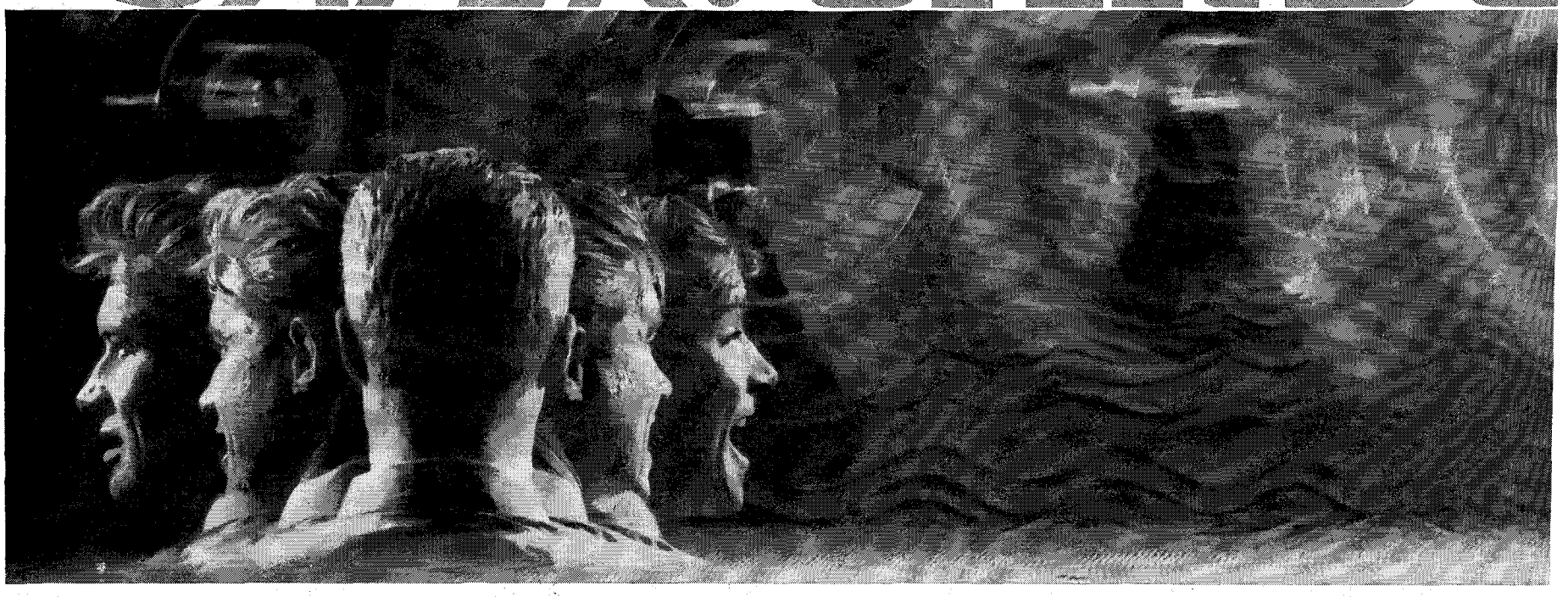

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my life, but I can pay you for doctoring my shoulder, and will. Have my mare saddled. I'm leaving now."

He got from the bed, and reeled out into the center of the room. The pain broke loose in his shoulder again, like a thunderclap, and a half blindness came over him. He lurched against a chair, and fell to his knees. They watched him, the girl aghast, the old man sternly.

"I'll help you back in bed," said the old man. "You can't even walk."

"Then I can crawl," said Larkin, and fainted.

Later, he was again in bed. A circle of glass was pressed to his lip, and he knew that gentle hands were giving him a sleeping draught; laudanum, perhaps. He slept.

Next morning, everything was all right. They brought him his breakfast and none of them—Captain Avery, the girl or Larkin—alluded in any way whatever to the previous evening. They were warm and friendly with him. Suddenly, it was almost like being at home.

The days passed, peacefully, happily, and his shoulder began its mending. Sometimes he thought of the pouch, on its shelf in the armoire in the corner, and wondered about Mr. Dawson. What had all this done to Mr. Dawson's plans? He wondered if Mr. Dawson was even still alive.

Soon he was moving about, inspecting the stables with the captain, eating in the small elegant dining room with its prismatic glass and ornate plaster ceiling. One day he was resting in a fan-backed rattan chair on the shady lawn, and Miss Belinda was sitting nearby, sewing. She wore a foamy sea-green frock, and a lavender gauze handkerchief about her throat as a protection from the sun. From the corner of his eye, he knew that she was very beautiful.

"When you get to New Orleans," she said, "and find your artist in iron—will he pay you well to help him?"

"He'll pay me little, if anything. I'll apprentice myself to him."

"But you are a master smith."

"That has nothing to do with it," he said patiently. "I love beautiful things—cloth, birds, weeds. And nothing is more beautiful than iron. It's in my heart. I can't put it into words. I've tried to explain it before, but no one understands."

"I understand," she said, and he knew this was true.

He spent long hours thinking about the Pucketts. He tried to convince himself that it was not the Pucketts who shot him. As the captain had said, the Trace teemed with predatory scum. The Pucketts, he thought, trying to force himself to believe it, were ruthless and fearless and would not have been frightened away by the arrival of the captain. Therefore, by logic, it had not been the Pucketts.

But this logic, he well knew, was false. It had been the Pucketts, and no one but the Pucketts. Somehow they had gotten on his trail. They had been after the pouch. And they were still after the pouch. That was pretty certain.

If you looked at it this way, the worst way, the Pucketts were out in the brush, simply waiting for him to leave.

Then sometimes, too, he wondered if even the Averys might be in peril. When their patience ran out, would the Pucketts dare to try to enter the house? Daily, as he moved about, he made a study of the house. It was of brick, stanch and square, in an open lawn. Its downstairs windows and doors were bolted and barred until it was impregnable. Captain Avery had bulwarked a home into a fort. It was invulnerable.

On the evening of the sixth day, after supper, he sat with Captain Avery and the girl in the library. For three days, the air through the countryside had been accumulating moisture, building up to bad weather. Today, at noon, the first gray clouds had come over. By supper, the sky was a black mass, roiling and churning; but the rain held off. The storm would come, they all knew, and when it came it would certainly be a long and violent one. The captain sat by the cold fireplace, and the girl, dressed in black satin sprigged with tiny gold roses, sat palely at the edge of the lamplight.

> The man who claims he is boss in his house probably has a wife who never stays home.
>
> HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

"I'm changing my opinion of travelers," said the old man after a bit. "Belinda and I get very lonely here, and hunger a little for the world. Tell me something of the people you left. Of your father, for instance."

"Well," said Larkin awkwardly, "he's honest, and kind, and good. And so proud he throws off sparks. That's not much to tell."

"Not much to tell," said the captain softly.

Then, before he realized it, under the captain's gentle interest, he soon found himself telling at length, and in detail, of his boyhood. He loved his family, and his village, and his friends; and this burned in his words as he spoke.

When he had finished, Captain Avery said cryptically, "I've allowed myself to grow cold. Cold and lifeless and useless."

Larkin arose and said good night. He was ashamed at having talked so much.

Hardly had he reached his room, when the storm broke. Rain lashed the window, thunder crashed and lightning flared. Later, as he was about to prepare for bed, there was a knock on his door, and he answered it.

Captain Avery stood benevolently on the threshold. Behind him, rivulets running from his fine black broadcloth, was Mr. Dawson.

"This gentleman informs me he's a friend of yours," said Captain Avery. "He tells me you hold something of utmost importance for him."

"That's right," said Larkin. "Glad to see you, sir."

"Glad to get here," said Mr. Dawson.

"He's been through a bit of weather and needs a comfortable bed," said Captain Avery. "I've prevailed upon him to spend the night." To Mr. Dawson, he said, "Now I'll let you visit. Your room will be the last at the end of the hall, on the left, by the stairwell. Sleep well."

When he had gone, Mr. Dawson entered Larkin's room and closed the door behind him. He was breathing tightly, and looked dog-tired.

"How did you find me?" asked Larkin, handing him the pouch.

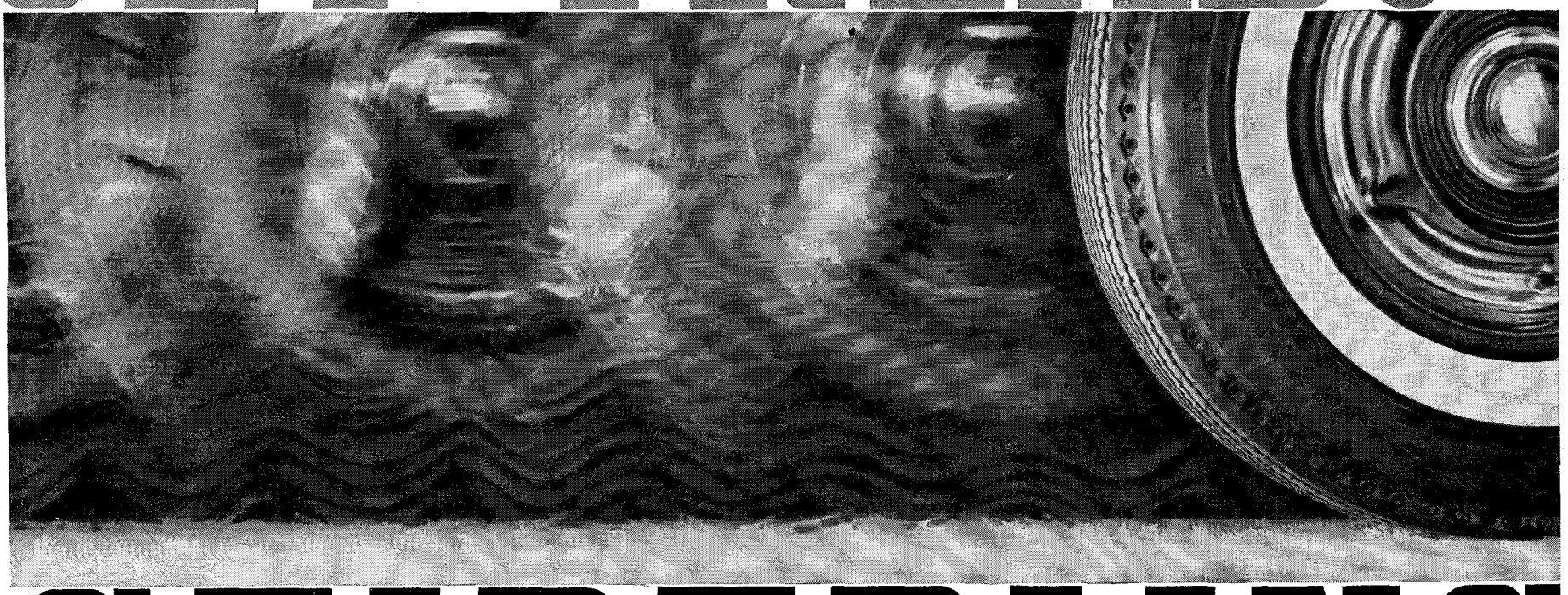
"Passed you and had to retrace. Took me five days."

"Did they give you a hard time?"

"Hard enough," said Mr. Dawson.

"They gave me this," said Larkin, touching his sling. Mr. Dawson frowned darkly.

"Our schoolmaster friend is Bundy Puckett, all right," said Mr. Dawson. "I talked to a farmer who saw him with the other two."

JET TREAD!

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"We're in for trouble; and I mean here, tonight," said Larkin quietly.

Mr. Dawson waited placidly.

Larkin explained. "They shot me on the road, in front of the house here. I'm sure they're still out in the brush, watching. They must know you've come. Now they've got us both together. They'll be into this house before daylight. They'll figure if they strike now, they can't possibly go wrong."

"Not a chance," said Mr. Dawson. "We couldn't be in a safer place."

When Mr. Dawson had gone, Larkin worried awhile, then put out his lamp and crossed the hall to Captain Avery's bedroom. The hall and the house had been darkened for the night, but there was a vein of light beneath Captain Avery's door. Larkin knocked, and was called in. The old man was in his nightgown, turning down the bed.

Larkin got it over as quickly as he could. Now that he had delivered the pouch to Mr. Dawson, he felt himself completely released from all burden of secrecy. He told Captain Avery the whole story. He didn't tell him what the pouch contained, because that was Mr. Dawson's business, but he told him everything else. The old man listened with interest, with sympathy for Larkin, but otherwise with unconcern.

"The Pucketts," he said, when Larkin had finished. "Well. More of them, and again."

"Again?"

"Not long ago there was a brutal cutthroat on the Trace named Tom Puckett, called the Turtle," said Captain Avery. "I organized and led a band of planters and we ran him down and took him to Natchez, where they hanged him."

"They told me about that at the Pilgrim's Peace," said Larkin, appalled. "But they didn't mention that you were the one behind it. This makes it twice as bad." He explained, as he had explained to Mr. Dawson, how he was sure there would be trouble this very night. "They've not only caught the pouch, they've caught it right here in your house. They don't love Mr. Dawson, they don't love me, and they must hate you. I tell you this place can be a slaughterhouse before morning if they get in."

Captain Avery chuckled. "They won't get in, and they won't even try to get in. Scum like that never risk their dirty hides. Why don't you stop worrying and go to bed?"

Once more in the hall, Larkin stood a moment, hunch-shouldered and angry; they thought he'd lost his wits, everyone. The splinter of light went out beneath the captain's door, and the hall was black and silent. He started for the front stairs. When he passed Miss Belinda's door, she was standing in the doorway, indistinct in filmy white.

In a whisper, she asked, "Is anything wrong?"

"Everything's wonderful," he said mildly. "I'm going down to the kitchen and steal a piece of corn bread. I'm hungry."

"I want to thank you," she said. "For Mr. Dawson."

"For Mr. Dawson?" For Mr. Dawson, the sole cause of all his troubles. This was just about the last straw.

"Yes. I don't know whether you can understand or not, but Mr. Dawson represents an important change in our home. My father hated strangers. He took you in because he had to, learned to like you, learned even to love you. There was a crisis tonight when Mr. Dawson came; would my father turn him away, or would he welcome him? He welcomed him. You have taught him to look upon the world differently, as he himself told you. I feel that you and Mr. Dawson are just the beginning, that this will never be a lonely house again."

"Yes," said Larkin vaguely, and descended the great black chasm of the front stairs.

When he reached the lower hall, the storm was intense. He went to the library, groped in a drawer, and took out the captain's downstairs pistol, always kept ready, he knew, and thrust it into his waist. But there would be three of them, and one pistol meant one shot. In the corner was the gun cabinet, an enclosed cupboard of exquisite rosewood, always kept locked. Though he had never seen it open, he knew what it was. By the hearth, he remembered, was a small hand ax.

This was no time for indecision. With the blade of the ax, he wrenched the doors from the cabinet. His fingers explored the interior. There were three very light shotguns, fowling pieces; there were no pistols, nor was there powder or shot for the guns. Quickly, one by one, he lifted the guns from their brackets, gauged each by slipping its ramrod into its barrel, and learned they were unloaded. He had expected as much, but it was a catastrophe.

Tucking one of them under his arm, he took a candle from the mantel, and made his way through the dark house to the kitchen. Here he lighted a paper spill at the supper embers, lighted in turn the candle, and took it to a table in the front hall where it would glow in the fanlight of the front door, and faintly, too, in the library windows.

It wasn't much, but it would have to do. Its intention was to turn intruders from the front of the house to the darkened rear.

He then went back along the hall, to the back staircase, and sat on the bottom step with the pistol in his hand and the shotgun across his knees. There was nothing to do but wait for daylight, and hope for the best.

He had waited perhaps five minutes, trying unsuccessfully to adjust his eyes to the blackness, when he laid his hand on the step beside him, and touched something cold and clammy.

He picked it up, and ran his finger tips over it. Even in the dark, he knew it was moist mud, dropped from the instep of a man's boot. The Pucketts were already here, in the house. Silently, he climbed the stairs. As his head rose slowly above the top step, he went taut.

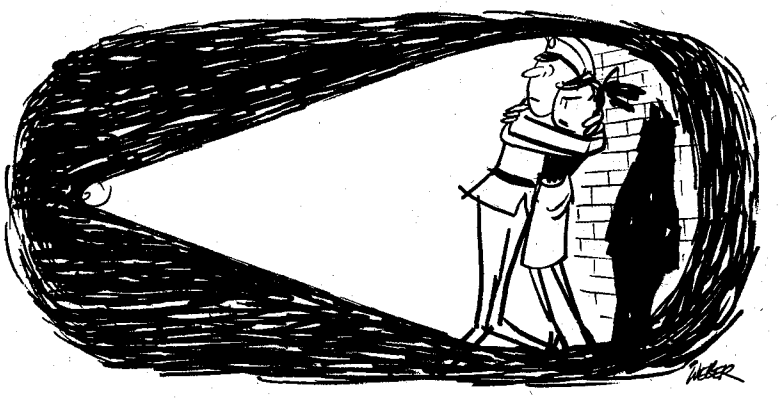
A little way down the hall was the giant in the snuff-brown cape, Sam Puckett. He was holding a candle, and standing just outside Mr. Dawson's door. His fleshy little face was eager and loathsome, and the light glinted from his gold-wire earring. He was alone. Now, from the front of the hall, came two other persons—first dim shadows, then wax figures as they stepped into the candle glow. The man with the long yellow hair, Joseph Puckett, and Belinda Avery. She was in her nightrobe, straight and proud, and barefooted. Joseph moved her forward by touching his great horseman's pistol to her neck.

Smiling evilly, as at a task partially accomplished, he spoke to his brother—and Larkin shot him with the pistol.

He threw out his arms, and died as he fell. The cavernous hall drummed and hammered with the detonation.

The man in the brown cape wheeled, grimacing in fury. He held his candle high above his head, recklessly, for better light, and his weapon was rigid in his frantic hand.

Captain Avery came out of his bedroom. For (*Continued on Page 152*)



The Perfect Squelch

When Horace became a Military Police lieutenant, he suddenly bloomed like an official cactus. Half his waking hours he spent studying rules and regulations, the other half in scurrying around enforcing even the least important of them.

One evening, while poking the spotlight of his patrol car into unlikely places, he saw a G.I. and a girl in friendly embrace. Although the street was deserted and the couple obviously were disturbing no one, Horace felt sure they must be breaking some regulation. So driving closer and carefully silhouetting them with his spotlight, he barked, "Break it up there, soldier! We can't allow any display of affection in public."

As the two parted, the girl turned into the light. "If you turn that light off," she said calmly, "we won't be in public."

John A. Brooks

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(*Continued from Page 150*) all his years, he came as fleetly as a deer. He was waving his upstairs pistol.

Now Mr. Dawson appeared. He came from up the hall, from Larkin's room. He approached placidly, and he, too, was armed.

Sam Puckett, reversing himself, swung in a crouch toward Captain Avery, and Captain Avery shot him through the heart.

Miss Belinda picked up the guttering candle.

Mr. Dawson joined them. His face was tranquil, but stippled with beads of sweat. "Two gone," he said coolly. "That leaves one, Bundy. I suggest we separate and search for him."

"No need," said Larkin, coming up out of the stairwell. "You're Bundy Puckett. The schoolmaster was just a schoolmaster. You are the third brother."

Mr. Dawson looked indignant. Larkin had thrust the empty pistol into his belt and was pointing the shotgun at Dawson.

"You just came out of my room," said Larkin, "where you'd gone to fix me, cut my throat likely. So you and your brothers could get to work first on the Averys, and then on their house."

Captain Avery said, "What in the world are you talking about?"

"When you caught Tom Puckett, the Turtle, and took him to Natchez and got him hanged," said Larkin, "his brothers decided to make you pay for it. Right then, I guess, they planned your death and destruction. But first of all they're robbers, so they couldn't even plan vengeance without pillage. They decided to kill you, and probably Miss Belinda, but they decided to loot the house too. This house would be a treasure house to them. They could have killed you any time, from ambush; but to plunder the house, they had to get inside. All of them."

Mr. Dawson held his pistol laxly, and listened.

"They were to meet at the Spanish Drum," said Larkin. "When they stopped me and asked about a certain person, Bundy here, they weren't intending to injure him, they were just trying to join him."

When no one said anything, Larkin said, "Seeing a chance to use me, Mr. Dawson—Bundy—worked out his little trick with the pouch. It was a clever trick, and very simple and easy to work. He gave me a package to carry, a dummy pouch, then shot me off my horse in your front yard, knowing you'd have to take me in. When I was in, he came himself, using me as a wedge, as an introduction. You might say he shot me into your house, then followed me. He came on a stormy night, to cut down any chances of being turned away, then came down when he thought we were asleep and let the others in. Let's split open that pouch and see what it's really filled with."

"Crockery," said Bundy Puckett. "I smashed a milk pitcher. How did you reason this out?"

"It came to me a minute ago, when I saw you coming out of my bedroom. I suddenly wondered why anybody would be carrying Mexican sapphires south. Toward Mexico. I bet there isn't even any such thing as a Mexican sapphire. Is there?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Bundy Puckett. "Now about that cocked shotgun you're holding. Are you going to shoot me, or am I going to shoot you?"

"I guess we're going to shoot each other," said Larkin. Bundy, he knew, had no way of knowing the shotgun was not loaded.

Bundy Puckett dropped his pistol and raised his hands.

"Now where did I put those manacles?" said Captain Avery. "I brought them back from Natchez, and rubbed them down with tallow, and put them away. Oh, yes; in the bottom of the sideboard with the silver plate."

"My reasoning was maybe a little wrong," said Larkin. "They weren't lying out there waiting for any pouch. But my answer was right. They did break into the house, and it was Mr. Dawson who touched off the big trouble."

At breakfast—with Bundy Puckett eating handcuffed and alone in the smokehouse—Larkin said, "I pass through Natchez, sir. I'll just ride along with you and your prisoner. Besides, they'll want my evidence."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Conqueror

By J. Jean Smith

Down from the safe high
place,
Away from trapeze
branches which
Give wings to flight,
A squirrel comes uneasily,
With fear of peopled streets,
Of naked plains of grass,
Of alien world he enters.
Cautiously, he stalks a
peanut,
Brown jewel set in jeopardy
Of foot-resounding paths;
He creeps down, listening
for death,
Moving silently as cobwebs
upon the grass,
Antennaed tail alert; and
then—
The nut is gone and so is
squirrel.
In one wild burst of speed,
He races back and up his
tree,
Holding fast to hard-won
lunch;
The branches shimmer and,
in the leaves,
Gray tail winks in victory,
just once.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Do you think you should travel?" said Captain Avery doubtfully.

"Yes," said Larkin. "And another thing. I'm going to talk to you straight, just like you were my father. Here's what I want to say. First you didn't like strangers, any strangers; then I came. You saw I meant you no harm, and got so you could tolerate me. Then you decided all strangers were fine, and Mr. Dawson-Puckett came along and slipped us a red-hot horseshoe. Now I'm asking you, begging you, not to go back to hating all strangers just because of last night. Strangers are no different than your friends and neighbors. Some are good, some are bad."

"I'll remember that, Americus," said the old man quietly.

"When are you coming back to see us?" said Belinda.

"Soon," said Larkin.

"But New Orleans is over three hundred miles away," said Captain Avery. "And you'll be working there. You won't be able to get away."

"I'll get away," said Larkin fiercely. "I don't care to go into it right now, but I got a special reason to come back."

THE END

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D Day (Continued from Page 43)

The idea did not worry him, once he was used to it. He would not have told anyone about it, but by then he was married, and he had to tell his wife.

In the waiting time in England, George Mabry was engrossed in the detailed plans of what his own battalion had to do. Two of its companies, 300 men, were to land from ten landing craft on the left end of Utah Beach, while two companies of another battalion of the same regiment landed on the right. At the same time thirty-two amphibious tanks were due to land. Five minutes later the second wave was due—900 men in thirty landing craft, including the rest of his battalion.

After them there were more tanks, and engineers to demolish the obstacles which the Germans had put on the beach and to blow gaps in the sea wall to let the tanks go through. And behind all this was the organization which was to put ashore 21,000 men and 1700 vehicles and 1700 tons of supplies on that single beach by nightfall. In military language the word spearhead is often used, and it was never more appropriate: The battalion in which George Mabry served was the head of a spear with a tremendous weight behind it in the shaft.

The battalion's responsibility kept Mabry up night after night, poring over the plans and trying to perfect them. Late one evening, to his surprise, the assistant commander of his division came stumping into his office and sat down and said, "What the hell are you up to, George? Quit worrying." This was Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. "Whatever you plan," the general went on, "the boys are just going right in there and throw in all they've got. So what do you want with all this paper?"

George stopped fussing over his plans, and as it turned out the details went for nothing when the battalion landed. It was General Roosevelt himself who changed them on the spot; for in spite of his rank and his age—he was fifty-six—he had volunteered to land with the first company and co-ordinate the attack.

Roosevelt was the most senior in rank and probably much the oldest of all the men in the first waves of the invasion; he must also be accounted its most striking personality. He was the eldest son of Pres. Theodore Roosevelt and a cousin of Pres. Franklin Roosevelt. Like his father, he had had a career of soldiering, politics and exploring. He had already seen action in North Africa and Italy.

He was always oblivious of his own safety. He hardly ever looked like a general. He seemed to treat everyone, except laggards, with affectionate disrespect; and he had an ability to see life from a private's point of view. In the first four days of the invasion he was said to have had four personal jeeps shot to pieces.

George Mabry's journey to France was enlivened by several glimpses of this remarkable man. Indeed, every one of the 600 men of this spearhead on Utah must have been aware of the general's presence on the beach and thought, *If the old man can take it, so can we*. One man whom he drove to mock despair was his aide. "The old feller'll get me killed," he lamented to Mabry. "He doesn't give a damn for anything."

But it was not so. The general led the men ashore, inspired them through the first of their battles, saw the invasion succeed, risked his own life a hundred times and fell dead of a heart attack thirty-six days later. They buried him at Sainte-Mère-Église. After the war his body was transferred to the United States military cemetery at Saint-Laurent-sur-Mer.

The general was present when the day came at last for the battalion to embark at Torquay. George Mabry stood on the quay and watched the men carrying their equipment aboard the tender which was to take them out to their anchored troopship. After four years in the battalion he knew every man in it by sight. He had helped to weed out the weaklings; now among those who were left, there was no visible sign of fear as they packed themselves on board for the ultimate adventure.

A small soldier was staggering up the ramp, carrying the base plate of a mortar, when Mabry heard the general's booming voice, "The Army hasn't changed in a hundred years. Always the littlest guy gets the biggest load." The small soldier grinned and hitched his burden higher.

For the infantry in their large troopships, the channel crossing was less dramatic than for men in small landing craft. They were quartered below decks, and most of them saw very little of the sea or of the armada on it—the 865 vessels on their way to Utah Beach—or of the forces at sea and in the air which were employed to protect them. On the crossing, Mabry heard the general shouting to his aide, "Steve, where in hell is my life belt?"

"I've given you four already," the aide replied, with a delicate hint of reproach.

"Well, give me another," the general said. "I've lost the whole damned lot."

"Did you notice his armament?" the aide asked Mabry. "A pistol and seven rounds, and his cane. He says that's all he'll need."

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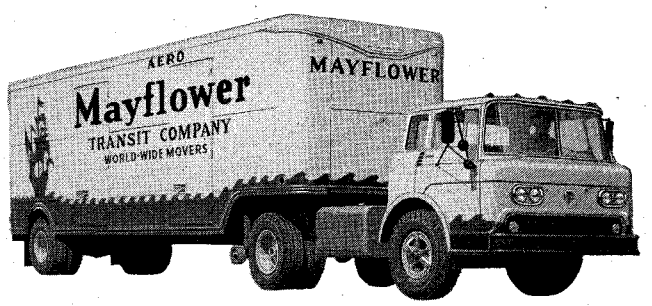

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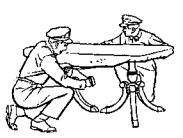

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At 2:30 A.M. the engines of the troopship stopped. Mabry went up on deck. They were nowhere. All around, Mabry saw the shadows of other ships, unlit and silent. Far away to the west there were flashes and flares; he guessed they came from the Cherbourg peninsula, where the air-borne fight should already be going on. The silence seemed sinister. Nobody could believe that the Germans did not know the fleet was there. There was an uneasy feeling of an ambush.

The transfer to landing craft had been rehearsed so often that no orders had to be given. At five minutes past four, the troops of the first wave scrambled into the boats. Mabry took his turn, and one by one the landing craft cast off and began to circle round to wait till it was time to head for the beach.

At 4:55 they started their long run—an hour and a half—toward the beach. They were led by two 173-foot patrol craft and one smaller boat fitted with radar. There should have been two radar boats, but at the critical moment one had got a rope round its propeller and could not move. It was the first of a series of mishaps which were to upset all calculations.

Mabry was in a free boat—a boat attached to no particular wave of assault, that could land at whatever stage seemed best. It started behind the second wave, but soon began to catch up with the first. Mabry could see ahead the battleship Nevada and a line of British and American cruisers lying at anchor; astern, the command ship Bayfield, the transports and tank landing craft.

As the dawn light increased, ships more and more distant emerged from the cover of night—destroyers, minesweepers, the ancient British monitor Erebus, U.S.S. Quincy and U.S.S. Tuscaloosa; incredible, uncountable numbers of ships from horizon to horizon. They lay still and silent, though already the sound of distant guns was rolling in from the northwest, where American destroyers were under fire from the coast and the British cruiser Black Prince was fighting a duel with a German battery.

The column of boats steered for a gap in the line to the south of the Nevada; as they approached, the hands of clocks moved on to the minute for which the ships were waiting—5:40. Mabry saw the muzzle flashes and the smoke, and then the spitting crash of the first salvos of the bombardment came across the water like a wall of sound. For forty-seven minutes there was never a pause in the roar of naval gunfire.

The boats crept in beyond the warships, underneath the shells. Before six o'clock Mabry could see the shore—or rather the smoke and dust of shellbursts which spouted from it. So far there were no landmarks he could recognize. He saw bombers come down through the low gray clouds, squadrons and squadrons of them, and antiaircraft fire go up. One bomber exploded in an orange flame. The shore erupted again and again as bombs were added to the shells.

Ahead a small ship was floating bottom up. Mabry's landing craft passed close by, and someone identified it—one of the two patrol craft which were guiding the boats to the beach. Two men were lying on the keel. One seemed to be dead, the other was waving. They did not stop. Soon after they passed, the ship sank. Beyond it, an amphibious tank was on the point of sinking. Its crew had escaped and were swimming, but Mabry saw an officer struggling half out of the turret. It was a man he knew. The tank wallowed and sank, dragging the man down with it. Mabry thought of him sadly. (But long after, he met him again; he had been trapped by his foot, but when the tank hit bottom he freed himself and floated up.)

The shore was now close. Landing craft armed with 4.7-inch guns were closing on either side, shooting at the dunes. Seventeen tank landing craft fitted with rocket launchers fired salvos of fifty-pound rockets with a noise which was fearsome even above the gunfire. Mabry could see the sandy beach heaving, drenched with explosives. Smoke and dust and fine sand were drifting out to sea, and he only caught glimpses of the dunes behind the beach. There should have been a windmill and a small patch of dunes called (*Continued on Page 157*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I believe he's the senior partner. I wouldn't ask him to recommend any low-priced sleepers."

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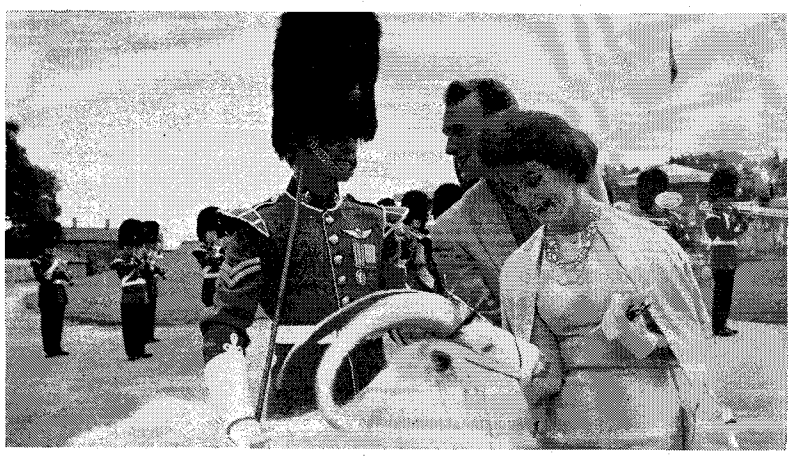

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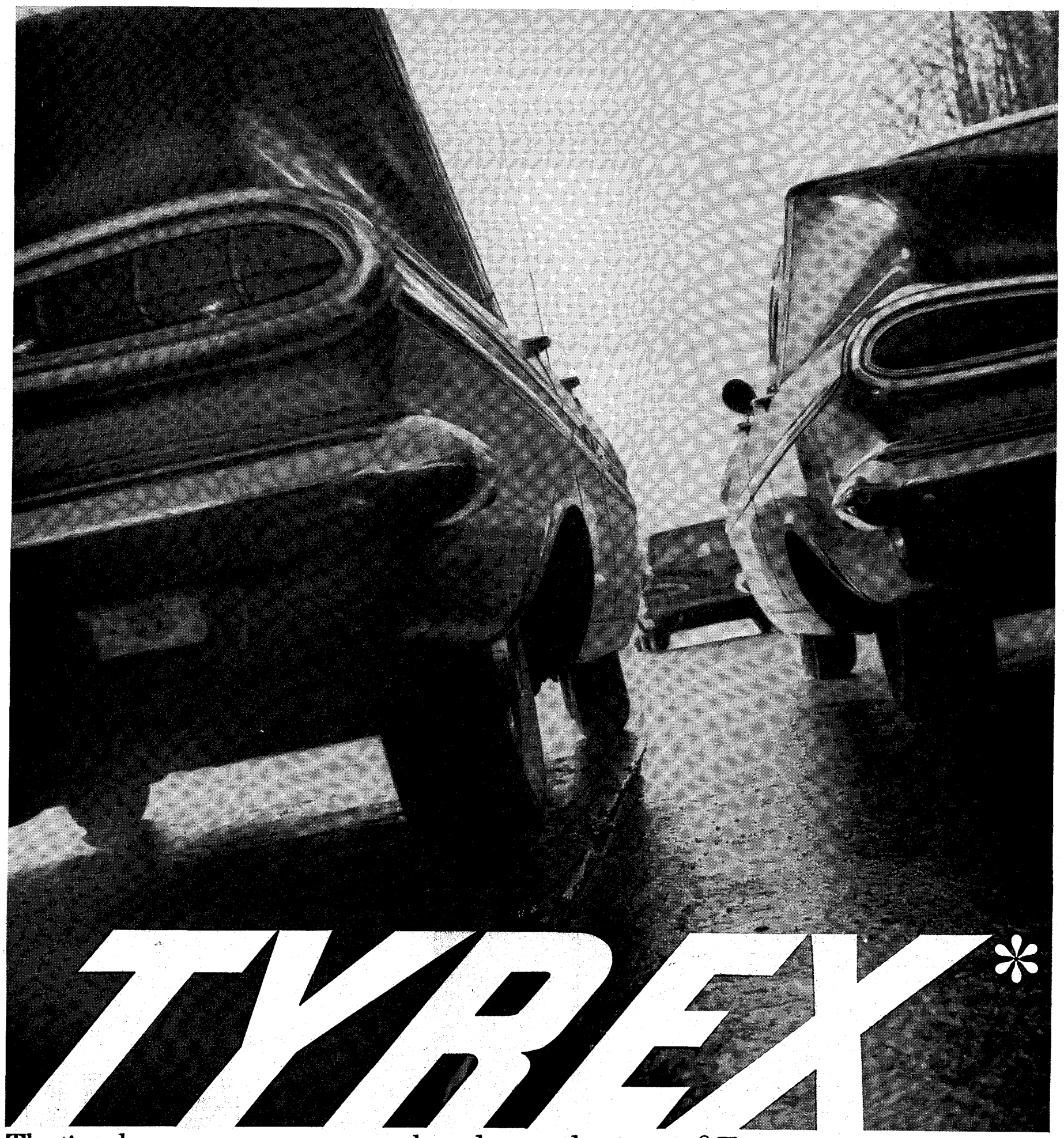

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(*Continued from Page 154*) Les Dunes de Varreville, higher than the rest. But he could not identify anything.

The first wave of landing craft was just ahead of him, steering for the shore in line abreast. Four hundred yards out two of them fired black smoke signals into the sky as a sign to the navy. Instantly the barrage lifted. The landing craft drove on to the narrow line of froth where small waves broke quietly on the shore. To within a minute, the time was H Hour—6:30 in the morning.

In the last moments, Mabry glanced back at the men in the boat with him. Looking at their faces, each with a hint of serious anticipation or exaggerated calm, he had the sense of solid companionship. He was aware also of himself, an individual, the real George Mabry beneath the grotesque helmet and the uniform and equipment and badges of rank; aware of home, the farm, the cotton fields in the sun, the hunting and fishing, his father and mother and wife, all the people and things which had made him the person he was. He wondered at seeing George Mabry as a witness of such great events; and, like the bowmen of Agincourt, he knew he would remember this day and this hour for the rest of his life, whether life was short or long.

The best craft for a man and woman in the rough sea of matrimony is a raft of kids.

BERT KRUSE

The beach was about 300 yards across, and on the other side of it, lurking in dugouts in the dunes, were some hundreds of men of the German Army. In front of them was the sea, behind them the flooded meadows. On the narrow strip of dunes between the two, the most concentrated bombardment of history had just fallen. Now the survivors, emerging dazed from their shelters, saw the invaders storming up the beach and behind them tanks rising from the sea and behind them again the largest fleet known to man.

They had been promised ample support, if this thing ever happened, from artillery and the air force and the secret weapons. But so far the artillery had not fired, because its batteries had been bombed or captured by parachutists; the air force had not come, because what was left of it was busy defending Germany itself; and the secret weapons were not ready. The telephone lines to headquarters had gone dead in the early morning; nobody knew why. Men who had been sent with messages had never come back. Nobody knew what had happened to them. It was impossible to ask for help.

Some of the defenders whose discipline was strongest fired their guns a few times. Some tried to escape by running along the causeways through the floods, where they were quickly shot down by the parachutists lying in wait. Some saved their lives by surrendering, and these incurred the rage of Hitler himself, who called them traitors and deserters.

Mabry went down the ramp and landed in about four feet of water. It was nearly 100 yards to dry land, and it took him perhaps two minutes to reach shallow water, where he could pick up his feet. But it seemed a long time, because he knew he was in the field of fire of the defenses he had studied so carefully. He had gone a long way before he realized, to his astonishment, that there was far less shooting than anyone had expected.

Once on the beach he set off for the dunes. On the seaward face of the dunes there was a concrete sea wall about four feet high, and there in the dry sand above the tidemark the leading two companies were pausing; and there Mabry learned that the battalion had landed in the wrong place. General Roosevelt had already been up on the dunes and discovered they were over a mile too far south.

This mistake was the result of a series of mishaps which had started with the rope around the propeller of the radar boat. The sinking of the patrol craft which Mabry had passed had left only two guide boats in action. One of the two had turned back to help tank landing craft which were delayed by the head sea; and that left only one. The offshore wind had hidden landmarks by blowing smoke and dust seaward. Finally, not enough allowance had been made for the tidal stream which on the flood flows at two to three knots to the southward. This stream had carried the whole fleet of landing craft a mile off their course.

The urgent question was whether to write off the first waves of troops and allow the following forces to land in the right place, or change the assault plans and bring in the whole force to the wrong place. The mistake might have led to disastrous confusion, but the situation was saved by the presence of General Roosevelt. After consulting the two battalion commanders, he signaled the navy to send in all the succeeding waves to the place where the first had landed.

By then heavy shells had started falling on the beach, and desultory mortar fire was coming from somewhere beyond the dunes. A man close in front of Mabry was blown out of existence by a direct hit. Something small struck Mabry in the stomach. It was a thumb. Mabry watched a few shellbursts and guessed rightly that they were coming from heavy batteries five miles away on the other side of the estuary of the Vire. Then he saw the general waving his cane in the air and roaring at everyone to get moving across the dunes.

Mabry went through a gap in the sea wall which led to a path. He had no command of his own; his job was to join G Company and keep them in touch with the battalion command post. G Company's job was to turn left along the dunes and fight ahead to a causeway known as Exit 1.

In the gap in the sea wall there was a dead German and the remains of a barbed-wire fence. A sergeant and three men were scrambling through the fence, and the sergeant was from G Company—Mabry knew him by his red hair. He followed them. A heavy explosion threw him off his feet, and he stood up again to see all four men lying dead or wounded. Evidently the sergeant had touched a trip wire and fired a mine. Rather shaken, Mabry went through the fence and took off southward to try to catch up with the rest of the company.

Perhaps for the moment, after the explosion, his head was not clear. At all events, he went on for a long way, scrambling up hillocks of sand and sliding down them before he noticed land mines. As soon as he saw one he saw dozens, lying about on the surface as if uncovered by the bombing. He reckoned there might be others, still covered. He wondered whether to go back or go on, and went on, hurrying because he thought he was left behind. There was another bang, and he rolled down a dune, and the sand rained down on him, and he lay there and thought he was dead.

But he was not even hurt, except that the breath was knocked out of him. As his senses came back, he felt sick with

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mortification. All these years he had meant to be out in front in combat; and now, he thought, in his very first combat, he was just following on the tail of the company. So he got up and ran on. He went over the top of a dune and came face to face with five Germans. One had a grenade in his hand and raised his arm to throw it, so Mabry shot him, and the others threw down their rifles and put their hands up.

He wondered why four men should surrender to him alone, but glancing round he saw what they had seen—through a gap in the dunes there was a view of the sea and a great armada of ships. The sight was enough to make anyone glad to surrender. He did not want to be delayed by prisoners, but luckily he saw an American soldier just then—the first he had seen since he started through the dunes. He gave him the prisoners and asked him if he had seen G Company. The man said that so far as he knew they were still on the beach. Even then Mabry went on, believing they were in front of him.

What brought him up in the end was a pillbox, from which a machine gun fired at him. He took cover in a drainage ditch and tried to crawl along it, but he was shot at whenever he showed his head. This personal attention convinced him at last that the company had not already passed that way.

He was much happier to be in front of the company than behind it, and he never thought twice about going back. Instead he lay in the ditch and studied the little tactical problem of the pillbox. Several other men came up and dived into the ditch when they came under fire. Even with their support he could not figure out any way of capturing the pillbox, so he sent one of them back to look for a tank.

Mabry had rather lost count of time by then. Probably it was after nine o'clock. At all events, the engineers who landed in the third wave must by then have bulldozed a track through the dunes, because Mabry's rather imperious demand for a tank was soon answered. One of the twenty-eight amphibious tanks which had reached the shore came roaring along at the back of the dunes, fired four shots at the pillbox and roared away. Mabry and his followers were left to collect the dozen Germans who had come out waving the white flag the defending forces seemed always to find at short notice.

With them out of the way, Mabry went on a little farther, and after a while he saw a causeway across the floods which seemed to be intact and undefended. This was Exit 1, which led to Pouppeville, and thence to Sainte-Marie-du-Mont. There was a little bridge in the middle of it, and while he advanced toward it a few Germans came running from the other end and jumped off the road by the bridge and disappeared beneath it. They might just be looking for a hide-out, he thought; but they might be laying charges to blow up the bridge. He collected his followers—a dozen or so by then, stragglers like himself—and began to stalk the Germans.

It was while he was crawling through the flat, wet meadows that he heard shooting from Pouppeville and guessed that American paratroopers were there. He hoisted the small orange flag which he had been given to use in that very situation—the flag which Colonel Ewell's men saw after their battle in the village school. The parachutists came down the causeway, and Mabry and his men went up it, and the Germans at the bridge were caught between them. An air-borne lieutenant greeted Mabry as if he had not seen an American for years and told him that General Taylor would certainly be glad to meet him.

The whole thing had not been at all the sort of combat which Mabry had always imagined. From a military point of view he had made rather a mess of it. But even though it had happened by mistake, he had fulfilled an ambition: He was certainly out in front.

The whole landing had been much easier than anyone had anticipated. The confusion caused by landing too far south had not lasted long; most of the infantrymen had used their own common sense and initiative, like Mabry, and made for their objectives. The battalion as a whole crossed the floods in safety and joined up with the air-borne men soon after midday; and of all the thousands who landed that morning on Utah, only twelve were killed and just over 100 wounded. For this comparatively easy passage the seaborne troops were indebted to the parachutists and to the bombarding forces of the Navy and Air Force.

Many men on the ground on D Day, American and British and German, took it upon themselves to criticize their air forces. Some of them—the Germans in particular—had reason to be annoyed, but most had none at all. Few of the critics had any idea of the difficulties of flying on that day. Weather and antiaircraft fire were obvious difficulties; but another, less obvious, was the congestion in the air. The crews of the Marauder bombers, which Mabry had seen as he approached the beach, thought much less about the German opposition than about the risk of collision.

These crews had not been briefed until two o'clock that morning. They were flying every day over France, and any of them, any day, might have been shot down and captured; so they could not be told the secret of D Day until the last moment. However, everyone in the tactical air force had known since the previous day that something was up, because all their aircraft had suddenly been marked with black and white stripes. Someone had foreseen that when there was such an enormous number of aircraft in the sky both the troops and the fighter pilots would need an infallible method of distinguishing enemy from friend. New identity marks were needed, and they had to appear for the first time on the morning of D Day, so that the Germans would not have time to copy them.

Broad stripes of whitewash were a good answer, but even this simple plan was not easy to execute on the scale which was required. More than 9000 aircraft had to be painted in a single evening. To make sure of the job, 100,000 gallons of whitewash were ordered. In all Britain there was nothing like that quantity. The whitewash industry was mobilized, worked overtime, gave up its Whitsun weekend without knowing why its humble product had suddenly become so important and finally delivered the stuff in time. By comparison, the purchase and distribution of 20,000 paintbrushes was a simple affair.

One of the bomb groups of Marauders destined for Utah Beach was briefed by its colonel, Wilson R. Wood, and his briefing made such a deep impression on his crews that many of them never forgot what he said. At twenty-five, Colonel Wood was an impressive person, partly perhaps because he was tall and handsome, partly because he was a Texan and had the distinctive charm of a Southerner. That morning in the briefing hut on his airfield, northeast of London, he stood up and began to speak.

"This morning's mission," he said, "is the most important mission you've ever flown. Maybe the most important mission anyone has ever flown. This is the invasion. Our job is to bomb the beach, and right after our bombs go down, thousands of Americans just like us will be landing there from the sea."

This introduction had his crews on the edge of their seats. "I don't care if any of your aircraft are not a hundred per cent," he went on. "You'll fly them this morning, and you'll get over that beach whatever happens, and you'll take any risk to get right on your targets and give those boys in the boats all the help you can."

Wood led his own group across the channel, flying all the way below the cloud base. There was broken cloud from 2000 feet up to 7000 feet, and a fairly solid layer above that. Wood saw the coast less than two minutes before he crossed it—the straight, featureless line of shore, so long that it vanished in haze in both directions. In those minutes he flew into the most congested bit of air he had ever seen.

The area of each of the seven targets was very small—perhaps 100 yards square. Two hundred and seventy-six aircraft converged on these areas, all flying within a couple of hundred feet of the cloud base. Some had approached above the clouds and came down through gaps at unpredictable moments. But keeping a lookout for other aircraft was no help to accurate bombing. Wood determined to concentrate on his target and leave a collision to chance; but it needed all the self-control he had.

When his own bombs went down, he turned away toward the sea. He could not see where they had fallen, for the whole shore was smoking and flashing like a fireworks display; but he was satisfied. As he cleared the coast, he saw the landing craft, heading toward the beach in an endless column. He wished them luck. He had done all that an airman could to help them through.

Before eleven o'clock the landing on Utah Beach had become a routine. Among the men who were pouring ashore was Chaplain Luechinger, a Capuchin friar and a native New Yorker, better known to his Manhattan congregation as Father Bruno. So far as he could remember afterward, he was on the beach for an hour before he heard a bang.

To be a friar from Manhattan suggests a contradiction, since friars are by repute unworldly; but the contradiction was only superficial. The brown hood of a Capuchin often hides a remarkable amount of worldly wisdom, and for a Capuchin friar to wade ashore on D Day was no contradiction at all, because the order has provided chaplains for armies since the Middle Ages.

On the beach the padre found a scene which was humming with activity, but showed little sign of battle. Roads had been bulldozed through the dunes, and tanks, artillery and supply trucks were rolling out of tank landing craft, assembling and roaring along the new roads toward the causeways. There were hundreds and hundreds of men on the beach—infantrymen landing, waiting for orders and moving inland; signalers, prisoners, naval units, medics; it was with these, in the aid posts, that a padre's work was found. He went from post to post, giving thanks in his heart that so few of his men were in need of the service of a priest, and confident, like all other men on the beach, that the plan had succeeded.

But twelve miles to the eastward, at this same hour, on Omaha Beach, there was a man whose home was quite close to Father Bruno's; and he was crouching in a foxhole, bewildered and leaderless, looking out on a scene of terror and utter confusion.

Editors' note—In next week's installment the author tells of the invasion's bloodiest battle—the American assault on Omaha Beach.

Barbershops

At the one where I
Am most content
Ears are lowered
But left unbent.

Hugh Burr

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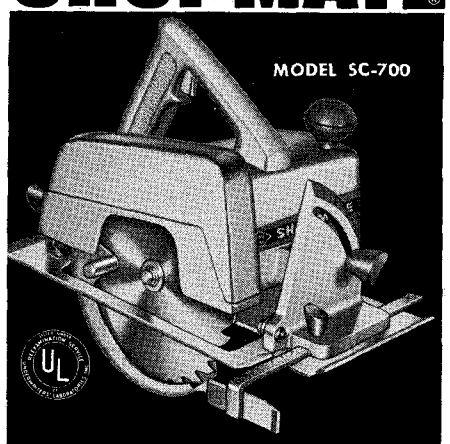

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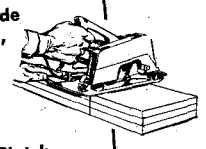

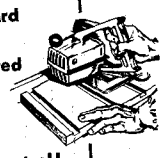

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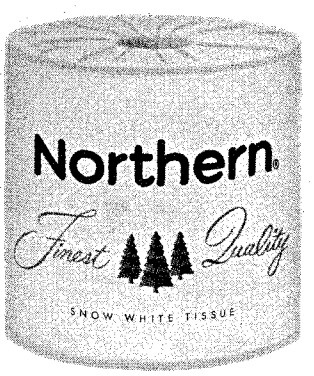

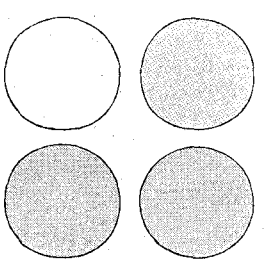

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She Needed an Angel (Continued from Page 35)

I still have the check for $250.00 in my pocket and I feel followed. If you were the lady I saw in the inner office through that open door, how about having a drink with me as soon as it is humanly possible? If you are not, I shall be glad to call upon you at your convenience, but not at your office, please. I'm allergic to ponies. Yours sincerely,
THOMAS STANTON.

FROM JOAN PEABODY TO THOMAS STANTON:

Mr. Thomas Stanton
Edgeworth and Bland
Rockefeller Center, NYC, NY

My dear Tom Stanton: What are you doing with my uncle's discretionary account at the age of 26? He who once told me that Baruch was essentially immature?

But you interest me, to say the least, so if you will come around to my apartment tomorrow at five-thirty and bring that insulting $250, (which I would refuse if I did not think it would cause hurt feelings), I will give you a drink.

Sincerely,
JOAN PEABODY.

FROM THOMAS STANTON TO FRANK PEABODY:

Dear Mr. Peabody: Pursuant to your instructions I have delivered to your niece, Miss Joan Peabody, two hundred and fifty dollars ($250.00). Enclosed please find the limited-partnership papers for your signature.

I have seen Miss Peabody several times and found her a most remarkable young woman. I also found her corporate setup to be in order. However, there is still quite a bit of territory to be explored and you can rely upon me to do so.

My warm regards to Mrs. Peabody and yourself. I hope that there are not as many strangers at Gulls' Rest as last year and that you are enjoying good health and fine weather.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS STANTON.

FROM JOAN TO TOM:

LOVE THE FLOWERS AND WOULD LOVE TO HAVE DINNER THURSDAY BUT MUST WORK DON'T CALL ME I'LL CALL YOU. JOAN

FROM TOM TO JOAN:

DINED ALONE THURSDAY AND HATED IT HOW ABOUT DINNER SATURDAY DON'T CALL ME I'LL CALL FOR YOU. TOM

FROM JOAN TO TOM:

Of course I love it. Who wouldn't? All those flowers and telegrams and dinners. . . . Walking up Madison Avenue hand in hand. . . . Seeing New York glittering from the park. . . . Dancing in those dark little boîtes. . . . Yes. Yes. *Yes.* It's heaven. But I can't do it any more.

I *can't* stay up till three o'clock every night. I have work to do. I have a play to put on. Tom, I mean it. I won't discuss it. Medusa has her orders. Do you realize we go into rehearsal Monday? That greenhouse man I told you about—the one who raises green orchids with a green thumb—has finally crashed through with a firm promise of ten thousand dollars. So you see I am in *business*, and no longer able to fritter my time away with a twenty-six-year-old financial wizard, however handsome.

And, oh yes . . . You remember the frenzy you were in last night to read the play? Well, you forgot to take it with you. I'm sending it.

So get thee behind me Satan, about a block and a half behind . . . so that when I come back from Philadelphia and the play is opened, I can turn around and whistle! Yours—JOAN.

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO TOM:

My dear Thomas: Your letter with the theatrical contract has arrived, and "theatrical" is indeed an apt word for it. I cannot believe you studied item ten, subparagraph (b): Overcall. This states that at the whim—and I use "whim" advisedly—of the producer, the investor may be forced to put up an additional twenty (20) per cent.

You know full well that I only invested this two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) out of sentiment, but I now find that my own niece wishes to wring from me an additional fifty dollars ($50).

It is essential that my niece learn the fundamentals of sound business and I trust that you will do what you can to indoctrinate her, even if it means working overtime. Yours sincerely,
FRANK PEABODY.

FROM JOAN TO TOM:

Dear Tom: I'm writing this at 2 A.M. while the phone is ringing in my ear. There's a temptation to pick it up and talk to you but I'm going to resist it. At this moment I need all my strength and good judgment and your voice has a way of making me weak and unsound.

Tom, I went to your apartment tonight worried and troubled. The greenhouse man hadn't sent the ten thousand dollars as promised, the author of the play was being stubborn about changes, the set was more expensive than I'd planned. I needed comfort and advice, but that wasn't your idea of a fun evening. You—and I quote—"needed affection because you'd had a tough day." So that's what you got. Oh, don't get me wrong. I liked having your arms around me; I enjoyed being kissed. But what about *my* tough day, what about what *I* needed?

Then while you were fixing drinks in the kitchen, I noticed something—my play on the table with your marker on page five, Act I, scene 1. I'd wondered why you'd never mentioned it. I thought maybe you hadn't liked it. Now I realize you haven't even read it. (Incidentally I took it with me.)

I know that none of these things will seem serious to you. But that's just the point. You don't take me seriously. You take me to be simply another girl who is doing something *interesting* like going to a cooking class or taking painting lessons. Passing the time.

Well, I'm not. For me the theater means work and love and faith and respect—and a life. You can't understand that, can you? You just feel that it's an interruption, a temporary phase, something I'll get over, like the measles.

Tom, I think you're sweet. I think you're attractive. I think you're fun. I hope I'll see you again sometime when I haven't anything else on my mind *but* fun. Until then,
JOAN.

FROM TOM TO JOAN:

Dear Joan: Everything about your letter was true. I was selfish. I didn't take you seriously. I didn't give a hang about your career. You notice I'm using the past tense. Your letter *was* true, but it isn't any more because, after I got it and read it and reread it and realized that I might be losing you, I got scared. Suddenly I knew that I loved you so much that I wanted you to have everything *you* wanted—the money from the greenhouse man, the expensive set, the comfort I hadn't given you, the theater and me, but only if you want me.

I think I can promise you it won't be the same person, but I'm not going to prove it to you now. This is what they call on Madison Avenue "a soft sell." All I'm going to say is that from now on I want to help *you* instead of helping myself.

There's only one other question. Do you love me? If you don't, nothing I've said matters except to me. If you do—even fractionally—give me a chance to prove what I've said. TOM.

FROM JOAN TO TOM:

I DO REPEAT I DO REPEAT I DO WILL BE HOME TONIGHT BRING PROOF. JOAN

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO TOM:

My dear Thomas: I must say I am extremely exercised. Last evening I surprised Mrs. Peabody in her bedroom and found her reading Something Secret, the novel on which my niece's play is based. She had secured it from the Harbor Circulating Library, but had not so informed me since she wished to read it herself to verify certain disturbing rumors that she had heard concerning its contents.

They are no longer rumors, but bare facts. When my niece first wrote me concerning the play, she merely stated—and I quote—that it was "an exposé of political corruption." Naturally I took for granted that any such corruption would occur in the Democratic Party, but now I find to my horror that the corrupt element in this fiction is, on the contrary, Republican.

Something must be done about this instanter. Needless to say my niece could never have extorted two hundred and fifty dollars ($250.00) out of me, had I been apprised of this factionalism. Obviously I cannot be a party to, much less an investor in this flagrant propaganda.

Yours sincerely,
FRANK PEABODY.

FROM TOM TO FRANK PEABODY:

Dear Mr. Peabody: I have not as yet read your niece's play, as the copy she sent me went astray. However, I would not be too exercised. After all, a play seldom sticks to its source. Look how Shakespeare distorted Holinshed.

I am seeing Miss Peabody tonight and I shall discuss the matter with her at length, but I feel sure that we can rely on her good taste, intelligence and character not to allow anything untoward to be associated with your name or hers as long as she retains it. I shall report to you on the play personally after I have seen it in Philadelphia. The company goes down there on Sunday for a final week of preparation and I shall warn Miss Peabody to be on the lookout for any remnants of the novel that may still exist.

With kindest regards to you and Mrs. Peabody, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
THOMAS STANTON.

P.S. All the play's financing now seems in order. There has been the firm promise of the final money necessary from a wealthy greenhouse man.

FROM TOM TO JOAN:

Dearest: I think I can best describe my state of mind by saying that I am currently suspended somewhere between heaven and hell. Heaven because you love me (I have it in writing). Hell because you're so far away from me. (93 miles. I just phoned the automobile club.) I'm afraid, until I quit hanging, I'm not going to be a very good investment counselor—love, yes; investments, no.

I hope, darling, that all goes well and that your worries will soon be over. I wish you didn't have to worry about anything except whose hair is that on my coat. Don't worry—the only hair on my coat will be yours together with your head.

I must go to sleep now—right at my desk in the middle of Edgeworth and Bland—and dream of you.

Always and after,
TOM.

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO TOM:

Dear Thomas: Your letter of the 18th inst. received and contents noted. I am depending on you to see to it that any and all material of an anti-Republican nature is excised from the play.

Incidentally, although I am new to the theater, it seems to me that my niece would be better advised to run her play in New York, which has a far larger population and consequently more playgoers than Philadelphia. However, I suppose it is too late to change that now.

Sincerely,
FRANK PEABODY.

FROM JOAN TO TOM:

Tom dear, Something really terrible has happened. My greenhouse man, after assuring me that he would deliver the money himself to Philadelphia, did indeed arrive here last night, saw a run-through of the play, and then disappeared. This morning I had a note from him. He has gone back on his promise. I am ten thousand dollars short.

Tom, I am desperate. I have tried every source of money I know of, and no one will help. There is no advance at the box office I can borrow on—the temperature in Philadelphia is 102, nobody's in town and we have no star or subscription we can count on. Last-minute costs have skyrocketed, and I find that I simply haven't the money to get the curtain up.

Darling, there is nobody left but Uncle Frank. Can you, *will* you talk to him? He trusts you, he will listen to you. He can well afford ten thousand dollars.

I wouldn't ask, of course, if I didn't think this were a good investment. But I *know* the play is good, I *know* it will be a success once it gets on its feet.

Oh, Tom, what a comfort it is to have you. I love you and I am going to sleep with your letter clutched in my hot little hands. —JOAN.

FROM TOM TO JOAN:

Darling—Look. Let me put this down on paper. You were just being plain unreasonable on the telephone.

This has nothing to do with *you* and *me*. It is purely a question of business.

I can't with any integrity advise your uncle to put ten thousand dollars in the show. You say yourself you have no advance, no star, no guarantee. What could I say to him? The old man is no fool.

It is *not* a question of letting you down. I want more than anything in the world that your play succeed. But investment counseling is my business, my future, which means *our* future. I cannot jeopardize it.

Again, you said I was a bad businessman to advise throwing away ninety thousand dollars on account of a final ten. That's the sort of remark that seems to make sense but doesn't. My answer is, what choice have you got?

Joan, I'll forget those things you said. I know you. When you get this you'll have calmed down, so call me and I'll come down to (*Continued on Page 162*)

Spartan

A cold is nothing to coddle;
So, sneezing his head off, he
Is Spartan enough to toddle
To the office—to give it
to me!

Thomas Usk

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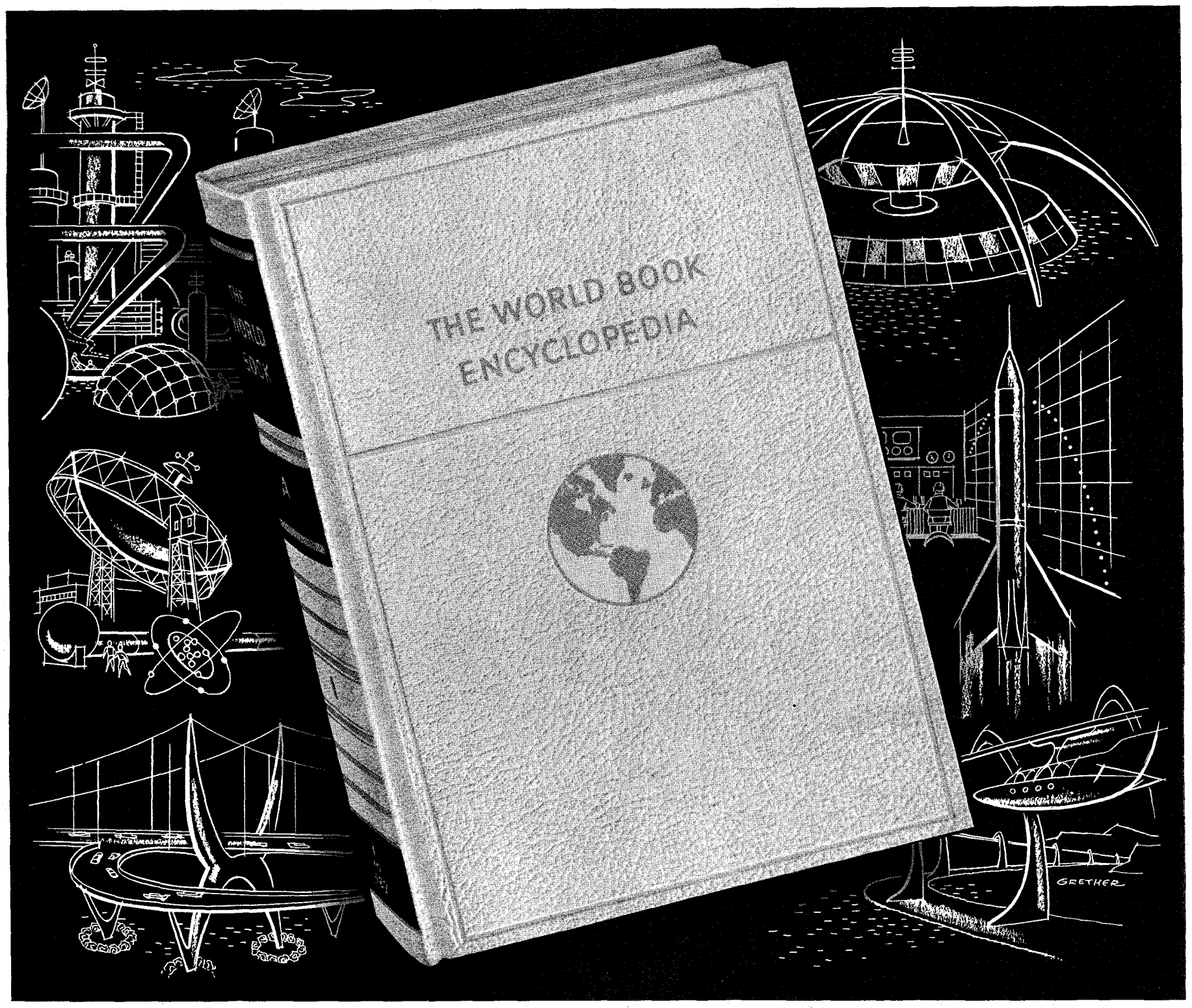

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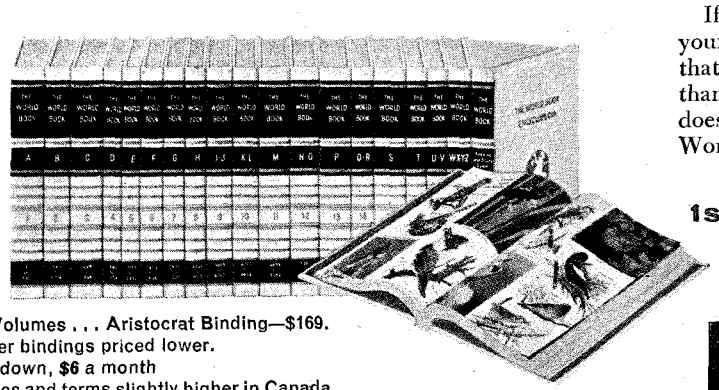

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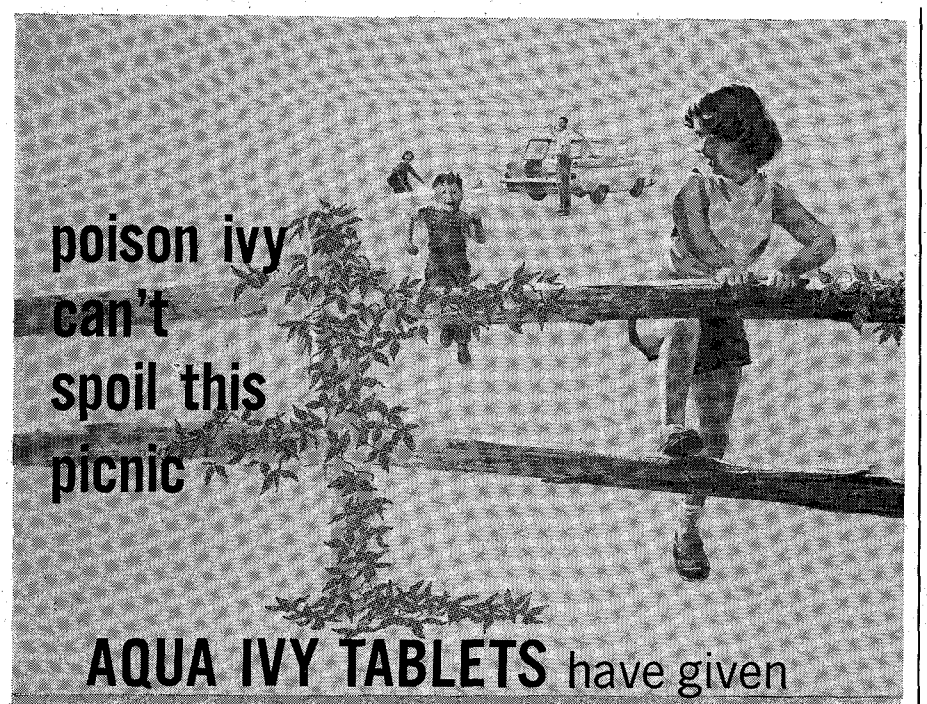

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(*Continued from Page 160*) Philadelphia and help all I can. There must certainly be something to be salvaged.

Baby, remember: this is only the theater, only a rubber dagger. But you and me, we're real. —TOM.

FROM JOAN TO TOM:

Tom: I was perfectly calm and reasonable when I spoke to you on the telephone and I am still calm and, I hope, reasonable now. The only irrational thing I did was to allow an attraction which I felt for you to overrule my judgment and to make me believe your extravagant promises.

I am not speaking now of the money. I quite understand your hesitancy in advising Uncle Frank to make the investment. What indeed could you say to him? You have no faith in the play—so far as I know you've never even read it—and that means, finally, you have no faith in me. Of course you would be jeopardizing your future. Not *our* future. No. You were only thinking of yourself.

It's kind of you to offer to come down and help me "salvage." I'm not ready for that. I intend to get this play on and bring it to New York if I have to beg, borrow or steal. In fact I'm writing Uncle Frank direct and offering him *fifty per cent* of my share of the show in return for his ten thousand dollars. The last favor I ask of you is to let him make his own decision without advice or interference from you.

As for us, to paraphrase you, "it was only a rubber dagger" so I'm not fatally injured.

Thanks for all the flowers and the fun and the temporary euphoria. But good-by. JOAN.

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO TOM:

Dear Thomas: I am just now in receipt of a fantastic communication from my niece and frankly I am staggered. She informs me that, unless I am ready to "come to her rescue" with ten thousand dollars ($10,000.00), she will be forced to abandon the play, thereby losing everything including my original investment of two hundred and fifty dollars ($250.00) and in return she offers me half of her share which, from what I gather, is half of nothing. What does she take me for? My initial qualms when I heard of the additional twenty (20) per cent overcall to say nothing of the politically dangerous overtones of the play are now confirmed.

You are on the ground. See what, if anything, can be salvaged and make it clear to her that I would not risk even one (1) penny more. Sincerely,
FRANK PEABODY.

FROM JOAN TO FRANK PEABODY:

YOU ARE THE BEST UNCLE IN ALL THE WORLD I ALWAYS KNEW IT LOVE JOAN

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO JOAN:

SOME MISTAKE SEEMS TO HAVE OCCURRED IN TRANSMISSION OF TELEGRAM WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—FRANK PEABODY

FROM JOAN TO FRANK PEABODY:

IT MEANS THE TEN THOUSAND THAT EDGEWORTH & BLAND SENT OF COURSE OH UNCLE FRANK IT ARRIVED IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME PLAY OPENS TONIGHT LOVE JOAN

FROM TOM TO JOAN:

Dear Joan, Please read this just before the curtain goes up.

Please know I send you all luck and love and success.

I'm sure it's best that you should be alone tonight—but remember we also have nerves who only stand and wait.

I've found out something. I was wrong about that rubber dagger. It has a sharp, jagged point. Best—TOM.

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO JOAN:

STOP EVERYTHING CRIMINAL MISTAKE HAS BEEN MADE RETURN MONEY AT ONCE.
FRANK PEABODY

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO TOM:

FEEL IT ONLY FAIR TO INFORM YOU I AM INSTITUTING LEGAL ACTION AGAINST YOU.
FRANK PEABODY

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO EDGEWORTH & BLAND:

AM HOLDING YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR MONEY STOLEN FROM MY DISCRETIONARY ACCOUNT BY THOMAS STANTON AGAINST MY EXPRESS ORDERS STRONGLY ADVISE YOU HAVE HIM PLACED UNDER IMMEDIATE ARREST.
FRANK PEABODY

FROM JOAN TO FRANK PEABODY:

Dear Uncle Frank, Your telegram baffles me completely. I *can't* return your money at once, it has been spent and the play is open.

However if you insist, I am sure I can easily find someone now who will buy out your interest. In fact I *know* I can.

Enclosed is a review of the play which has just appeared in Variety. Maybe that will make you reconsider.
In haste—JOAN.

FROM FRANK PEABODY TO JOAN:

VARIETY SAYS B.O. SOCKO IN PHILLY IS THAT GOOD? FRANK PEABODY

FROM JOAN TO FRANK PEABODY:

IT'S A ROUGH TRANSLATION OF HEAVEN HAS COME TO EARTH. JOAN

FROM EDGEWORTH & BLAND TO FRANK PEABODY:

Mr. Frank Peabody
"Gulls' Rest," Northeast Harbor, Maine

Dear Mr. Peabody: We have undertaken an immediate audit of your account with us, and are happy to inform you that everything is in perfect order. Nothing has been bought for it, nor sold from it in the last ten weeks. We hope this will end whatever misapprehension you have been under and put your mind at rest.

Incidentally, may I congratulate you on your niece's success? You must be very proud. Our Mr. Stanton, who has gone over to Philadelphia to be with her, informs me that she stands to make a very considerable amount of money.

Truly yours, HENRY C. BLAND.

FROM JOAN TO FRANK PEABODY:

Dear Uncle Frank—Please forgive me, I should have written sooner, but I have been so busy—I have spent the last two days, for example, with the movie companies, who are making the most spectacular offers—I just haven't had a moment. There are so many details connected with a hit. Also, I have just been too happy to write.

Now, about the mix-up. As you know now, you were entirely wrong about Tom Stanton. But I don't want you to blame yourself, because I am afraid I was wrong too. Uncle Frank, Tom risked everything for me.

All the money, all the ten thousand dollars, was his own. He cashed his stocks and bonds, sold his grandmother's silver teapot, borrowed on his insurance, and got an advance on his salary for the next six months. Every penny was his.

He pauperized himself, and willingly, for me. And I was loathsome. Well, I intend to spend the rest of my life making it up to him. The fact that he stands to make thirty thousand dollars is only incidental justice. Don't you agree?

Be assured your original investment is safe. You will soon begin to receive a return on your (*Continued on Page 166*)

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YOU NEVER HAVE THAT "LATE, LATE GUILTY FEELING"...

SPACE SECRET

This is what an Air Force rocket might discover on the other side of the moon.

By William Sambrot

I am sending this report by special courier. I am personally unable to deliver it because I wish to be on hand to forestall any possible repercussions which might yet arise from the charges made by Dr. John Lassiter, of the Rand Corporation. Lassiter insists that the original video tape taken by the successful American moon rocket yesterday was stolen during the night and a substitute put in its place.

As you know, the successful moon shot was made with a rocket that carried an electronic camera, operating with photoelectric cells which transmitted pictures onto electronically sensitized tape. The rocket made the run to the moon and swung around, photographing the far side, which has never been seen from earth. Then continuing on around, executing a vast figure 8, the rocket shot back toward earth, circled it and finally made a successful re-entry in the Pacific Ocean.

Although it was anticipated that the far side of the moon was in no way different from the near side, the prestige of being the first to have taken pictures of it was enormous. And quite naturally the Air Force made every effort, once the nose cone was recovered, to keep the video tape secret. It was rushed by special jet to the Air Force's Research and Development building in Santa Monica, known as Rand Corporation. There it was to be processed by Doctor Lassiter.

After the tape was processed, apparently Lassiter had viewed it privately—a breach of security. What he saw caused him to send urgent summonses to all the top echelon of the Air Force and Rand Corporation. I was able, because of my position at Rand, to be among the four or five who were permitted to view the second showing.

John Lassiter, Ph.D., a theoretical physicist, topflight mathematician and electronics expert, is in his early forties, tall, rather thin, with penetrating eyes. He is a standout, intellectually, in a building full of geniuses. Rand Corporation, in Santa Monica, consists of about eight hundred brilliant people: scientists, economists, mathematicians, physicists, cybernetics and electronics experts, and the like. Also, they have a list of another two hundred fifty consultants on the outside, on whom they draw from time to time for expert advice.

For the record, the business of Rand Corporation is that of evaluating any given idea and projecting its inherent possibilities into the future. They have been correct on a great many occasions. For example, working from known data concerning the U.S.S.R.'s rocket potential, they accurately forecast the first Sputnik—an event of some importance, you will agree.

We assembled in the viewing room in the Rand building, with Air Police outside the door and scattered throughout the entire building and grounds. Security was complete.

Before he showed the tape, Lassiter made an impromptu speech which I consider well worth repeating:

(Continued on Page 96)

Illustrated by Walter Murch

YES, DOING BEATS VIEWING!

STEP UP YOUR READING AND FIND OUT—

Every week trade a few hours of Viewing for *extra* hours o
Reading and see if you don't agree: You like yourself bette
when you know you've *done* something—*learned* something

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DOING Things More...

READING

DOING Of All!

That's because reading is doing—an actual mental process of thinking, absorbing, learning—an enjoyable experience that millions of POST readers simply don't want to miss!

If you're like a lot of people, you enjoy watching television, but not that later guilty feeling that you wished you had *done something* with your time!

For example, *reading* is doing something—and it's all the more satisfying because you know that *with* your entertainment, you've absorbed ideas, opinions and information that truly enrich your living.

HENCE OUR TIP:

Join the DOER-READER crowd—the people who enjoy television, but who use it properly with all the other normal home activities and home entertainment.

POST readers, for example, belong to this group because of their insatiable desire to *learn more*, about everything under the sun, from public affairs to home-making and family raising.

Another very important lure draws them too—and that's POST advertising—of a fascinating range and variety of goods and services that active DOERS need and want.

It is pretty obvious that people who *DO* things—USE things—CONSUME things. That's why ads in the POST get action.

The Saturday Evening

POST

Every page in this issue is exposed to POST INFLUENTIALS more than 29,000,000 times

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and Cool Breeze
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and Imported
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...and it's a COOL look in these Finer Summer Styles!

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from $19.95

First in Quality!

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See your local Nunn-Bush Dealer
NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN
Makers of Edgerton Shoes from $12.95

(*Continued from Page 162*) one-eighth of one per cent (.00125%) of the show.

I hope, dear Uncle Frank, that you and Aunt Mildred are having a lovely time at Gulls' Nest. I can never thank you enough for your kindness in introducing me to Tom Stanton. He now owns a quarter of the show and all of me.

Your loving niece,
JOAN.

FROM MILDRED PEABODY TO JOAN:

My dearest, dearest niece, Just a tiny note of congratulations to you and Tom. I am so happy in all your success. Tom is such a sweet boy, although I feel it was a little naughty of him to put *his* money into your play instead of Frank's.

Now about your uncle. Although he is almost recovered from his breakdown, he is still not quite himself. The doctor says he will be all right; it is just a matter of time. But if I may make a little joke, he is beginning to growl again, which shows he is getting back to normal.

Well. It has been quite a summer, hasn't it?

Your fond aunt
MILDRED.

Be a Sensible Boy (Continued from Page 28)

strongly that I was willing to quit my job. I packed up at the end of the year to try teaching in a traditional, fee-paying school for boys of four and one half to fourteen; for Boy, with a capital *B*, still has some advantage over "girl" in Britain.

Upon registering with a teachers' agency, I discovered that British schools for boys prefer to have men teach "older boys of ten," because women are "too soft." It was a rare bit of luck that Mr. L. C. Clifton-Everest, headmaster and owner of Winton House Preparatory School for Boys, appreciated my interest in English schooling and hired me at 430 pounds ($1200) per year.

Winton House was not a school for keen boys nor for dull boys—but for Boys. Its *raison d'être* was to teach a boy to master as much academic material as he was able, to require the self-discipline which leads to the good manners and poise characteristic of a self-respecting member of society, and to open a boy's eyes to the wonders of God's world around him.

Until we began to go over the teaching plan, however, I hadn't tumbled to the fact that I would not teach English only, as I had done in my American school, but whatever the headmaster directed me to teach. This included Bible, Latin, art, English, Shakespeare, "crahfts," nature and, for my sins, arithmetic dealing with English currency and weights and measures!

"You know," I ventured, "I've always been something of a mathematical cripple, and I'm not confident about dealing with the currency. It's the multiplication and division that baffle me."

"I suppose they might," he returned, quite unruffled and not a little amused, "but, of course, you must do it. I'll teach you one day after tea," he added with what I felt was misplaced confidence in my ability and his.

I was wrong. In an hour this outstandingly competent teacher taught me to multiply and divide pounds, shillings, pence and farthings. He took it for granted that one did not let the side down; I hadn't been so pleased since I learned to swim.

Winton House School's 140 boys arrived at the three-story, yellow brick building at quarter of nine each morning. Boys, masters and mistresses descended outside stairs to a basement-level floor where the boys' dressing rooms, kitchen, and staff's and boys' dining rooms were located.

Uniformed in gray shirt and short gray trousers, purple jacket, purple-and-black tie, purple-topped gray socks and wee purple cap, each boy removed his cap instantly he came through the door and proceeded to the row of pegs which lined the hallway wall. After removing wet outdoor shoes, he put on sandals from the shoe bag hanging from its peg. Into the bag went outdoor shoes and his cap, and he continued out a rear door, where a pathway skirting the garden led to the gym.

Master Four-and-One-Half arrived as a new boy whose mum or nannie helped with his change of shoes. The miniature manliness of his uniform was somewhat lessened by the quivering of his lower lip as he clung to mum or even shed a few tears.

With an understanding smile, Mr. Everest would say, "Crying, Hawkins? Why, all boys here are happy, and you will be happy too. Be a sensible Boy. Good morning, Mrs. Hawkins," thus dismissing her, and, "Coningsby," to an old boy of seven, "will you take Hawkins down to prayers?"

Mrs. Hawkins played her part in starting her son along the path to manhood. "Bye-bye, dear," she would say with too bright a smile, "I shall fetch you at noon."

Evidences of economy in the boys' dress—the elbow patches, nicely darned socks and turned collars—made me wonder why parents preferred paying for this type of schooling to enrolling their sons in state-supported schools. When I found that only three mothers out of twenty-one owned refrigerators, I realized that early education was important to these parents. It meant so much that when the headmaster advised one mother, who was working to keep her son at school, that the school could do little for her boy in an academic way, she asked that he be retained so that through association he might acquire the behavior and attitudes which she felt would greatly help him in later life. The boy stayed. The others accepted him as he was, and I watched him accept his limitations at the age of ten and adjust beautifully, though he was the largest boy in the form. No stigma of failure attached to this lad; he was simply a fine boy who could not learn. The twig which is bent early may possibly break less readily under strain.

However noisy the gym might have been prior to the headmaster's entrance for prayers, even smallest boys in the front row stood at attention when he appeared. Chatter was stilled by his "Good morning, boys," and their response, "Good morning, sir." After Bible reading, recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the singing of two hymns, we sat in a row behind the headmaster, awaiting his remarks. The boys stood through prayers; no chairs were provided for them.

"From my study window yesterday afternoon," he stated on one occasion, "I saw a Winton House Boy speak to a lady without raising his cap. If this should happen again, I shall deal with that boy." Silence; each boy fancied himself guilty, and I learned that uniforming provided a means of quick and accurate identification for the headmaster and his staff. In

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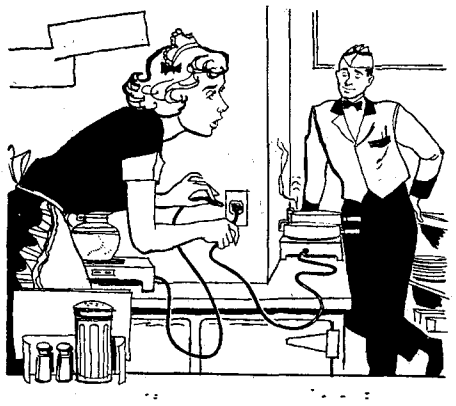

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addition, it was a source of pride to the boys; it gave them a sense of belonging, of rightness and of security.

Older boys collected hymnbooks and returned the staff's chairs to the dining room while we dispersed to the classrooms. Mine was fourteen feet square and on the north side of the building. From the center of the ceiling a single, unshaded, lonely electric-light bulb dangled from its wire. One piece of blackboard rested on the mantelpiece over the fireplace behind my desk; another three-by-five-foot piece stood on an easel in the corner. The fireplace opening contained a foot-square gas unit. Twenty-one boys, from a very capable seven to a rather slow ten, occupied double benches deeply scarred in educational battles of years gone by. Benches attached to the desks had to be folded upward when an occupant arose. It was obvious that when Rogers stood to recite, Danks would rise, too, or be folded, knees to chest, against the back of the bench. I was alone in the belief that this was rather inconvenient.

At my entrance every boy stood as I had expected, but I didn't know the formula for getting them to sit down. Mr. Everest's entrance saved the day. "Sit down, boys," he said automatically, hardly aware of them. "You will find supplies for arithmetic in the bookcase and the

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A woman's final decision is not necessarily the same as the one she makes later.

H. N. FERGUSON

---

desk drawers. I shall bring the ink round when I have made it," and he strode out.

Ink for arithmetic? I visualized twenty-one pairs of inky paws and wondered vaguely whether there was a mop handy.

Form Four, fascinated at having an American mistress, promptly ferreted out limp, paper-bound arithmetic books and copybooks ruled in quarter-inch squares. Each square was to contain not more than one figure to insure neatness. Each page was folded vertically so that there would be no waste in working sums from top to bottom of the half page. I wrote an example on the board.

Up rose a thicket of hands. "Please, sir," said one, and all the boys giggled, "we've no pens or nibs." A drawer yielded both, and after nibs had been properly licked and inserted into well-worn penholders, we seemed ready to start, except that the inkwells were dry.

Mr. Davis, the Welsh master in Form Five, suddenly handed through the door an orange teapot. This proved to be an ideal pouring device, though it did seem a near sacrilege to use a teapot to dole out ink.

Having done the examples the night before as I was to do all year long, I sidled through the narrow aisles checking the boys' work. Blotting paper was not available, for it always gravitated to the inkwells, nor were there erasers. "We don't use rubbers," explained Field; "we make a diagonal line through an error, so that you may see how it happened." The whole term's work was done in a copybook which could be scrutinized by headmaster or parents in its entirety at any time. Untidy work was considered "shocking," and such sums were reworked.

Discipline was handled almost entirely by the headmaster. Boys were expected to apply themselves, to avoid being cheeky (saucy) or smarmy (ingratiating), and to be honorable, gentlemanly, and kind to smaller boys. It was while helping Form Five with Latin grammar that I inadvertently called down upon the seat of hapless Cunningham the wrath of the headmaster and learned that he and only he wielded the cane.

Cunningham, aged ten and our best cricketer, had not set to work. Asked what he was doing, he answered honestly enough, "Nothing." I recommended that he stand in the hall until he felt ready to work. Not two minutes later I heard Mr. Everest's voice. Then their footsteps descended the stairs to the study, where, I learned, the headmaster customarily meted out the school's traditional form of discipline, caning. Shortly after, Cunningham, having taken his licks, returned to form to work.

Stubbs really wrote his own ticket to the study. Seated in the front row, dangling slender legs, feet nowhere near the floor, looking up out of dark-fringed almost violet eyes, eight-year-old Stubbs told so obvious a fib that other boys gasped and stared. I sent him to the study. "Poor old Stubbs," sighed Ruddock, who sat next, more to himself than to me, "but he shouldn't have done it." All boys bent to their work, nor did they look up when the culprit returned.

Genuinely fond of Mr. Everest, the boys admired and respected him, offered him sweets, willingly ran all sorts of errands. He tweaked their ears in passing, made jokes about their names and admonished them to be sensible. He reiterated that he expected each boy to do his best and that no one could do more. Caning broke no spirits at Winton House. The boys were normally noisy, active, silly, inventive, and responsive when dismissed to swarm over the play yard, where they acquired the overlay of dirt which boys are expected to acquire.

As the year progressed, I began to understand why it is impossible to equate the English system of moving boys from form to form with the American progression from grade to grade. Progression through forms depends on the ability of the individual; the advance from grade to grade depends on the age of the student rather than on his ability. This difference in system has its greatest effect in the case of the academically gifted student.

Barnes was an example of what can happen under the English system. One September he had entered the kindergarten, taught by a Froebel-trained mistress, and had enjoyed painting, growing water cress on damp blotting paper and imitating older boys. He liked to form letters and numbers and made good progress. After the Easter holidays, when he had spent two terms in the half-day kindergarten, he was "moved up" to Form One.

Here the boys were reading, and Barnes had been moved into the group with the expectation that his interest and ability would enable him to learn to read quickly and that he would gradually work up to the level of Form One. No effort was made to accelerate Barnes. He was simply exposed to reading and arithmetic that he had not encountered before. During this third term, lasting until the end of July, Barnes listened to others read and watched the number work explained by tall, darkly handsome Mrs. Pye, who encouraged and helped him.

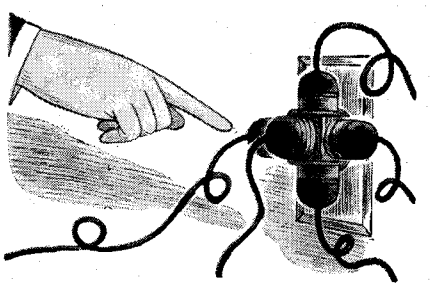
His report stated the average age of boys in his group and Barnes' age. Teacher comment on his work was favorable in a restrained English way, because Barnes was the youngest boy in the form. His accomplishment was measured against that of each boy in Form One. Placement was determined by averaging each boy's grades. Barnes had done well to stand seventeenth boy out of twenty-one.

Starting the Michaelmas term the following September, Barnes continued to

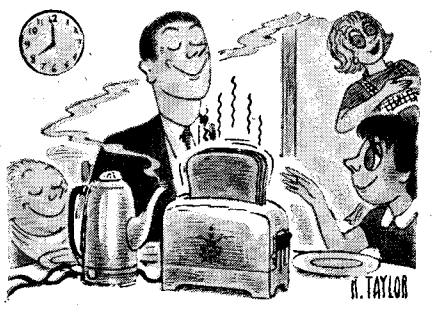
Poor Sheila was terribly harried

When all her appliances tarried

Her husband said, "Dear,



"Let's get full HOUSEPOWER here!"



And now they're more happily married.

Your appliances need *full* HOUSEPOWER (enough wiring, outlets, and switches) to work efficiently. Actually, *full* HOUSEPOWER means your appliances work *more*—you work less. Make sure your HOUSEPOWER is up-to-date. Call a HOUSEPOWER Specialist—your electrical contractor—today.

HOUSEPOWER

to help you Live Better Electrically, sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

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learn to read, write and figure in Form One. He progressed rapidly, and his term's report showed that he then stood eighth out of twenty-one. He was controlling his writing, reading well and doing his sums accurately. Listening to members of the group read aloud and with expression, he had blotted up a large vocabulary. Hearing corrections of mistakes in pronunciation made by inept readers, Barnes had increased his feeling for odd words and syllabication, but he was not quite ready to go "up" again.

During the Easter term, from Christmas holiday to Easter, Barnes improved as the group undertook more difficult work. Dictation was started, which meant that the teacher would write on the blackboard a sentence taken from the reading. This sentence was chosen for new words, the troublesome word spellingwise, or sometimes for punctuation.

Armed with a stubby pencil whose dull point had been encouraged with a knife in the absence of pencil sharpeners, Barnes copied this sentence into a small notebook, had it corrected and took it home to memorize. Later in the week the sentence was dictated, and each boy was marked on the correctness of capitalization, spelling and punctuation. From this practice Barnes gradually developed a sentence sense, in that his capitals and punctuation tended to appear in the right places, and his spelling was accurate. At the end of term it was decided that the two boys who were top of the form should "go up" to Form Two. Barnes had spent three terms in Form One, but he had advanced ahead of his kindergarten group by one third of a year.

When Barnes entered my form, he had been advanced two thirds of a year. Specifically, he had remained two terms only in each of two forms, whereas the average boy might be expected to remain in each form for three terms. Barnes was high-strung and enthusiastic; he was carefully watched to see that he was not advancing beyond the limit of his capability.

The boys sailed through weights and measures, and I nearly laughed aloud at Tyler's earnest recitation of the table of liquid measurement. "Forty ounces make one quart," he finished, and I couldn't help thinking how like Alice in Wonderland it all was; I knew a quart contained thirty-two ounces! Hundredweights, quarters, rods, perches and poles! Boys figured them all in their stride while I recalled the days when I had assumed that perches had only to do with fish or bird-cage equipment.

The boys' attitude toward Barnes' leaving their form was one of indulgent affection. "Good old Barnes," they said. "Good show!"

"Oh, you'll be along soon, you know," he replied, squirming with embarrassment at having been singled out for comment.

"He'll only be going across the hall," remarked the slowest boy.

"That's right," agreed Barnes, relieved to have attention drawn elsewhere. "Would anyone like a sweet?" he asked as a further diversion.

I had looked forward to English with Form Three. Teaching English was my dish of tea, so to speak, and I shouldn't have to consult books at the public library about it as I did for my nature class. (A shrew is the smallest wild animal in Britain. It is a mouselike creature with a piglike snout.) We embarked on a writing project; each boy was to write a piece about himself.

"This sentence," I explained glibly, "needs to end with a period." My remark produced twenty-one blank stares, and I knew that my mental arrow had not met even one bull's eye. Something was wrong.

"Hargrave, read your second sentence, with punctuation," I suggested.

"My home is located at 113 comma Selden Lane comma Beckenham comma Kent full stop," he finished.

"Thank you, Hargrave," I answered. In this fashion I translated part of my Americanese into British English. The last such translation occurred when my American quotation marks turned into British "inverted commas."

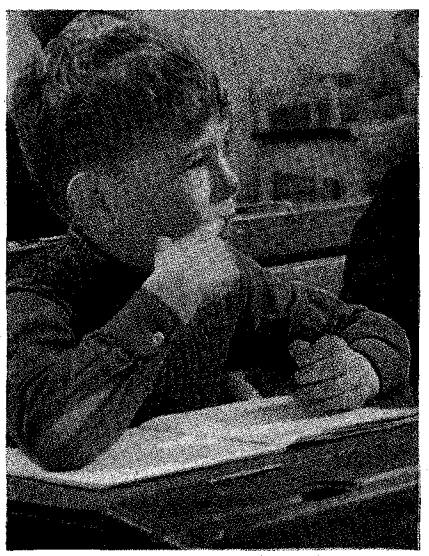
"Good!" signified little at the close of a perfect recitation, and the recipient of such a comment looked so let down that before long I heard my own voice saying, "Well done," or, "Exactly." That voice also said on occasion, "That's very silly of you," and, "Do be sensible."

That a Form might have several periods of reading in one day owing to some vagaries of schedule was considered all to the good, and it was a joy to the readers.

The Boys of Winton House. . . .

Some are young enough to need help with coats and boots . . .

All are led to a sense of rightness . . .



To be honorable and gentlemanly . . .

To do the best one can . . .

To be, at all times, sensible . . .

To be normally active and inventive.

Reading chosen to enlarge vocabulary and to present cultural material provided younger boys with children's versions of Aladdin and Kingsley's The Water Babies, which they pleaded to read aloud a second time. The Trojan Boy, a story of a lad who lived through the storming of Troy, fascinated another group while it gave them a working knowledge of mythology. Scott's The Talisman, Swiss Family Robinson, and a story about the settlement of Canada occupied Form Four.

Form Five boys of ten and eleven approached beginning Latin with eagerness. It seemed to be a privilege to study Latin though they had started French conversation and vocabulary the year before. Curiously enough, they appeared to enjoy it whether they earned good marks or not. After two terms, using an American textbook, my two best boys moved into Mr. Everest's Form Six. They and I were elated to find that they were able to keep up quite well.

Mr. Everest's only comment about my teaching was a result of my not requiring enough of Form Five boys who were reading As You Like It and of Form Six boys who were studying Julius Caesar. More memorizing was required than I had anticipated. Form Five was at last able to write about the seven ages of man, with punctuation, and Form Six boys had memorized and recited thirty lines apiece. I should have realized that they could do this easily, for they had been memorizing factual material ever since dictation in Form One. Their minds were trained to do it, and this ability was of practical value to them in building extensive vocabularies in English, French and Latin.

Although the Welsh master held physical-training classes involving various calisthenics, Tuesday afternoons were devoted to games. It was suggested that I take members of Forms One and Two to the Cricket Club, some distance away, to play association football. Over my protestation that I didn't even know the game, the headmaster laughed and said I should "have a go at it."

It turned out to be soccer of a most informal sort about which the boys knew a good bit, so we got on famously. Boys formed a "crocodile," a straggly double line, and we plodded up the long hill to the unheated clubhouse, where a change of dress was in order. Once attired in shorts and flimsy shirt, each boy brought me a pair of football boots with extravagantly long and tangled shoe lacings, with the polite request that I help him with his boots. Having coped with about twenty pairs, I called for assistance from older boys and made strong recommendations to the effect that mum or dad could help prevent this delay of the games period.

With teams chosen, we ran briskly out on the field, being very careful not to cross the cricket pitch. The boys lined themselves up properly; I blew my whistle and tossed the ball between the lines. As there was more than double the number of players usually taking part in this fracas, I am sure that I managed the liveliest association-football game in England.

When the players began to weary and my watch indicated that our time was spent, we repaired to the clubhouse where I assisted in the removal of football boots whose wet and knotted lacings were now covered with rich, dark loam. My teeth chattered to watch their chilly change of clothing, and I was most chagrined on one occasion to discover that, with all boys dressed, there was one undershirt left over. I peered down many backs before I found the silly boy who hadn't his undershirt; he carried it home in his boot bag.

(Continued on Page 170

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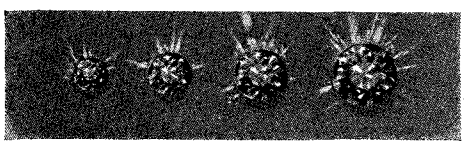
Time of love . . . painted for the De Beers Collection by Leona Wood

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Price ranges below are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in January, 1959. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities (color, clarity, cut) offered. Remember, purity is significant, no matter what the size. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.



¼ carat (25 points), $75 to $240
½ carat (50 points), $150 to $545
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Nature's triumph . . . telling your joy

In glowing sky and stately 'scape, nature reflects the greatness of your world of love, the grandeur of your dreams. And to you, too, she brings another matchless masterwork, the engagement diamond, wrought in earth to shine in triumph, tell your joy. When you choose your engagement diamond, let it be one of purity and beauty, worthy to recount the story of your life and love . . . for it will be cherished always, by you, and those who follow you, as long as there's a world.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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(*Continued from Page 168*) During the marrow-chilling cold of the English winter, the form rooms were unheated all night, for fuel is dear. Form Four clustered before the gas fire to warm their hands, but soon went to their desks. Because age and the bombings of World War II had thrown many buildings out of line, the windows could not be made to fit snugly. Snowflakes sifted through an inch-wide space and fell on Kentfield's purple-clad shoulders, where they were visible for nearly half an hour. No boy complained that his hand was too cold to write, although I stood so close to the fire that I suffered a reaction from chilblains that I had acquired in both hands. Cold did not hinder my teaching nor their learning, but it was the hot cup of tea at eleven o'clock that reassured me that my feet were still mine.

Outdoors the boys kept warm through an interesting attitude which left me unconvinced and cold. They donned gabardine macs—roughly equivalent to trench coats—wound purple-and-black woolen mufflers several times around their necks and considered themselves warm if their necks were warm, ignoring their bare, blue knees.

I admired their state of mind. Encased in layers of woolen unthinkables, the like of which I had not worn since I was twelve, and wearing heavy boots, I became extremely proficient at finding my place in a thin-leaved hymnbook without removing my gloves.

Late spring brought the blossoming glory of nature's apology for the bitterness of winter, as well as cricket bats, balls and boots. It also brought examinations which older boys "sat" in the hope of gaining admission to state-supported grammar schools, where boys might study for entrance to a university. The vicar administered the examinations in the study, and small boys tiptoed past the door.

All too soon my year was spent. Like the boys, I had been "moved up," experiencing with them the early start of training in our language. Extended to me were the patience and kindly understanding of the headmaster and every member of his staff.

Now I'm teaching at the Litchfield, Connecticut, high school. But outstanding in my memory of Winton House is the realistic approach to problems great and small, such as the time when a group of boys bore down upon the master in charge of the play yard. In their midst was a small boy with a cut knee.

"Oh, look, sir!" they cried. "He's bleeding!"

"That's what he's expected to do when he's cut, isn't it?" returned the master calmly.

My Road to Crime (Continued from Page 36)

her with all the debts and with all them people to face.

"Maggie came, and we stayed in Plattsburgh a short while. We met some nice families for the first time. We might have stayed longer, but winter was coming on and it didn't look as if I'd get any work. I decided to go back to the jungle and face the music. At least we knew people there, family and all."

(Tony soon realized that going back to New York had been a mistake. The racketeers still hounded him, and he didn't have any money to pay them off. One week, he took the money he owed the bank for furniture and hospital payments and gave it to the loan sharks. But although he had them off his back for a week, he found that the bank had added on extra interest. And so when someone offered him a job working for a contractor in Connecticut at sixty dollars a week, he jumped at it, taking his wife and baby along. When the racketeers got word that he was going away again, they sent him a warning. He was not to leave town under any conditions. But Tony slipped out anyway. For safety's sake, he and Maggie did not even tell their families where they were going. And the truck driver who moved their furniture was sworn to secrecy.

This time, however, it was Maggie who was the stumbling block. Pregnant with her second child and fearful of the gangsters' threats, she found the sudden transition to a quiet country community frightening. She'd lived all her life in the teeming atmosphere of a slum block, and she felt lonely and uneasy among strangers. Tony, knowing what lay behind in the city, worked hard to make her happy, but time was against him.)

"In three days, I broke my back painting a rundown house and fixing everything up. When I finished, it looked like a castle, at least to me. I had to walk part way to work and back, but it didn't bother me. I was content, but Maggie was not. In fact, I'd never seen her like that. She said she was tired of living in fear. She was tired of living in debt. She said she was nineteen years old and wanted to live.

"We had words, and I told her I wanted to live too. That was why I'd come to Connecticut. I wanted to bring up my kids in a place where people weren't animals, where they were friendly, human beings. I was tired of smelling garbage cans, and I wanted a bit of grass to cut—and peace.

"After a while I guess she figured she couldn't change me. She pretended she liked it for a few days, and then all of a sudden, after we'd been there one week, she up and left. I wasn't around at the time, and she went so quickly she didn't even bother to clean up the pots in the sink. She left coffee in the coffee pot, and dishes on the table."

(When Tony saw that Maggie had gone, it hit him like a bang on the head. He was hurt, upset and ready for anything.)

"I couldn't sleep. I couldn't even spend a night in the house without Maggie. And without Jimmy—it's hard to express how I felt about that kid. I didn't mean to be greedy, but I felt he was more mine than anybody's. Perhaps that's because I'd never had anything. Everything else I had was headaches. He wasn't a piece of furniture that I looked at and saw payments. He wasn't a loan shark or a sneak or a double-crosser. For me, he was everything that was lovable. I didn't care what happened. I knew I had to find him, and when I did, he was coming with me."

(Tony left for New York immediately, not giving the racketeers more than a passing thought. Life in Connecticut without Maggie and Jimmy was unbearable. He arrived in the city late, and immediately gave Maggie's mother a call. She rebuffed him. Her daughter was not there, she said, and she had no intention of telling him where she was. Furthermore, Maggie did not want to be bothered with him, she said. And so the next day, Tony, no longer concerned whether he was seen or not by the racketeers, began the search for Maggie.)

"I walked all over the neighborhood to find her. I went mostly to places where I thought she'd be, houses of relatives and friends, but I had no luck. And then late in the afternoon, it happened.

"One of the gang which was looking for me passed in a car. I looked at him, but I wasn't sure whether he'd recognized me. Maybe I should have jumped on a bus or run down a side street, but I didn't have the heart for it. I just kept walking along the street, thinking about nothing but Maggie. I'd only walked a few blocks when I spotted her. She was standing on the sidewalk talking to a girl friend of hers, about a block away. I started to run to her, but it was too late.

"This car full of guys drew up alongside me and stopped. I recognized them. Two of them jumped out, and one, blocking my way, said, 'Come on! We're going for a ride.' Maggie hadn't even seen me.

"'Look,' I said, 'I've got lots of troubles. I know I'm wrong in not paying you, but beating me up isn't going to get the money for you because I haven't got it. If I had it, I'd give it to you.'

"He replied by giving me a punch in the stomach. I was doubled up, and a woman who came along said, 'What's the matter with the boy?' One of the guys said, 'Oh, he's a little sick from riding in the car. He'll be all right.' I looked at the lady. I couldn't say anything. I couldn't holler. In a jam like that, you've just got to keep your mouth shut. Besides, I didn't care much any more.

"Then they put me in the car. They turned the radio up high, and all the way downtown they kept giving it to me in the side and back. When we'd stop for a light, they'd stop, but the rest of the time they just punched and punched and punched. There were five guys all together, and the boss kept saying, 'Don't mark his face! Give it to him in the body!'

"But they did give it to me in the face. Someone let me have it in the eye. My nose started bleeding. One of them said, 'Put a handkerchief to his face! Don't get blood on the car!' Finally they stopped and threw me out.

"It was somewhere near the Bowery. They drove off and I tried to collect my senses. My side was hurting more than my face because they hit me there more. I knew some ribs were broken. I tried to light a cigarette, but every time I put the tip in my mouth it was wet with blood. And then I started to heave blood. I couldn't go to a hospital. I figured they'd want to know too much. And so I went to the apartment of a fellow I'd known in the old days. I borrowed some clean clothes and took a bath. I was afraid to go to a doctor—he might ask questions—and I decided to look for Maggie. Maybe, I thought, it's God's will that I got that beating. Maybe my eye and ribs would convince her and she'd say, 'Let's take the first train back to Connecticut.' That was the only thing I could think of.

"This time I found Maggie quickly. She was near where I'd seen her before, staying with a girl friend. She didn't seem surprised to see me. 'Look, Maggie,' I said, 'you see my face? Well, my side's worse than that. I caught a beating. And if it weren't for you this wouldn't have happened. We could have lived in Connecticut in peace. I wouldn't have been in this situation.'

"Maggie just looked at me. I knew she was upset, but she didn't say anything for a while. Finally she spoke softly, 'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but if you insist we go back to Connecticut, it's best that we separate. I can't live there.' I tried to reason with her, but it was no good. She seemed very nervous and it was hard to talk to her. She said she'd live with me, but it would have to be in New York. I couldn't say anything more. I was disgusted and just walked off."

"Let me give you something to calm those nerves."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(Tony walked for hours. His side ached, but he didn't think about it much. All he could think of was the mess he'd made of his life. After a while he found himself near where the Shylocks hung out. He walked right in.

(*Continued on Page 172*)

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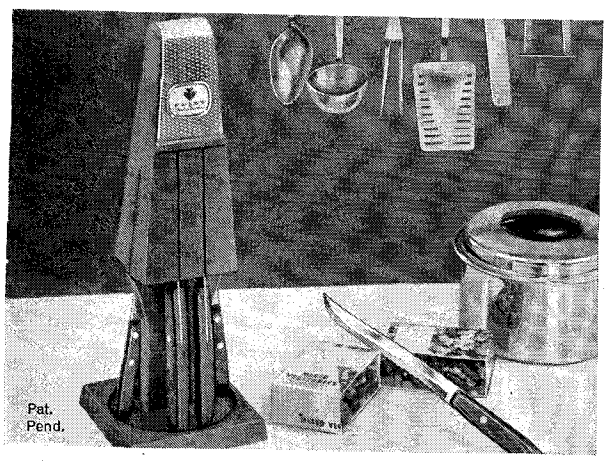
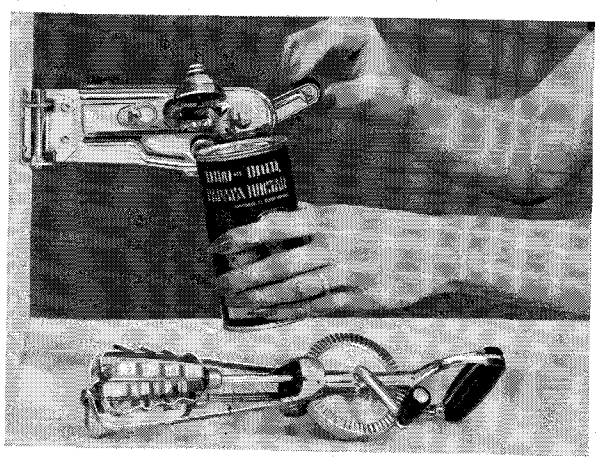
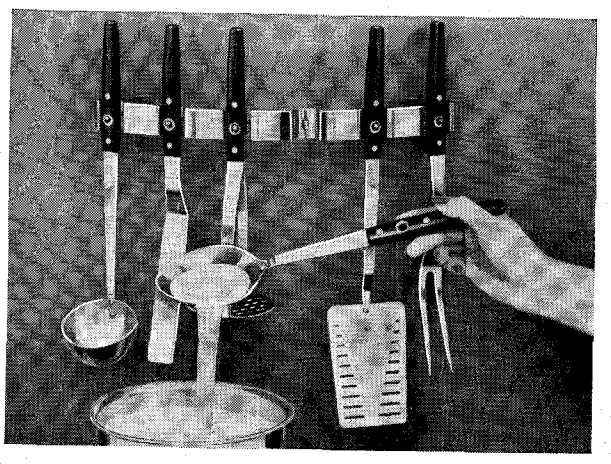
Beautiful stainless steel Flint Cookware is made to give *years* of cooking pleasure—the only tri-clad vanadium stainless steel with the magic Radiant Heat Core. Shines without polishing. Just ordinary washing keeps it gleaming. 59 matching pieces and sets to choose from. Double boiler shown above, $11.75. Stainless steel pie plates, from $1.95.



Stay-sharp Flint Waverly Edge knives featured in two new Flint Holdsters. Counter-top "Susan" (above) and new Wall Holdster hold custom assortment of knives with stainless steel blades, Pakkawood® handles. Each $19.95.



New extra-fast "zipper-action" Flint Wall Can Opener *zips open cans*... "hands" you lid. Only $5.95. New Flint Mixer with amazing Rhythm Beaters whips the heaviest batters smooth... quickly and easily. $4.95.



Famous Flint Kitchen Tools now *available in a new size —small*, tapered, and terrific to match the *tall*, tapered and terrific size. Stainless steel. Guaranteed for 15 years. Gift-boxed sets from $12.95.

YOU GIVE AND GET **QUALITY PLUS** IN EVERY FLINT PRODUCT

...made by the greatest EKCO® *name in housewares*

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(*Continued from Page 170*) ***When they saw him coming, one of them laughed and said, "Look, he's come back for more."***)

"They all laughed at that. When they stopped, I told them I'd come to tell them that no amount of beating was going to get them the money I owed them because I didn't have it. They could beat me up as often as they liked, but it wouldn't do them any good. 'If you think I'm gonna go back to stealing or pushing dope to get you that money, you're out of your mind,' I said.

"When I finished, the leader took out a book and showed me a long list of names. 'I want to tell *you* something,' he said. 'You ain't the only creep that's got into me. All these guys here owe money, too. And if I let you get away with it, I'd have to let all of them get away with it. So you've got to be the example.' I didn't say anything more, but just walked out. 'Next time,' he shouted, 'you won't be able to walk back from the ride.'

"When I left there, I don't think I'd ever felt lower. I couldn't see any way out. I remember saying to myself, *This is the pay-off! This is the way a mope like me ends up—beatings, aggravation, living like a dog. I started out like a wise guy and this is the finish. In my heart I never wanted to be bad. All I wanted was some attention. But it doesn't make any difference now. I'm just a rubber ball. The gang bounces me around, and I have to bounce back. And when they get tired of bouncing me, they just let the air out!*"

(***In his despair, Tony had not attended to his side, but now the pain was more than he could stand. He went to his friend, who strapped his broken ribs as best he could and put him to bed. The friend was in the middle of "Christmas robbing."***)

"He was robbing everything—shirts, slippers, blouses, coats—mostly off trucks. And when the holiday got closer, he planned to sell it to people in the neighborhood. They'd know it was hot goods, and they'd pay ten dollars for a coat, a dollar for a pair of slippers. The stuff would be used as Christmas presents. He knew I was down and out, and he said he'd be glad to take me in with him if I wanted to go. I told him I'd think about it.

"I did think about it, but not for long. Even though I felt the way I did, I knew in my heart I'd never steal again—no matter how low I felt and no matter what happened. I'd crossed too many bridges ever to go back to that. I knew I'd never go to jail again. And I also knew I'd stay in New York and try to make the best of it. Most of all I wanted to be near Jimmy. I knew if I didn't have him, I didn't have anything. And as I lay in bed that night with my side aching, I remembered how happy I'd been whenever I picked him up, whenever I played with him. I knew I wanted that more than anything. I knew I was never going to run away and leave him in the jungle all alone without a father. I'd find work. I'd beg for it, if necessary, but I'd stay with him. I never wanted him to end up like me.

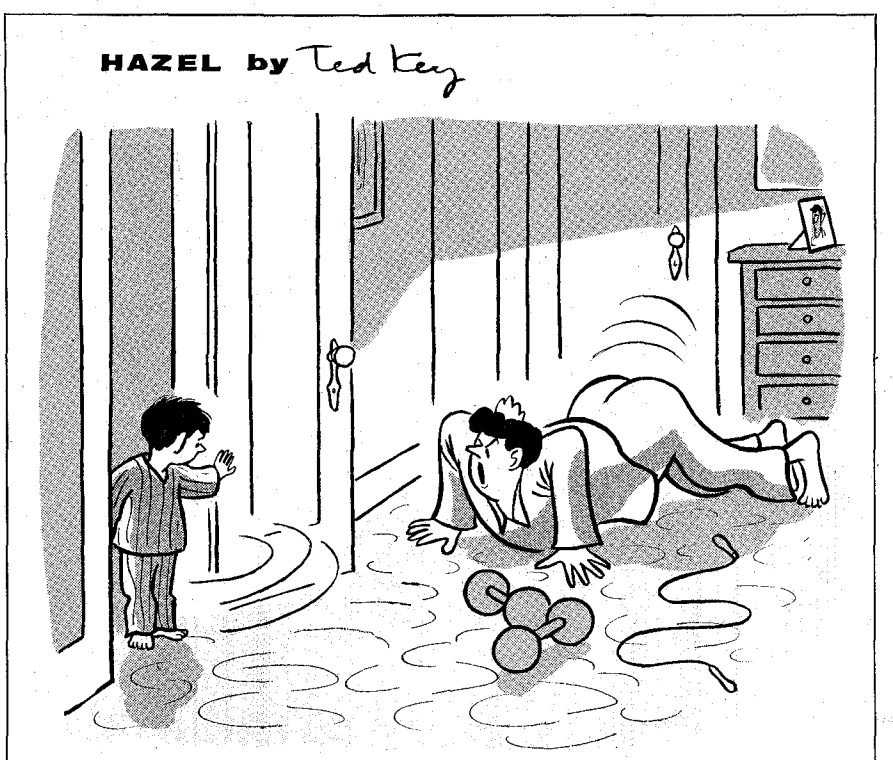
"And then a strange thing happened. Once I'd made up my mind to that, I suddenly felt better. It was as though I didn't have any troubles any more. And I fell off to sleep."

(***The next morning Tony went back to Maggie, who already knew of a three-room apartment they could have.***)

"I straightened out Maggie as best I could. I explained to her the way we'd have to live, and she agreed. I had a plan for getting those Shylocks off my back, and I was determined to do it. It meant living as simply as possible, even more than when we were first married."

(***Despite his injuries, Tony soon went job hunting. He went several places without luck, and then he heard of a big bricklaying job in Queens and went out to see if they'd take him on.***)

"I knew they had seventy-three bricklayers at work, and I figured that one more wouldn't be too much for them. But when I talked to the foreman, he said he didn't have anything for me. That didn't bother me. I went out every day. I felt I could break him down eventually. Finally, after a week of this, he told me to show up the following Monday. By that time, I had a bad cold, but I went anyway. I didn't want to lose the job, and so I just took care of myself when I got home from work. It was a good job, and



"When I want company . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

the foreman took a liking to me. He started teaching me things. He explained how to read blueprints and how to lay out partitions and where to bury pipes in the wall. He seemed to have confidence in me, and several times, when twelve o'clock came, he called me over and we had lunch together.

"Our flat was a cold-water one—three rooms and no bath—where I could work as the super. I took care of the building and the yard and the roof and all the lights in the hall, and in return I got free rent.

"Even before we'd moved in, I went to the furniture company and got them to take back all the stuff we'd bought since we were married—bedroom and parlor sets, lamps, tables, rugs, everything. I told them I was willing to lose everything I'd paid on the stuff if they'd take it back, and they agreed. At first Maggie was unwilling to go along with all this. 'We'll send this back and we'll keep this, and we'll see if we can hold on to this,' she said, but I was determined. 'We'll send it *all* back!' I told her. 'We'll keep only the bare necessities.'

"With the money we saved on rent and the money we no longer had to pay the furniture company, plus some I was able to borrow, I made a big payment to the Shylocks. I also arranged to pay them the rest in installments. At first they were nasty about it, as though they didn't like the looks of my money. They wanted to know where I got it.

"'What's the difference where I got it?' I said. 'I don't want to be bothered any more. I've had enough.' Finally they agreed, and I know it's the end of it.

"As for Maggie—well, we were a bit strange with each other at first. It wasn't quite like before. I couldn't feel quite the same after her refusal to live in Connecticut, and she knew it. But she tried to show she was sorry for what happened, and things are getting better."

(***Things got so much better that not long afterward Tony found himself in the position of trying to help someone else. It was a new role for him.***)

"One day I went to replace a light bulb that had burned out in the hall. It was very dark, and I heard two kids talking under the stairway. They started to run away, but one of them was too sick to run. He was on the stuff and needed it bad. I took him into the apartment and got a glass of cold water to put on his back. As a matter of fact, I poured it down his back to give him some life. He kept asking for something sweet. When they take narcotics, they like something cold and sweet. And so I went to the refrigerator, where we kept candy for Jimmy. All I could find was a lollipop, and so I gave him that. He was about fifteen or sixteen years old and had started on junk in a movie theater. Someone had given him a reefer to smoke. Pretty soon he had the habit. He told me he was spending five dollars a day for the stuff. He said it used to be two dollars a day, but as the habit got worse they raised the price. I told him that soon the price would be up to twenty-five dollars a day and he'd be stealing to get the money. 'If you want to, you can stop,' I told him.

"Later I learned he'd stopped, and I was able to get him a part-time job in a grocery store. I knew he'd been in some trouble at school, and I went and talked to the principal about him. 'Why are you taking such an interest in this boy?' the principal asked. I hadn't really thought about that, but I told him I knew that little things could lead up to a big volcano. The principal remarked that I must have been a model pupil when I was in school. That made me laugh. 'If you check the records,' I told him, 'you'll find that I was one of the worst.'"

(***Feeling that he was now strong enough to help someone else gave Tony more confidence in handling his own problems. He now felt sure he could give Jimmy the kind of home and upbringing he needed. And one thing he was especially sure of: Jimmy was going to get all the attention he himself missed as a boy.***)

"When Maggie went shopping at the supermarket, I went along to carry Jimmy. Or I took him to the park or the zoo. He loved it. Sometimes when we were sitting at home watching television and not paying any attention to him, he'd go over and start fooling with the knobs until we told him to go away. Then he was happy because we'd noticed him. Like all kids, he loved attention, and I gave it to him. I teased him, played with him, scolded him, and if he got on his mother's nerves by following close on her heels—she's expecting her baby soon—I'd find him a spoon or a ball or a plastic dish to play with. Or I'd give him a shoe. He loves shoes. They're his playpens. He puts everything in them. Each morning when I get up, I have to put my hand in my shoe to see what he's left there. The other morning I found a banana peel in one.

"Maybe it isn't just the way it was when Maggie and I were first married. Maybe everything isn't quite so blissful between us. But in a way, it's much better. I feel that this time there's nothing on my back. The road ahead may have a few hills in it, but it's at least clear.

"And if you told me right now that I could have everything I had when I was seventeen—that I could have my car, my white coat, my cashmere suit, my pinkie rings, my gold buckle, my money and my freedom from Maggie—I'd be scared. I can't tell you how scared I'd be. It would be as though someone had thrown me into the middle of the street, with cars coming at me from all directions. I wouldn't know which way to run.

"I'd be scared because I'd think of what they did to me before and I'd be afraid that the cashmere suit would turn into another kind of suit, one that the state would give me, with numbers on the back.

"When I was pushing dope, it was a feelin' like I was standin' on eggs and I knew they were goin' to break, but I didn't want to believe it. Now, it's a feeling like I'm standin' on concrete, and I'm the guy that built it—that's the thing I'm standin' on and I know that ain't goin' to break. That's how I look at it now."

(*Tony is now the father of two children, Jimmy and a five-month-old baby girl who looks like the mother. Tony is very proud; he has a growing family and a good job. By serving a prison sentence he has paid his debt to society, and against all odds he will continue to pay by being a decent, law-abiding citizen. At the age of twenty-four, in his own way, he has achieved the spectacular. He has said that if his story helps only one other individual he will feel repaid for having told it.*

When asked what he would have liked most while in prison, granted he could have had anything he wanted, his reply was, "Someone to talk to, so when I came out I would not have been so mixed up." He didn't have that person in prison, but when he came out Miss Parkhurst let him tell his story through weeks and months until he began to discover a self he could work with, a self he had never known. Then his rehabilitation began and his change reflected an extraordinary ability to discipline himself with readiness and purpose, so that he could forge a new life.)

Editors' note—This is the last of a series of three articles.

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Why you need a kitchen extension phone

First, it's a great help in running the house —near shopping lists and at your finger tips for calls to the plumber or other repairmen.

Next, it saves you trouble. Biscuits won't burn, or a pot boil over, because a telephone call took you out of the kitchen. And you can still keep a watchful eye on playing children.

It saves you lots of steps, too. Your husband, like you, will find it one of the most useful phones in your house.

And when all your work is done, it's easy and fun to take a break and chat with a friend on your handy kitchen extension.

Fact is, extension phones in the places your family works, sleeps and plays help so much and cost so little.

SPRING-A-LING!

IT'S KITCHEN TELEPHONE TIME!

Drop in soon at your local Bell Telephone business office and see the colorful kitchen phones on display there. One of them will be just right for *your* kitchen!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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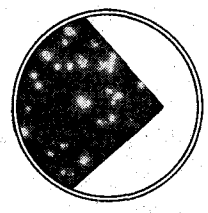
The new roofing discovery . . .
TROPIGLAS

Cuts
cost of roof repair to little more than the material cost!

TROPIGLAS is a revolutionary new roofing material developed for industrial and commercial buildings by roofing experts.



Magnified section of Tropiglas shows pores that permit Roofkoter to bind Tropiglas to the roof.

TROPIGLAS is made of ageless, inorganic glass fibres. Embedded in Tropical Cold Process Roofkoter, it forms a monolithic weather-tight roof. TROPIGLAS *can not* rot or blister. Withstands time, temperature, weather. Unskilled labor applies quickly, easily, safely at amazingly low cost. Recondition with TROPIGLAS—and *save!*

OUR 76th YEAR

FREE! Your business letterhead request brings complete information on Tropiglas and how you can save on roof repair. Write today!

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Keeping Posted

Why Did Tony Talk?

For more than a decade a person called Tony, using a tape recorder, has been telling **Helen Parkhurst** (page 36) about his career as a boy delinquent, an adult criminal, and finally as a husband and father enduring great temptation and terrible underworld persecution to win a place as a decent citizen. Why did he risk telling all this? His reason is prepared from his recordings:

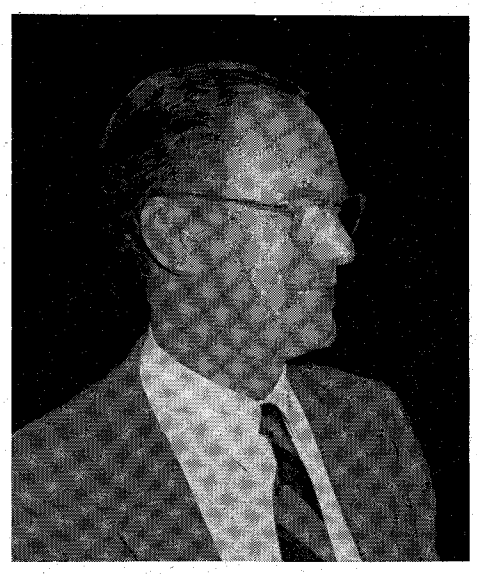
"Miss Parkhurst, it's very rare in life, when you're a bad egg, to have somebody trust you and talk to you and try to help and really help. You didn't nag me with stupid questions like, 'Why do you drink? Why do you do such crazy things?' You just understood me.

"Sometimes in the night, when my wife Maggie is sleeping, I think of her and my kids, and I try to figure out what made me do all the bad I've done, what made me hurt so many people. I don't know who may hear what I'm saying, but I hope to God somebody does and that they don't think it's just a guy being paid money to tell a bunch of interesting lies. If a young girl or fellow, or a mother or father, hears me, I hope something lands on their side of the fence the way you've made helpful things land on my side.

"This kid crime has just got to stop—kids killing each other with homemade guns, kids taking junk, girl prostitutes, kids fifteen years old who have girls working for them. Oh, you're a woman and older, and you don't see these things, but I've been there and I don't like what I've seen—not any more I don't. I tell you these things because I trust you to use them for something good."

Surely much good will be accomplished both with our article series and with a book by Miss Parkhurst and Christine Hotchkiss which Farrar, Straus and Cudahy will publish soon.

Tales of the Authors



Sports expert Al Hirshberg.

Steve (Many-Story) McNeil and his helpmate.

Al Hirshberg, who free-lances in and out of Boston, knew that Jackie Jensen, the Boston baseball star, yearns to quit playing ball, but he wasn't too confident that Jackie would talk for publication. On the contrary, Jensen's willingness resulted in a story (page 31) that may express the feelings of some ballplayers—and not that of others.

You'll recall that when Deputy Premier Mikoyan of Russia started home after his recent United States visit, his plane, with two engines out of kilter, had to put down at the U. S. Naval Air Base at Argentia, Newfoundland. **Milton MacKaye,** whose page 46 topic is Newfoundland, thereupon reflected that at last he and Mikoyan had something in common—"We both had been overnight guests of hospitable Capt. and Mrs. Willard E. Hastings, who make remote Argentia as unremote as your own living room." Captain Hastings, base commander, actually sees more friends than when he was stationed in Washington, for Argentia is a handy refueling stop for our military and VIP planes. During MacKaye's day there he met Canada's defense minister, two United States major generals, two brigadiers "and a scoopful of colonels." Apparently Navy VIP's weren't flying that day. Mrs. Hastings, mother of a young son, is a former Hollywood columnist—she pondered career versus marriage quite a while before the Navy won.

Steve McNeil is convinced that the nicest thing about having his by-line on page 44 is that it marks his eightieth contribution to the Post. This fictioneer began amassing his Post score in the November 14, 1942, issue. Steve typewrites in his Seaside, Oregon, home where he can shout "Help!" to his wife Alice, an ex-newspaperwoman, if the going gets sticky. Their son, Bob, acquired a bride last year, and this spring their daughter, Darcy, will become a bride herself. McNeil, a pretty slick golfer, reports that one day he was "trying to make an honest dollar" out of his friend, **N. B. (Bo) Stone, Jr.,** television writer and also a Post contributor, when an airplane flew over; so they started thinking out loud and wound up collaborating on the current airplane story. For technical help both of them bow low to Capt. W. C. Laidley, a twenty-five-year man with United Air Lines.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"Medicine's Legal Nightmare"

Malpractice suits against doctors and hospitals cost almost $50,000,000 a year. Result: embittered doctors, soaring bills for patients.

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